

# *Life in England*

*in the 19th Century*

Various articles and essays, 1860

## A DEATH-WATCH WORTH DREADING.

When King George III. and all his people were expecting an invasion in 1803, there was some anxiety as to the number of citizens who could be collected to repel the enemy. There had been a census two years before; and if it could be trusted (which was perhaps not the case) the number of people of both sexes and all ages in England and Wales was 9,000,000.

In these 9,000,000 were included our soldiers and sailors who were dispersed about the world: and thus the King and Mr. Pitt were naturally anxious about the paucity of men. They were unwilling to withdraw the husbandmen from the field; for we then depended for our very existence on the food we ourselves grew. The King's passion was for agriculture; yet, if he had had his choice of a crop, he would have begged for the mythical old harvest that we have all read of at school— armed men springing from the furrows. He considered that the greatest of national blessings would be the birth of the greatest number of boys. He was not out of humour with the girls either; for he looked upon them as the mothers of more boys. His leading political idea was the encouragement of the greatest possible

citizens. He noticed every large family he saw in his walks, patted the children on the head, made a present to the mother, and called the father a good citizen. The royal example spread among the authorities throughout the kingdom. Country justices patted children on the head, and ordered bread for them out of the poor-rate to such an extent that the poor-rate soon amounted, in this population of 9,000,000, to the enormous sum of 4,000,000*l*. Wheat was then at 11*s*. 11*d*. a quarter. The trading classes were going to ruin, or had already fallen upon the rates. No matter! Substitutes for the militia were so hard to be found that the parents of large families must be upheld and favoured; and if tradesmen could not support their own large families, the rate would give them bread.

When the war was over, and the soldiers and sailors came home, and food was dear, and the labour-market was over-stocked, and every town and village swarmed with pauper children (legitimate and illegitimate), and the rate swallowed up more and more of the capital of the country, the fact became plain that the people had outgrown the means of subsistence. An alarm even more demoralising than King George's desire for a host of subjects now arose. Children were looked upon unlovingly, because too many of their parents were not married, or had married to obtain the benefits offered by the poor-law to unscrupulous people. Then arose a multitude of prudential schemes for economising money, and clubbing money, and insuring lives; and at last—insuring deaths.

It was even so. A person of middle age might describe the contrast he had himself witnessed between the days when a row of children presented themselves to the King, pulling their forelocks or bobbing their curtsies, sure of being praised for their mere existence, and therefore objects of parental pride and hope, and the time when (not so many years after) it was an unconcealed relief to poor parents that their children should die. That was the opening season of tract-distributing and cottage-visitation under the early "evangelical" movement; and this modified the cottage language of the generation on which it was first tried; so that the account given of the death of children was, that "it was a happy thing—for the Lord would provide better for them." Nothing was more common than this method of consolation, or of accounting for not needing consolation.

It began to be too well understood that, up to a certain age, children are an expense, after which they gradually turn into a source of profit. Facts of this sort, which must be considered in framing a legal charity, became only too well understood in the homes of the poor. By dying, the infant relieved the weekly fund of the family, and was itself "better provided for with the Lord." I will not dwell on this phase of society. It was necessary to advert to it because we are suffering under the consequences to this hour, and have some remains of the perversion to deal with still; but I will hasten on to a time when trade in food had become free, and all the arts and business of life had so increased, and so much gold had been



discovered wherewith to pay labour, and so many colonies were open to emigration, that no excuse remained for dreading that surplus population which had become a mere bugbear. The former surplus population was a real and grave evil: but to develop industry and education, and throw open the harvest-fields of the world, was the remedy. In the same way now there are half-fed families and depressed neighbourhoods; but there is a remedy in such an improved intelligence as shall distribute labour where it is wanted, and in good sense and good conduct which shall make the most of resources at home. In other words, there is enough for everybody, if everybody knew how to use it.

Under such an improved state of affairs how have the children been getting on? I am not considering the children who can work, but infants—infants so young that they used to be dear precisely because they were so helpless—precious, because they were of value to the heart alone—but infants of whom it had been discovered that they were unprofitable to such a degree that some arrangement must be made to compensate for the peculiarity. Under the unreformed poor-law, at its worst period, daughters had presented themselves at the board to ask for pay for nursing their parents: and such daughters were just the sort of mothers to sit down, with their baby on their lap, to calculate the gain of insuring it in a burial-club. One of them told us, a few years ago, how she managed. She put arsenic on her breasts when she suckled her babies, as soon as they grew expensive and troublesome. She had sent eight out of the world in this way; and she could not see that she had not done right. She said it was better for the children, who would be more certainly “provided for” than they could be by their father: and of course it was better for the father and herself. So she murdered her eight children before she was herself brought to the gallows.

There is a town in England which had, five years ago, a population somewhat under 100,000. It is a healthy and prosperous place, where the average age reached by the easy classes is as high as forty-seven years, and where the work-people are so far thriving as that they pay largely to the various objects of Friendly Societies. What would my readers suppose to be the mortality among children in such a place? Of a hundred children born, how many die in infancy?—Of the children of the gentry, 18 per cent. die in infancy. Of those of the working classes how many? 56 per cent. “What an enormous mortality!” everyone will exclaim. “What can be the reason! How does this mortality compare with that of other places?”

To ascertain this, we will take some district which shall be undeniably inferior to this town in probability of life. The rural parts of Dorsetshire—where the poverty of the labourers is actually proverbial—may be selected as the lowest we can propose. Yet the infants of Dorsetshire labourers have four times as good a chance of life as the children we have been speaking of. In that healthy and prosperous town the infant mortality was, five years since, fourfold that of the poorest

parts of Dorsetshire. The same thing was then true of Manchester. When wages were highest, and everybody was able to live comfortably, four times as many per cent. of the children who were born died in Manchester as in Dorsetshire.

Was there any peculiarity in the case of these short-lived families? any circumstance in their management which could account for the difference? What the impression was at the time we see by a presentment by the Liverpool grand jury, which mainly occasioned the next change in the law of Friendly Societies. What the grand jury said was this: “They could not separate without recording their unanimous opinion that the interference of the legislature is imperatively called for, to put a stop to the present system of money payments by burial-societies. From the cases brought before them at the present assizes, as well as from past experience, the grand jury have no doubt that the present system acts as a direct incentive to murder; and that many of their fellow beings are, year after year, hurried into eternity by those most closely united to them by the ties of nature and blood—if not of affection—for the sake of a few pounds, to which, by the rules of the societies, as at present constituted, the survivors are entitled. The continuance of such a state of things it is fearful to contemplate.”

The grand jury had an incitement, of course, to say what they did. The occasion was the trial which my readers may remember, for the murder of two boys, aged eight and four, for the sake of the payment from a burial-club; and the immediate sanction for their request was the alarm expressed by Lord Shaftesbury, supported by Baron Alderson's avowed belief that burial-clubs occasioned infant mortality on a large scale. How much concern had the healthy and prosperous town I have described with burial-clubs?

The population, we have seen, was under 100,000. On the “death-lists,” as the register of insurance was popularly called, there were the names of nearly 39,000 infants. It is clear that there must be some great mistake or fraud where it was pretended that 39-100ths of the inhabitants were infants insured in burial-clubs. We find some explanation in the plan pursued by a Manchester man of uncommon thrift. He entered his children in nineteen burial-clubs. By a comparison of numbers and registers, it was found to be a common practice for parents to subscribe to as many clubs for each child as they could afford. And not parents only. It was discovered that women who undertook the charge of workpeople's infants, were in the habit of insuring the children in burial-clubs; thus acquiring a direct interest in the death of their charge.

When these facts became known, through the inquiry caused by the Liverpool grand jury, and by a published letter by the well-known chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, the world naturally cried out that there must be a bad spirit of suspicion, of exaggeration, and of evil imagination in those who could say such things of English people. A Committee of the House of Commons inquired into the subject in 1854: and meantime the following facts were ascertained.

It was found, in the first place, that though the



law needed mending, it was already much better than the existing practice. By law, no insurance for money payable at death could be made on any child under six years of age. The principle of the law had been the plain one, that it was necessary to uphold all safeguards of the life of infants whose existence could not be made profitable. To make their death profitable while their lives were expensive, was to offer a premium on neglect, and even on murder. As such was the law, society supposed that all was right, till the Preston chaplain showed that it was useless—and how. The law was prospective, and nobody seems to have asked how many children were on the “death-lists” at the time of the passing of the Act (1847): and the members of the old clubs insisted on understanding that the new law affected only new clubs, and went on registering infants for burial as before. They quoted the opinion of counsel for this; and, when new clubs were to be formed, they framed them on the model of the old ones, without any regard to the law. So lately as the month of May, 1853, there was a club of 1500 members set up, into which infants were received just as if no impediment existed.

This was one fact. Another—perfectly astonishing to all but local visitors of the poor—was the way in which the illness or death of an infant was spoken of. It was a difficult affair to persuade the parents to send for the doctor. The answer was, in the ingenuousness of barbarism, that “the child was in two clubs.” It would, in other words, be no harm if the child died, while it would be a pity to have to break into the money to pay the doctor, when it was of no use. Doctors themselves have been told, and so have rate and rent collectors, that the cottager cannot pay now, but will have money when such or such a child dies. It was the commonest thing in the world to hear the neighbours saying, what a fine thing it would be for the parents if their sick child died, as it was insured in three clubs, or two, or ten, as it might be.

On the trial of Rodda, who was hanged at York, some five or six years ago, for the murder of his infant, it was proved that he had said he did not care how soon the child died, as he should then have 50s. from the club; and that he added remarks to the effect that the death of another would bring in the same amount; and two more would each fetch 5l. Clergymen could tell how often the parents of a fallen daughter, or the fallen daughter herself, found comfort for the disgrace and burden of an illegitimate child in the thought of the compensation that its death would purchase from the burial-club.

Such were the facts which inquirers encountered, and which the Preston chaplain published, to bring the representation of the Liverpool grand jury into general notice, and obtain a reform of the law.

It was full time that something of the kind should be done. In one burial-club, the deaths of children between two months and five years old were no less than 62 per cent. of the whole. If any fact could be more directly to the point than that, it is that from 6 to 8 per cent. more children died who were in burial-clubs than in

the poorest class where no such insurance was made.

Full and clear as the evidence was, and remarkable as were two or three child-murders, in connection with burial-clubs about that time, many of us could not believe that such things could be done in England as Rodda was hanged for, and for which Honor Gibbons and Bridget Gerratz were sentenced to the same doom. But the prevalence of the feeling that they had done what was natural under the bribe offered for the child's life, and the certainty that the law would be altered, caused a commutation of the sentence on these women to one of transportation for life. From that moment society was pledged to amend the law: and the thing was done.

It was a fact not sufficiently made known, that the law of the land does not permit Life-insurance in the offices to which the middle and upper classes resort when the death of the person insured can be otherwise than unprofitable to the insurer. If I remember right, this restriction was suggested by the case of Miss Abercrombie, who was thoroughly understood to have been poisoned by her brother-in-law in 1830, after he had effected large insurances on her life. It seems strange that the same limitation should not have been extended to burial-clubs. What a rich man could not do in regard to his child, was done in the case of 39,000 children in a single town of less than 100,000 inhabitants: a circumstance which occasioned repeated comment in the Committee of 1854.

The inquiries of that Committee brought out some evidence of a very interesting character. Much of it has been lightly passed over because there was no proof of any considerable number of direct murders. But, as one judge observed, in his evidence, all orders of murder are rare in the experience of any one judge: as several witnesses observed, the undetected murders were likely to bear, in this case, a large proportion to the detected, while there was no provision for detecting them: as many more observed, the mortality arose from neglect and inaction, where murder was not to be imputed: and, as nearly all agreed, it was a perilous and pernicious practice to throw the inducements into the scale of a child's death, rather than its continued life. Hence the change in the law.

By the Friendly Societies Acts of 1855 and 1858, the amount obtainable from one or more Societies may not exceed 6l. for a child under five years of age, or 10l. for one between five and ten; and no money is to be paid without the production of a certificate of a duly qualified medical man, stating the probable cause of death, and also endorsing the amount paid upon such certificate.

It had been earnestly desired that the object of insurance should be the burial of the dead by the club, so as to preclude the passing of money into the hands of the parents or nurse. It was objected that this would break up existing clubs, and that it might interfere with a provident habit largely established. We shall all be better pleased when we see the provident habit based upon the life instead of the death of children; when we see insurance effected to procure them education,



apprenticeship, or settlement in life, rather than a funeral. Also, considering that the chances of living are already far less in the case of poor children than in that of the upper classes, one would rather not see such a sum as 6*l.* made obtainable by the death of an infant. No doubt, the original intention was good—that the grief of losing the little one should not be aggravated by the difficulty of paying for its decent interment; but after the insight into the system obtained by the inquiries of 1854, every caution should be used in sanctioning money payments on the death of the helpless.

According to the latest Reports, there are 125 Burial Societies in the kingdom, comprehending about 200,000 members. Some Societies have 20,000, and some even 50,000 members each—the bulk of whom are children. The deaths last year were 5397; that is, an amount more than double the mortality of Friendly Societies generally, which is somewhat lower than that of society at large in this country.

The Registrar of Births, Marriages, and Deaths declares the mortality in burial-clubs in 1857 to be to the general mortality as 27 in the 1000 to 22. The high mortality among children is always assigned as an explanation; and this is, on the other hand, the ground of complaint about the payments of these clubs. Their members, who consider that they pay a high rate of insurance during the periods when there is least probability of death, are always surprised that their Society does not grow rich. It seems never to have any reserve. The explanation now offered is, that the same subscription is required for infants as for strong men; and, as a very large proportion of the infants die, the funeral money of adults is spent in laying the little ones in the ground, or in consoling the parents for their death.

Now, all this seems a disagreeable, unnatural, perilous way of going on. If we look at the obvious benefits of co-operation in the form of insurance, and consider the aims set forth by the Registrar of Friendly Societies, we shall see nothing that can recommend the insuring the lives of little children. The proper objects of Benefit Societies are agreed to be five, besides the expenses of management: viz. medical attendance; allowance in sickness up to the time when the pension begins; a pension at sixty years of age; a sum payable at death; and endowments.

The great and fatal mistake appears to be, the inversion of the purposes of these two last provisions. There are sound and strong reasons why a man, or a widowed mother, should insure his or her life. It may be a question whether a burial-club is the best place to put such savings in; but it is indisputably wise for those who have relatives dependent on them to secure the payment of a good sum of money on their removal by death. The only reason for such an insurance in the case of a child is, that the mere funeral expenses and family mourning may be paid; and every inducement to parents to make a profit of the loss of a child is a shocking and dangerous abuse. The child's proper place is under the last head—that of endowments.

These endowments are sums of money to be paid at a certain future time, for the benefit of

the person in whose name the insurer may subscribe.

For instance, a parent pays so much per month on behalf of an infant, in order to receive a considerable sum when the child is fourteen (in order perhaps to apprentice him); or when he reaches manhood—to settle him in business, we may suppose. Arrangements are made, under Government sanction, for such insurance; and by these it is settled that, in case of the child's death, the deposit is returned to the insurer; and, in case of the death of the insurer, the deposit, be it more or less, may be taken out, and applied for the benefit of the child.

If we could convert into endowments of this kind the money deposited in readiness to bury 150,000 children, a new prospect would open to the next generation of the working-classes. The difference would immediately appear in the returns of annual mortality. In towns and villages where the murder of infants may not be even thought of, it makes an immense difference in the chances of life whether infants are looked upon as likely to die or meant to live. They pine under that expectation of death as under the evil eye. It is truly a death-watch to them. Their chances when out at nurse are never the best; and they are slender indeed when, in addition to the trouble the little creatures give, they may each put several pounds into the nurse's pocket by going to sleep for good. All is changed when the money is laid up to put them to school—to bind them to a trade—to set them up in a business. Nobody thinks of their burial then. They are regarded as living, and likely to live; and hundreds and thousands of the children of England grow up, instead of dropping into an early grave. If the ghost of George III. were to come and tell us the truth about it, he would probably put it in his accustomed way: he would tell us that we might double our army, and fully man our navy, out of the difference, if we would turn over all infants from burial clubs to endowments under the Friendly Societies Act. Regarding them as civilians hereafter—or not looking beyond the immediate claims of every helpless infant for the fostering of its life—we ought all to direct our whole influence on the encouragement of the supposition that human beings are born to live. It is a disgrace to society when children die *en masse*. It is a sign that the laws of nature are somehow violated.

The best way of discouraging these infant burial-clubs is to keep the children alive and well.

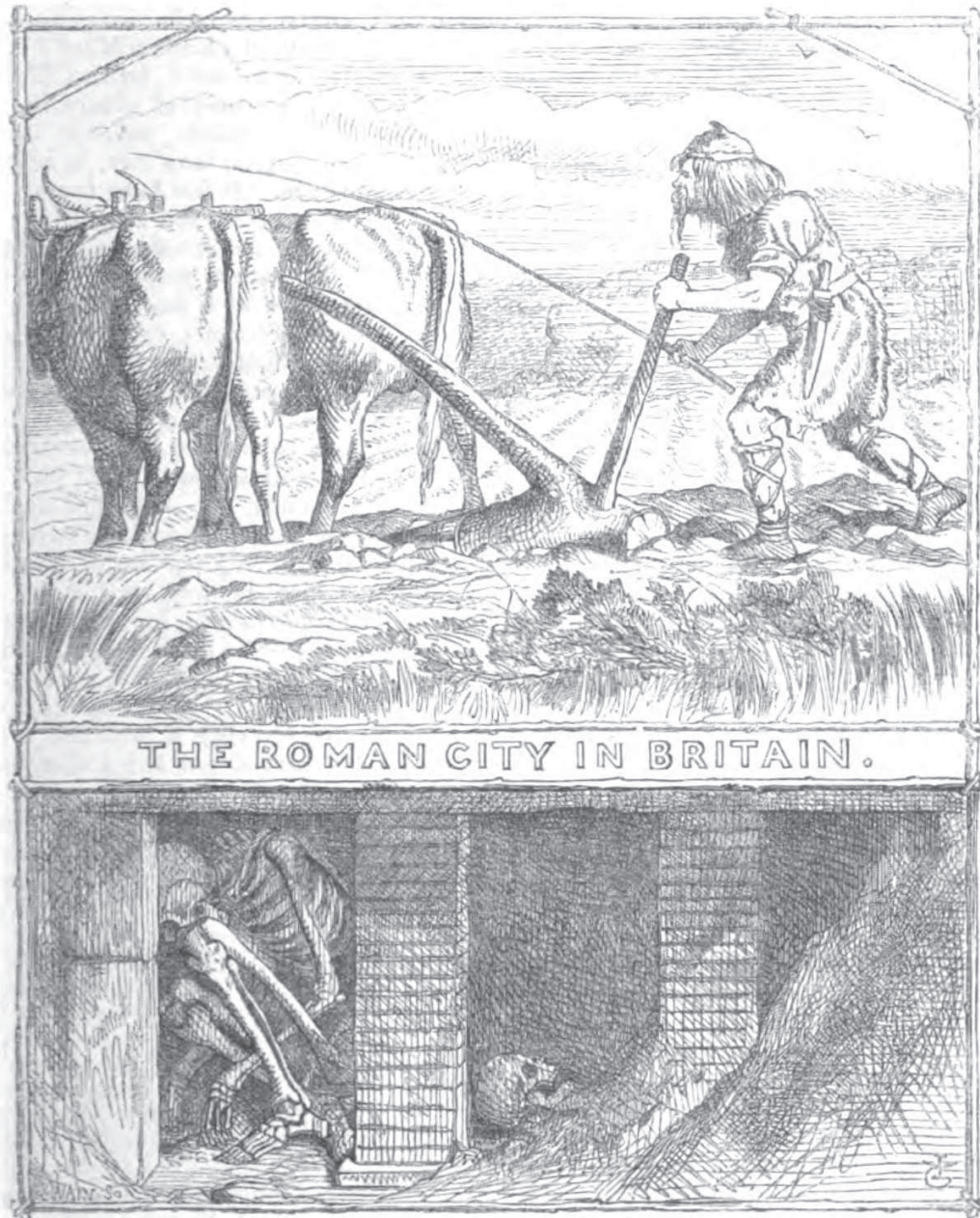
Let everybody help, then, to get all infants properly vaccinated. Let public opinion discredit the hire of wet-nurses, which annually dooms large numbers of the children of wet-nurses. Let it appear that society expects and intends its infants to live and not die, and the terrific mortality which marks the site of burial-clubs will decline, and the clubs with it. The difference between them and the hopeful, cheery endowment insurance, is the difference between the tick of a death-watch in the stifling chamber in the dreary night, and the stir and chirp of nestlings in the wood, in the breeze and glow of the morning. If

the working-men of England saw the choice that lies before them, surely they could not hesitate between the life-fund and the death-fund for their children.

Harriet Martineau■



## OUR OWN VIEW OF URICONIUM.



WE had been traversing the London Road, which leads out of Shrewsbury by its eastern suburb, skirting every now and then the silvery Severn, meandering through a park-like country, when my companion turned the horse's head down a bye-road on the right, which speedily led us amid some undulating pastures. "And now," said he, as the carriage jerked over a ridge in the road; "now—we are in the Roman City."

I looked around me. There were undulating fields and crops of turnips, hedge-rows and trees—an English landscape, pure and simple, such as we meet with everywhere in the luxuriant western counties. "But where have the Romans left their mark?" I asked, half incredulously. My companion pointed with his whip to a dark object a little in advance—a weather-beaten wall which rose, a massive and significant ruin, in the midst



of the pastoral scenery surrounding us. As we drew near, the Cyclopean mass of grey stones, streaked at intervals with bright red lines of tile-work, left no doubt upon our minds. "And if you will observe narrowly," said my companion, "you will see indications of the line of the walls." And truly an irregular line, inclosing a somewhat pear-shaped area, could be traced, its long diameter running north and south, the stem of the pear, if we may so term it, dipping down into the waters of the rapid Severn. This ridge of buried town-wall, my companion tells me, makes a circuit of three miles; and as I traced it round about, I could see underneath the emerald sod suggestive outlines, now dipping under the hedge-rows, now crossing the brook, and next upheaving the middle of the field. It was clearly the dead and ruined city, dimly sketched beneath its winding-sheet of common grass. In another minute we were close to the old wall itself, which cropped up suddenly from the edge of a turnip field—a huge bone, as it were, of the buried skeleton beneath. To the south of this wall a square area, about two acres in extent, railed off from the adjoining fields, presented itself, trenched in every direction and heaped with mounds of rubbish. A crowd of visitors were lounging about, looking down into the deep pits and trenches, with a serious puzzled look.\*

"And this?" said I—

"Is where we are exhuming Roman Britain," interrupted my companion.

We alighted and passed into the inclosure. I could just see the head of a labouring man, who was delving away in a long trench. Sitting on the side of the trench was a figure dressed in black, his gaitered legs disappearing in the pit. Those who remember Landseer's picture of "Suspense"—a Scotch terrier watching at a rat-hole—will be able to appreciate the whole look and attitude of that figure as the pick broke into every fresh lump of earth. Leaving my human terrier, for a moment, still watching at his hole, I clambered over the mounds of earth and looked down at the dead bones of Roman Britain. The old wall above ground had been the starting point from which the excavations were commenced, and it was soon discovered that it was the above-ground portion of a large building in the form of a parallelogram, divided into three compartments; the middle one being 226 feet long and 30 feet wide, the side aisles, if we may so term them, being of exactly the same length, but one only 14 feet wide, and the other 13 feet 9 inches wide at one end and 16 feet at the other. The middle compartment is paved with brick in the herring-bone pattern, but portions of tessellated floors were found at the eastern extremity of the northern lateral chamber. This place is nothing less than a stone puzzle to the archaeologists. Apparently, it was not roofed in, as few tiles were found

in the area. That it stood in the angle formed by the intersection of two streets is clearly ascertained, and that it was entered from both of them is equally clear. Along its western façade ran the great Roman military highway which connected London with Chester, still in use and known under the Saxon name of Watling Street. That this road expanded into a wide space opposite the main western entrance there can be no doubt, for it has been traced for some distance, until fresh buildings impinge upon the way and considerably narrow it.

Along the northern side of this building ran another street, joining the Watling Street wall at right angles; wherever excavations have been made in its course the pick has come down upon a surface pitched with large pebbles. The Roman streets, it is clear, were formed like those of Shrewsbury, and scores of others in Britain to this day. What public purpose this building could have served is, however, a matter of the merest conjecture. It has been suggested that it formed the forum, for the reason that it is very similar in form to the remains of the forum found at Pompeii. A curious piece of ironwork, somewhat in the form of a trident, which fitted into a staff, apparently some emblem of office, was found in its principal area.

At present, however, a veil has been drawn over the subject in the shape of a flourishing field of turnips, the committee of excavation hitherto having to manipulate their limited plot of ground somewhat as Paddy did his insufficient blanket, by filling up one place in order to expose another. Consequently, the only portion of this debateable building at present open to view is the portion of *old wall* originally above ground. This weather-beaten fragment bears upon its southern face evidence of having been connected with other buildings, for the springing of three brick arches are very plainly visible upon it, and the spade of the excavator has traced out the underground walls that supported them. Here evidently three "barrel roofed" rooms, possibly granaries, existed, as in one of them a quantity of charred wheat was found. Trenching southward soon proved that they had only opened but a small portion of some great central building of the city, for the spade at some considerable depth struck upon the semicircular end of a wall, and speedily a fine hypocaust, 37 feet long and 25 feet wide, was laid open. The Romans, it may be stated, in this country at least, did not warm their apartments by open fire-places or stoves, but by hot air chambers built underneath the ground-floors, which were supported at short intervals by rows of pillars formed of square tiles placed one upon another. Here, then, was the grand heating apparatus of a very fine room delved out of the earth in almost as perfect a state as when Roman fires circulated through it. The pillars of tiles were in perfect order,\* and the soot still adhered

\* Since the above was written the Excavation Committee have very judiciously caused all the earth excavated from the trenches to be collected into a steep mound, which is to be planted with evergreens and surrounded by gravel-walks. From this mound a bird's-eye view will be given to the spectator of the whole ruins laid open. The hypocausts, passages, courts, and roads will be beneath him, plainly depicted as in a map. By this means the interest of these singular remains will be greatly enhanced to the visitor.

\* We regret to state, that during a temporary stoppage of the works last Easter, several inroads of the barbarians in the shape of "cheap trippers," took place, in which these pillars were wantonly thrown down; they have since been restored to their old position by the careful hand of Dr. Johnson. We regret to state, however, that the only bit of wall inscription yet found in these ruins, was by these later barbarians entirely destroyed.



to their sides as though the smoke had only passed through them yesterday. In the same line a number of other smaller hypocausts were soon exhumed. Here and there the floors of small apartments paved with the herring-bone pavement are seen, and in one spot the walls of a sweating room are still lined with the flues used to warm them, consisting of the common pottery tiles with flanged edges, employed by the Romans for roofing to this day. Passages floored with indestructible concrete lead between these rooms, and in some places the plaster still adheres to the walls, painted either in bands of red and yellow, or arranged in patterns of not inelegant design. In one place the wall is tessellated, an embellishment which is, we believe, quite unique. There is evidence also that the outsides of some of the buildings in Uriconium were plastered and painted, as the semicircular end of the large hypocaust when discovered was so finished. Similar external embellishments were discovered at Pompeii. What we may term the stoke-hole of one of these hypocausts remains still intact. Three steps, formed out of single slabs of stone, sharp almost as the day they came from the stone-dresser's hands, lead to an arched opening of splendid workmanship, which directly communicates with the hot air chamber. I could almost fancy I saw the Roman stoker shovelling in the wood and coal (for coal has been discovered here) some biting December morning, to keep life in the shivering centurion pacing above. Near this stoke-hole there was found an ash-heap—a Romano-British ash-heap!

Imagine, good reader, Macaulay's New Zealander, after taking his survey of the ruins of St. Paul's, from the broken arch of London Bridge, kicking his foot by accident against a London ash-heap, and you will perhaps be able to realise the eagerness of the Shrewsbury archaeologists. Here were discovered, as was expected, numberless unconsidered trifles, but of priceless worth, as illustrating the every-day life of the inhabitants. Fragments of pottery, broken by the Roman "cat" or "come to pieces in the hand" of the Roman housemaid, of course; hair-pins of bone, that had once fastened the back hair of some fair Lucretia, with the pomade still adhering to them (an analytic chemist could possibly tell us of what oils and scents they were composed); pieces of window-glass, through which perhaps the aforesaid beauty had peered at the beaux of Uriconium; the bones of birds and animals, and even the shells of oysters, were found mingled together with bone-needles and ornamental fibulae, coins, &c. These things, especially the small articles of female gear, imply that this part of the large building at least was devoted in part to female use. When the workmen were clearing out the hypocaust leading from the stoke-hole, crouched up in the north-west corner, they discovered the skeleton of an old man, and close to him (the ruling passion strong in death) was found a little heap of coins, and among them fragments of wood and nails, evidently the remains of a small box or coffer, decayed by time, which had once held the old man's treasure. These coins, 132 in number, were all, with two exceptions, of copper, leading to the inference that he was a domestic.

In excavating the ruins of Pompeii, the skeleton

of what was supposed to have been the master of the house, was discovered near a back wall, with a bag of money near one hand, and a key near the other, implying that he was attempting to escape from the coming destruction by a back-door. A man had no banking account in those days; it was therefore quite natural that, in the moment of escape, he should be found clutching his treasure; but it does seem strange that, like a fly in amber, his very attitude should be preserved to us.

For centuries the Saxon hind ploughed the fields overhead, and little dreamed of the ghastly *dramatis personæ* that lay grouped beneath his feet.

It is customary when a new building is about to be erected, to deposit on the foundation-stone coins for the current year, of the reigning sovereign, in order to mark the period of its erection. Fate would appear to have led this terrified old man, with his little box of the current Roman coins of the country, into this hiding-place, to fix the time of the destruction of the city, and of the overthrow of the civilisation the Roman dominion in this country had left among the half-emascuated Britons. The great majority of these coins bear the effigy of the Constantines, which points to the end of the fourth century as the period of the destruction of this city. Now, if I remember rightly, the Roman Legions finally left the island in the year 426; thus it will be seen how speedily the barbarian Picts followed on their footsteps, and swept away the cities they had founded and left to the charge of the enfeebled Britons.

Close beside the west wall of the hypocaust, where the old man was found, lay the skeleton of a woman, and huddled against the north wall was another. All these skeletons were close together. In the yard adjoining, was found the skeleton of a baby, so young that its teeth were still uncut. A little eastward four or five skeletons, chiefly of females, were found, leading to the inference that the men, like the sons of Louis Philippe, deserted the weaker sex in the terrible moment of massacre. What overwhelming terror—what sudden panic must have overcome these inmates for the mother thus to desert her babe, and for the man to herd with women in such a dismal hiding-place. These tell-tale bones leave to us a vivid picture of that dreadful day—thirteen hundred years ago—when the enemy poured into the city and ravaged it with fire and sword.

Southward of this inhabited and apparently private portion of the great block of buildings, the basements of another series of structures has been found. The lower walls and the herring-bone pavement of a square court opening immediately upon the open space, or *place* of the great military way or Watling Street, have been laid bare. The court is forty feet square, and on its north and south sides runs a row of chambers from ten to twelve feet square.

Dr. Henry Johnson, the Hon. Secretary of the Excavation Committee, with classic instinct, immediately fancied that it was the atrium of a private Roman dwelling, especially as in the centre of the court the pavement was wanting, indicating the possibility of the remains of an impluvium; but, on search being made, no signs of one having been there were found; and further excavation

proved that many of the usual features of such a private mansion were wanting. There was no tablinum or peristyle, the side of the atrium or court in that direction being closed by a wall, on the outside of which are a series of recesses, supposed to have been shops. Further on in the same line eastward is a large paved cistern, filled with tiles and broken pottery; and beyond again a paved space, which had evidently been a bath. This portion of the building, however, has been only partially excavated, but what is now visible has the appearance of having belonged to a public swimming-bath. But what could the open court, surrounded with apartments, and bordering upon the principal street, have been? It is suggested that it might have been a market-place. That it was a building of great resort there can be no doubt; for of its two street entrances the step of the southernmost is worn away to the shape of the human foot several inches deep. By the direction of the footsteps, it is clear that the people flocking thither must have come up the street from the southward.

Strange, that, after thirteen hundred years, we should thus have visible evidence of the direction in which the main currents of human life used to flow in this ancient city. There is a much wider entrance to this supposed market-place, or bazaar, a little north of the foot entrance, but this was not approached by steps, but by an inclined plane, formed of three slabs of stone placed side by side. Mr. Thomas Wright, the chief director of the excavations, imagines that this was a carriage, or at least a barrow entrance; and the discovery of a horse-shoe here, would seem to justify this hypothesis; but we find no wheel-ruts as they did in frequented carriage entrances at Pompeii: moreover, a herring-bone pavement would scarcely have withstood the wear and tear of carriage traffic. The rooms round the court



have proved the greatest puzzle of any to the archaeologists. The walls stand at least three feet high from the pavement, but there is no sign of any door-ways. It has been suggested, that wooden steps, long since perished, may have given entrance to them; but then we should expect to find the marks in the walls where they had been fixed, as was the case at Pompeii, where staircases appear to have been very common.

In excavating the rubbish from these rooms, in some cases to ten feet in depth, stores of different substances were found; one apparently had been a magazine of charcoal, as a large quantity of that substance was found in it. Another contained the bones, horns, &c., of animals, chiefly those of the red deer, and the ox, and the tusks of boars. On the antlers of the deer, saw-marks, and signs of tools of other kinds, are very visible, and some of the bones have been turned in a lathe. These signs seem to indicate that the fabrication of various articles in bone, ivory, and stags' horn, found in every direction amongst the ruins, was carried on here; and that a veritable bazaar for the sale of such trifles existed on this spot we have good reason to believe from the fact, that weights of different sizes were dug up close at hand.

Not far from this court a portion of a pillar was found, the bottom of which is engraven with the phallus, so often discovered on Roman remains. Possibly the pillar may have formed a portion of a Priapian pillar, or emblem of fruitfulness. If so, its vicinity to the open court may indicate that it served the purpose of a marketplace for edibles, as well as that of a bazaar. Be that as it may, it is clear that this department of the great block of buildings formed its southernmost limit, for a paved street has been discovered close to its walls, along which ran a

side gutter, or possibly a water-course, such as we find at Salisbury; for in one place large stones were discovered, placed transversely in the channel, as though they had been used as stepping-stones. This great public building, containing possibly a forum, establishment of baths, a market-place, and bazaar, was surrounded on three sides, at least, by streets; and, for aught we know, excavations to the eastward will prove that it formed what the Romans called an insula.

The discovery of numerous fragments of columns and capitals within its ruins, proves that it must have been ornamented with architectural features of a striking character, which gave it a noble appearance, situated, as it was, in the middle and on the highest spot of the city within the walls. Beyond this building excavations have been made only to a small extent southward, but sufficiently to prove that buildings exist on the other side of the street last discovered. The Committee of Excavations have evidently hit upon the most central and important spot in the city; and dig where they will, north, south, east, or west, in the four acres which the Duke of Cleveland has leased to them, they cannot avoid opening up remains which will probably help to elucidate the stone puzzle they have already exposed.

As I moved away from my minute examination of the ruins, I found the gentleman in black gathering up the precious fragments rescued from the trench with eager solicitude, which he carried off to a kind of box of Autolycus under charge of the foreman of the excavators. The labourer was digging away like a machine, and taking as much interest in his work. As he shovelled up some fragments of pottery I remarked:

"There seems to have been a grand smash of crockery

hereabouts."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "there be a main sight of them sort of cattle buried here," and went on with his work. Such are the differences between man and man induced by education.

After tracing the dry bones of the Roman city, it was doubly interesting to give it life by means of the relics collected from its depths. A considerable number of articles illustrative of the everyday occupations and amusements of the inhabitants have already been secured in the museum at Shrewsbury. Pottery, of course, is in abundance, including a piece of Samian ware repaired with meUd rivets, and some not inelegant Romano-Salopian pottery made from fine Broseley clay, innumerable roofing-tiles of pottery and micaceous slate with the nails yet remaining in them. Of iron work there are abundant remains; keys, chains, shackles, rings, nails, door-hinges, and an iron padlock have been found so wonderfully like uninteresting modern work, that one cannot help thinking the stilted Roman of our school-books must, after all, have

been very like one of ourselves. Turning over

patent medicine in Uriconium? Yes—an eye-salve



ORNAMENT IN BRONZE, PROBABLY BELONGING TO A STEELYARD.  
[Actual size.]



SCALE. INCH.  
THE SHACKLE.  
[One-fourth of the full size.]

the box of relics, my friend in the black gaiters has directed my attention to—what do I find?—scores of cock's legs with natural spurs, filed evidently to fit on bronze ones. That they knew how to fight a main of cocks at Uriconium is quite evident, and those legs in all probability were those of celebrated victors. Searching again, I found a cock made of lead, evidently a *child's toy*, that had once gladdened little Roman eyes not far from where I stood. Again rummaging, I come upon roundels formed from the bottoms of earthenware vessels, evidently used by the gamins of Uriconium in some game, possibly hop-sotch, which we know to be a pastime of remote antiquity. And then for the ladies, as Autolycus would say, I found in the museum, combs of bone, bodkins, beads, bracelets; and for the men, *studs* and *buttons* of bronze, a strigil to scrape his skin in the public sweating bath, and tweezers to *tweak* his curled beard. But what is this—a



THE LEADEN (TOY) COCK.  
[Actual size.]

—here is the seal of the physician who vended it, marked, like Rowland's Macassar, with his name to prevent "unprincipled imitations," as follows:—

"*The dialibanum of Tiberius Claudius, the physician for all complaints of the eyes, to be used with egg.*"

THE PHYSICIAN'S STAMP.



TIBERII CLAUDII Medici DIALIBANUM AD OMNE VITIUM  
Oculorum EX Ovo.  
[Actual Size.]

But we may go on for a week turning over the curiosities of Uriconium and come at last to the conclusion that, Romano-Britons as they were, they must have ate, drank, slept, played, and looked wonderfully like ourselves. Not so, however, if we are to believe newspaper paragraphs—the barbarians who put an end to all this refinement ages ago.

In the corner of an orchard abutting upon the Watling Street road, in the village of Wroxeter, but within the old line of walls, upwards of twenty human skeletons were a short time since exhumed, several of the skulls of which presented extraordinary appearances. Their facial bones are, in fact, all askew, the eye sockets of one side of the face being in advance of those of the other side. Such terrible-looking creatures as these real original "Angles" were certainly enough to frighten the city into subjection. An examination of these skulls, however, and a knowledge of the conditions under which they were found, would lead to the conviction that Mother Earth has to answer for this distortion. When exhumed, they were in the condition of wet biscuit, in consequence



of the state of the ground, which is full of springs. It can easily, therefore, be imagined that the weight of the superincumbent earth acting through so many centuries had pressed those skulls that had fallen sideways, thus out of their usual shape. There is in the British Museum a skull of a Saxon warrior, disinterred not long since in Cambridgeshire, with his Saxon ornaments about him, which presents similar distortions with respect to the orbits and the extraordinary elongation of the head which these Wroxeter skulls do. Judging from this fact alone, I am inclined to think that these poor people of the orchard have been shamefully maligned as to their personal appearance. Close to the spot where these remains were found, the Watling Street road dips down a steep bank towards the Severn, where there is a ford ; but, in

all probability, in Roman times, a bridge here crossed the stream. Whether it was ford or bridge, however, it is certain that a strong tower—possibly a water-gate—terminating the city wall towards the river here, guarded its passage, as the foundation walls have been excavated entire. Standing on the mound which marks its site I saw before me the silvery Severn winding amid a thickly-wooded country, once, doubtless, a forest teeming with wild boar and red deer. On the opposite shore, the old military Roman road, as yet strongly marked running between hedgerows, but grass-grown like the fields. The scene was so calm and little disturbed by man, that the imagination could easily picture the Roman legions wending towards the next great military station, their eagles flashing in the setting sun. A. W.

## ANA.

A PROPHECY AT FAULT.—A propos of canals and railways we find it announced, with becoming gravity, in the “Monthly Register” for 1803, that “another canal of great national importance is about to be constructed from Deptford to Portsmouth and Southampton, passing by Guildford, Godalming, and Winchester.” After a detail of its estimated cost, the editor remarks, “a canal in this instance is to be preferred to an iron railway-road, because the expense of carriage by a canal is much cheaper than that of carriage by a railway.” The writer could not foresee the effect of the steam-engine in diminishing the difference, and hence his inference that railway- could never compete with canal-carriage. Happily such prophets are not infallible.

## THE COST OF COTTAGES.

SOME observations that I made on cottage-building, under the title "Home or Hospital," in the 21st number of *ONCE A WEEK*, have occasioned so many inquiries and remarks, that I feel it right and expedient to adopt a suggestion of one of my correspondents, and relate such facts as I can furnish on the subject of the cost of cottage-building. I cannot explain, nor understand, the statements of some of these applicants as to the cost of good dwellings for labourers; and the wide difference between their estimates and my own experience, and that of several persons who have built cottages in various parts of the country, seems to show that there may be great use, if no great beauty, in a matter-of-fact account of what has been done, and may be done any day.

I have built five Westmoreland cottages, the specifications of which, and the receipted bills for which, lie before me now.

The first was a dwelling for my farm-man and his wife—without children. It was built in conjunction with a wash-house for my own house, and a cow-stable for two cows, with all appurtenances. The cottage consists of two good rooms on the ground-floor, with two large closets—one used as a pantry, and the other containing a bed on occasion. The wash-house has the usual fittings—boiler, pump, and sink, and all conveniences. The cow-stable has stalls for two cows, and a smaller one for a calf: two windows in the walls, and one in the roof: a gutter and drain, joining the one from the cottage, and leading to a manure-tank, which is flagged and cemented so as to be perfectly water-tight, and closed with a moveable stone lid: all the buildings are two feet thick in the walls, which are of the grey stone of the district—mortared in the outer and inner courses, and the cavity filled in with rubble. The cottage kitchen has a range, with an oven; and the bedroom has a fireplace. The cost of this group of buildings was 130*l*.

The other cottages are, however, more in the way of my inquiring correspondents. The four



are built in pairs, on a terrace, with a space of a few feet between the two pairs, and a flight of broad steps leading up from below. There is a good piece of garden ground to each cottage.

The walls are two feet thick, and may stand for centuries. The foundations are on excavated rock. The roofs are of Coniston slate, and the corner-stones are from the Rydal quarry. The woodwork being properly seasoned, and duly painted, there is no call for repairs beyond the occasional painting and whitewashing, and replacing of a slate now and then in stormy weather. A

more durable kind of property can hardly be. When once warmed through, these dwellings, if well built at first, are warm in winter and cool in summer; and they are perfectly dry, which is not always the case with houses built of stone in blocks—some kinds of stone absorbing moisture.

The kitchens and passages are flagged. One pair has a boarded floor in the sitting-room; the other is flagged. Boards are usually preferred. Each cottage has two out-houses behind—a coalshed and privy (with a patent water-closet appa-



ratus)—the passage between the house and out-houses being roofed with a skylight. There is a cistern in each roof to afford a fall for the water-closet. Each dwelling has a pump and sink; each kitchen an oven and range; each house has two closets (for which the thickness of the walls affords convenience). There is a fire-place in every room; a fanlight over the kitchen door; a window (to open) on the stairs; a dresser in the kitchen, and shelves in the pantry. Each cottage has a porch, like most dwellings in this part of the country, where the protection of a porch to the house-door is needed in stormy weather.

Such is the character of my cottages. As for their contents—the ground-floor consists of a kitchen, a good-sized, light, cheerful sitting-room, and a pantry under the stairs. In one pair, the living-room is 12 feet 8 inches long by 11 feet 3 inches broad, and 7 feet high. In the other pair, the same room measures 15 feet in length by 12 in breadth. The respective kitchens are 10½ feet by 10, and 12 feet by 10. Up-stairs there are three bedrooms, one of which is convenient for a double-bedded room. The estimate in the contract

was 110*l.* per cottage; but some of the conveniences above mentioned were an after-thought, and cost 7*l.* per house. Thus, the total cost of each dwelling was 117*l.* The tenants pay no rates, but a rent of 7*l.*, including the garden ground. These dwellings are in great request, and therefore inhabited by a superior set of tenants, who have, for the most part, done justice to their healthy and cheerful abodes by keeping them clean. They pay their rent half-yearly; and this last Martinmas all had paid before the rent-day arrived.

The nearest cottage to these is one built by a friend of mine, containing a sitting-room with a kitchen-range, a back-kitchen and out-house; and two bedrooms above, each with a fire-place. Cost, 100*l.* Rent, 5*l.*, exclusive of 5*s.* for garden-ground.

Ambleside is noted for its building arts, inasmuch that its workmen (called "wallers" and "slaters") are sent for from Manchester, Liverpool, and even, as I am told, London. The wages of the "wallers" or masons, are 4*s.* a-day; and of labourers, 15*s.* a-week. The builder of these cottages, Mr. Arthur Jackson, turns out thorough



good work. It was from him, as well as from another good builder, since dead, that I learned that in this place a substantial cottage of four rooms can be built for 60*l.*—as I know it can elsewhere. I have now applied again to Mr. Jackson for estimates; and he says that he can undertake to build for 60*l.* a house of four comfortable rooms, with a pantry under the stairs, and a fire-place in each room. For 100*l.* he would build one with five rooms, three above and two below, with a scullery. He has never built in brick, because no bricks are seen here, except the few imported for the backs of fire-places; but he is disposed to think he could build at the same cost in a brick country. Some evidence which I have just received confirms his opinion.

Here is an account of three superior brick cottages lately built in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Each contains the same amount of in-door accommodation as my cottages. The dimensions are:—

The "house-room" . . .	15½ feet by 12 feet.
The kitchen . . .	9 " 10 ft. 2 in.
The pantry . . .	9 " 5 feet.
Chief bedroom over the "house-room."	
Two other bedrooms, each	9 feet by 7 ft. 7 in.

The cost is, in detail, as follows:

MATERIAL.		£	s.	d.
Bricks . . . . .		37	0	0
Flags . . . . .		17	0	0
Mantelpieces . . . . .		6	10	0
Slates . . . . .		30	0	0
Laths, hair, and lime . . . . .		16	0	0
Timber . . . . .		40	0	0
Chimney-pots . . . . .		1	10	0
Nails and ironwork . . . . .		17	0	0
Total . . . . .		165	0	0
LABOUR.		£	s.	d.
Bricklayer . . . . .		36	0	0
Slater . . . . .		7	0	0
Blacksmith . . . . .		7	0	0
Plumber . . . . .		29	0	0
Painter . . . . .		24	0	0
Joiner . . . . .		32	0	0
Carting, &c. . . . .		27	0	0
		162	0	0
Material . . . . .		165	0	0
Total . . . . .		327	0	0

Or 109*l.* each. The proportions being preserved, it appears that in Manchester, as here, a good cottage of four rooms, without accessories, can be built for 60*l.*

Mr. Bracebridge published a notice, some two years since, of some labourers' cottages built for him twenty years before, which had stood well, and appeared advantageous enough to recommend afresh. A row of six dwellings, admitting of a common wash-house and other offices, can be built for 500*l.*,—their quality being as follows:—

House-room, 13 feet by 12; a chief bed-room over it, of the same size. A second bed-room, smaller by the width of the stairs, is over the kitchen and pantry. By spending six guineas

more, a room may be obtained in the roof, 12 feet by 8, and 8 feet high, lighted from the gable, or by a dormer window. The detailed account may be seen in the "Labourer's Friend" for November, 1857 (p. 180), and further particulars in a letter to the same publication, dated March 13th, 1858.

The fullest account that I know of, and on the largest scale, of the cost and rent of cottages, is contained in the *Report of the Poor-law Commissioners on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Classes*, in 1842. The date is rather old; but such change as has taken place in the last seventeen years is in favour of cottage-building, as a speculation, as well as in the quality of the dwellings. The economy, as well as the sanitary condition, is better understood.

At p. 400 of that Report there are tabulated returns from the officers of twenty-four Unions in the manufacturing counties, in which we see (among other particulars) the cost of erection and the rent of three orders of cottages. I can here cite only the extremities of the scales. The lowest order of dwellings, yielding a rent of 3*l.* 5*s.* per annum, cost originally from 28*l.* (at Stockport) to 60*l.* (at Glossop).

The next order, yielding a rent of 5*l.* 15*s.*, cost from 40*l.* (at Uttoxeter) to 90*l.* (at Burslem and Burton-upon-Trent).

The best class, yielding a rent of 9*l.* 2*s.*, cost from 75*l.* (at Salford) to 155*l.* (at Derby).

At pp. 401 and 402 of the Report, there is a long list of the same particulars, with the cost of repairs, in regard to rural cottages in England and Scotland. The cost of four-roomed cottages varies astonishingly, being as low as 20*l.* and 25*l.* in Bedfordshire and Cheshire, and as high as 180*l.* in Suffolk. The greater number are set down as between 40*l.* and 100*l.*

Any reader who refers to these tables will certainly amuse himself with the whole portion of the Report which relates to the cottage-improvement at that time achieved. Nothing will strike him more than the account (at p. 265) of the labourers' cottages built by the Earl of Leicester at Holkham, in Norfolk, showing what a home the labouring man may have for the interest of 100*l.*, with something additional for repairs; say a rent of 6*l.*, though his kindly landlord asked less. In brief, the tenant has a—

House-room . . .	17 feet by 12, and 7½ feet high.
Kitchen and Pantry	13 " 9 "
Three bedrooms above.	

In the rear, a wash-house, dirt-bin, privy, and pig-cot: and 20 rods of garden ground. The drainage excellent, and water abundant. For the rest, I must refer my readers to the Report, from p. 261 to p. 275, with the engraved plans and illustrations.

More modern narratives and suggestions abound,—judging by booksellers' catalogues and advertisements. One of the most interesting notices of the subject that I have lately seen is in the October number of the "Englishwoman's Journal," and in letters, called forth by that article, at pp. 283 and 284 of the December number of the same Journal. If these letters disclose a painful view of the ownership and condition of many cottages,



they are also encouraging in regard to the eagerness of respectable labourers for respectable homes. To an account of tenements of four rooms each, with out-buildings and garden, costing from 75*l.* to 80*l.* each, the rent of which is 4*l.* 10*s.*, the remark is added :—

“The rents are paid up very regularly, so that this Michaelmas, out of twenty-six occupiers, there was not one defaulter.”

This question of the cost of cottages is a very important one,—not only because it is bad for labourers to be charged anything but the genuine price for their abodes, but because there is no chance for the working-classes being well housed unless dwellings of a good quality can be made to pay. At present, unconscionable rents are, on the one hand, extorted for unwholesome and decayed dwellings; and, on the other, it is supposed that nobody but wealthy landowners can afford to build good cottages,—such cottages being regarded as an expensive charity. In my small way, I am satisfied with my investment: I know that other people are: and I believe that it is possible to lodge the working population of the kingdom well and comfortably, without depraving charity on the one hand, or pecuniary loss on the other.

In many—perhaps in most places—however, the first stage of the business is yet unaccomplished. Society is not convinced of the sin and shame of restricting the building of abodes for the working-classes, and of making them pay high rents for places unfit for human habitation. I fear there are many neighbourhoods in England too like, in this respect, to the one in which I live,—where many of the abodes of the humbler inhabitants are a disgrace to any civilised community. If ever there was a settlement favoured beyond others in regard to natural sanitary conditions, it is Ambleside: and if any one spot can be found superior even to Ambleside, it is Windermere (five miles off), where the railway ends, and whence the Lake tourist, on his arrival, overlooks from a height a glorious view of lake, wood, and mountain. In both places there is scarcely any level ground in the whole area. The facilities for drainage cannot be surpassed. There is rock for foundations; and the water-supply is unbounded—unbounded as to quantity, if it were regulated and distributed with any degree of care and good sense. Good soil, good air, great variety of level, and plenty of water,—what more could we ask in choosing a dwelling-place? Yet there is disease, vice and misery which would be accounted intolerable if they came in the shape of inevitable calamity. Instead of general declarations, I will offer a few facts,—omitting at present any notice of such abodes as are private property, in the hope that when reform begins with public property, the owners of cottages and small houses will be awakened to a sense of what they are doing in letting such tenements as many in Ambleside, either by the shame of contrast, or by losing their tenants. While mansions and villas are rising throughout the neighbourhood, one has to wait years to obtain a few yards of ground on which to build a cottage. All possible discountenance is shown to cottage-building: and I have myself been told,

many times a year, for many years, that the people could not pay rent for good cottages, and would not take them if they were provided to-morrow. This must be altogether a mistake. There is, as I said, great anxiety to occupy my cottages; and rents of 4*l.* and 5*l.* are paid for dwellings of which the following is a true account. They were measured and reported upon a day or two ago.

These houses are endowment property, under the care of the trustees of the school. The trustees do not dispute the condition of the property, nor defend the exorbitant rents they are obliged to demand; but they declare that they find it impossible to obtain from the Charity Commissioners the necessary powers for its improvement. They have repeatedly made application; but the delays, the mislaying of papers, the fruitless trouble incurred, has discouraged them. Meantime, the state of three houses, as examined, is this.

Number One is inhabited by a family of six persons. There is no water-supply whatever. There is no out-door convenience which can be used by decent people. There is no opening in back or sides, and no ventilation at all in the sleeping-place but one small pane, which the mother broke the other day, to prevent the young people being stifled (a danger increased, by the way, by the boys smoking their pipes within doors, even in the mornings). The six sleep in two beds scarcely larger than sofas. The living-room is 10½ feet long by 10 broad, and 7 feet 2 inches high.

Number Two contains a family of eight persons. The conditions as to air, water, and convenience, are the same; the living-room is 10½ feet by 9. The rent is 4*l.*

Number Three contains a family of six. Conditions mainly the same. The living-room is 7 feet 2 inches in height; but only 8 feet 6 inches long by 7 feet 9 inches wide. The rent is 5*l.*, the same that is paid by my friend's tenant for an airy, cheerful, well-found dwelling of four rooms and outhouse, on the hill-side.—This is all I will at present say of labourers' dwellings at Ambleside.

At Windermere a new town has sprung up since the establishment of the railway-station, and the temporary residence of a clergyman of architectural propensities; so that we naturally supposed the new settlement to be peculiarly healthy,—all fresh and new, and set upon a platform, absolutely tempting for drainage. Some weeks ago we were startled by news of a terrible fever—typhoid fever—at Windermere, the schoolmaster being dead, and several other persons who could ill be spared. The mortality between that time and this has been fearful. A good man who lived there desired, a few years since, to carry his large family to Australia. He was too old to go by the aid of the Emigration Commissioners, and his friends lent him the means to go and establish himself, with the intention of sending afterwards for his wife and seven children. He slowly made his way in Australia, has paid his friends, and is now, no doubt, looking forward to the arrival of his family in no

long time ; but, alas ! this fever has carried off four out of the seven children. This is the news which is on the way to the affectionate father !

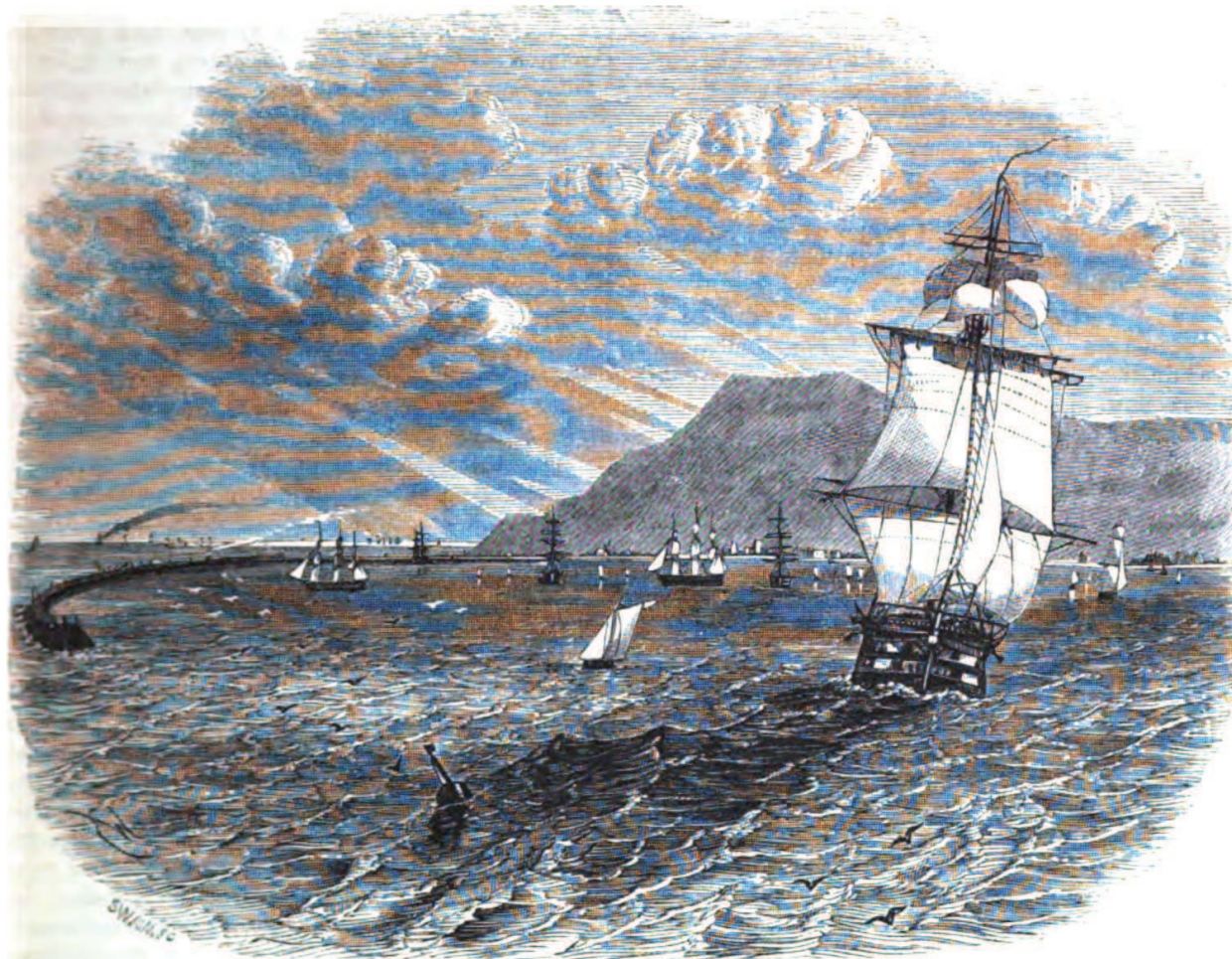
When one inquires the precise cause of the epidemic, one medical man says there is no sufficient house-drainage at Windermere ; another says the mischief is owing to the quantity of decomposed vegetable matter—to the swamps, in short, on the platform ; while another declares that the main evil is the accumulation of filth. Whether it be any one or all of these, the mortality is chargeable on ignorance or carelessness, or worse.

While such things are happening here, there, or everywhere, every year, it is a matter of no small consequence to ascertain the conditions on which our labouring population may be well housed,—as a matter of business, and not of mere charity ; that is, under the steady natural laws of society, and not the fluctuating influence of human sensibilities, which have always more calls upon them than they can meet. When it is ascertained that it answers to labourers to pay from 3*l.* to 6*l.* rent, rather than have sickness in the house, and that they may have for that rent good dwellings of from four to six rooms, or equivalent attachments, there will be a manifest decrease in the sickness and mortality of the country.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.



## A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.



THE genius of England is universally admitted to be of an eminently enterprising and speculative character. No scheme, however daring, which can show a reasonable prospect of paying a good percentage for property invested, ever waits long either for money or men to bring it to a successful issue. This is especially the case in our marine commercial enterprise; English ships are everywhere, and English ship-owners always ready to encounter risk, difficulty, and danger in opening a new field for trade, or exploring the most distant countries in the hope of widening our already enormous foreign commerce.

As a consequence our vessels are countless, and the amount of wealth invested in them something incredibly large. For the protection of these great national interests from all preventable disaster, large sums of money are freely spent, both from the public and private purse. Grants are made annually, by parliament, for maintaining and improving our protective measures, and the increasing perfection of our hydrographic surveys, our naval charts, and our lighthouse and buoyming arrangements, do much to prove the wisdom of a wise liberality in these matters.

It will be noticed that almost all of the efforts in this direction are the work of government; and it is right that this should be so, for great as is the marine wealth of the country, the English people are too just to desire that the heavy outlay involved by these works (an outlay without direct

appreciable return), should fall upon the ship-owner.

His first object must ever be to obtain a fair remuneration for his money and his enterprise, while it is clearly the duty of the people whom that enterprise benefits to afford it all the security possible. Nor has there generally been wanting, on the part of successive governments, a large liberality for the establishment of means of protection for shipping, though it is to a point which was for long years neglected that we propose to direct attention in this paper. It is comparatively very few years since the construction of harbours of refuge, greatly needed as they are upon our coast, has come under legislative consideration.

In the year 1843, the attention of the government was particularly directed to the subject, in consequence of a recommendation contained in the report of a select committee of the House of Commons, which had been appointed for the purpose of inquiring into "the shipwreck of British vessels and the preservation of lives of shipwrecked persons." Shortly afterwards, in April, 1844, a commission was formed to inquire into the most "eligible situation for constructing a harbour or harbours of refuge in the channel."

This seems late in the day for the claims of breakwaters to be first considered, but the expense and time required to accomplish these works must have had great influence in deferring their



execution to so late a period. The result of this second inquiry was that the commissioners recommended :—

First : That a harbour be constructed in Dover Bay, sheltering a certain area of roadstead.

Secondly : That a breakwater should be constructed in Seaford Roads.

Thirdly : That a breakwater should be constructed in Portland Bay.

The same report stated : "If only one work be undertaken at a time, we give the preference to Dover, next to Portland; and, thirdly, to Seaford."

The practical result of all this was, that the construction of Dover and Portland Harbours was decided upon, both of which are now in course of erection. It is to Portland, the least known, and by far the most picturesque of the two localities, that we propose, with the reader's kind permission, to conduct him; that if he be so minded, he may learn what time, pains, and money this country freely spends to add one new security to the seaman's uncertain life; and how in deeds of wood and iron, as well as in word and song, England loves her sailors.

The construction of this harbour having been decided upon, the first vote was granted by parliament in 1846, and by an act passed in May, 1847, powers were obtained for purchase of lands adjoining the proposed site, and the works commenced in the latter end of August, in the same year. The first stone was laid, in a deluge of rain, by H. R. H. Prince Albert, on the 25th of July, 1849, and in the early part of the following December, the operation of discharging stone upon the line of breakwater commenced in earnest. We are prepared therefore to find much work done, and the structure already partially performing its functions.

Let us become, in imagination, one of the crowd assembled on the little hill, called the "Nothe," on the south-side of Weymouth harbour, this bright September morning, and having gazed our fill at the Great Eastern lying huge and still in Portland Roads, let our eyes rest for a few minutes on the local peculiarities of the magnificent bay in which she rides at anchor, together with some half-dozen ships-of-war and a crowd of smaller craft.

The grass-covered rocks under our feet run westward, dipping as they go, till at some three miles' distance they meet the long low line of the pebble beach, over and beyond which we plainly see the glimmer of the distant channel; following the course of this most wonderful bank, as it stretches in a south-easterly direction, the eye rests at last on the rocky island of Portland, and reaching its farthestmost points, falls directly on the breakwater.

Roughly drawn, this is a sketch of the natural bay; and the coast line runs so far towards the south-east, that it wants but continuation in a north-easterly direction to cut off from the inclosed bay the breakers of a sou'-easter, and by completing the unfinished semicircle, to make the roadstead safe in all weathers. A glance at the map will show this in a moment, and give a clear idea of the extent and importance of the immense area

thus protected, where indeed a fleet might lie uncrowded, and where the huge Great Eastern, giant though she be, looks dwarfed in the distance. Some of us *can* learn from figures, and grow wise upon statistics: for such fortunate spirits, let the following table of sheltered anchorage, extracted from an official chart published by order of the House of Commons, be an indication of its magnitude.

Of 5 fathoms deep and upward 1,290 acres.

3 " " 1,590 "

2 " " 1,758 "

Up to low-water line . . . 2,107 "

From our distant and elevated position we have endeavoured to get a general survey of the breakwater and its inclosed harbour: we will now proceed to take a more detailed view of the works themselves.

We take boat from Weymouth Quay, and twenty minutes' steaming brings us to the stony island. A veritable Arabia Petraea it is: we land among blocks of stone, some half-mile from our destination; we walk through lanes of piled stones, only to come upon other and similar lanes, till we emerge on the stony road leading to the breakwater. Every soul on board our boat seems bent on the same errand as ourselves: being well instructed beforehand, we do not follow the multitude in this case, but bravely face the hill which lies before us, and making up our minds for a stiffish climb, get first upon the table-land forming the chief habitable part of the island. Once there, we shall confess that our toil was not in vain, for from this Vern Hill, as it is called, is as lovely and strange a view as we ever remember to have seen. We are now opposite the Nothe on which we lately stood, but at a much greater elevation: at our feet lie the vessels,—liners, frigates, and the monster, swarming with dwarf life; big boats and little boats, steamers and sailing craft, all about and around her. To our left the narrow red line of pebble-beach, with the blue water smooth as a mill-pond on this side, and flecked everywhere on the other with the white foam of the restless waves, stretches away and away mile after mile till it is lost in the warm hazy distance: it is this beach which gives such peculiarity to the view; it is so singular, so unlike anything else, that none could see it for the first time and fail to be impressed with its strangeness and beauty. But there are other things besides the view on Vern Hill. We turn landward, and here are soldiers in abundance, cantonments, incipient fortifications, which even in their babyhood look Titanic; and last, not least, the well known Portland prison. Here we do not propose to go; the day is too bright, and the scene too inspiring, to make us wish for painful sights and associations; so we will be content with remarking that the convicts, numbering about fifteen hundred, are for the most part employed in procuring stone for the construction of the breakwater. The results of their labours we shall see more of by and bye; but we must clearly understand that, though thus employed, they have nothing to do *directly* with the works, but labouring within proper boundaries, and under strict supervision, they are separate from the ordinary workmen, and do but supply the raw material



from the quarries on the hill. Descending again, we turn our steps towards the works, passing on our way a massive breastwork, formed partially of granite and partially of the native stone. We learn that this is an experimental erection, and that in a few days her Majesty's ship *Blenheim*, now lying in the bay and bowling great round shot every five minutes along the water at a distant mark, will anchor broadside on, and give the breastwork an impartial peppering, with the view of testing the relative merits as to resisting power, and consequent adaptability for fortifications of the two materials. We believe that batteries will ultimately be built at the extremity of the breakwater, and that the stone of which these are constructed will depend very much on the result of this experiment. A little further on we come to the entrance of the works, and, writing our names in the visitors' book, are free to wander wheresoever we may choose. Before going further, it will perhaps be well to give a very rapid sketch of the principles and practice of building these sea-walls.

Three methods are commonly in use :—

1st. As at Plymouth. Rubble stone is flung into the water indiscriminately until it forms a bank rising above the high tide level; its sides take any angle they will, and the structure from low water to high water mark is finally levelled and faced with massive ashlar masonry.

2nd. As at Dover. A plain sea wall of great thickness is built (much after the manner of other walls) of large blocks of stone or concrete, laid both under and above water with the care and accuracy of well finished masonry.

3rd. As at Portland. Rubble stone is flung in, until the bank it forms rises to the level of the lowest tides; on this as a foundation a substantial wall of solid masonry is built.

It will be seen that the first method we have mentioned involves an almost incredible consumption of materials; the second takes less material but enormous labour and expense, from the amount of diving and submarine masonry; while the third using less material than the first, and less labour than the second, seems to hit the medium line of the greatest economy possible in these expensive works.

The first object, then, of the engineers here has been to construct this rubble bank; and with this view a temporary staging carried on piles into the water is erected in the following manner. A pile is loaded heavily and sunk into the blue waves, its lower end is shod with a large cast-iron screw, while its top is fitted with a cap, having long radiating arms of wood; the ends of these arms are notched to carry a strong rope coiled round them, one end of which passes to the shore; the arms thus form a kind of large skeleton reel, or drum, wound about with a rope, the loose end of which is then hauled upon by powerful machinery; and the pile steadied by guys, being thus made to revolve, slowly screws its way down into the solid earth, becoming firmer and firmer with each revolution. One row of piles is thus fixed, and another parallel row at thirty feet distance from the first is also screwed into the soil. Upon these, as a foundation, longitudinal timbers are laid, and on

the timbers a strong platform erected. We have thus progressed thirty feet into the sea, and the hauling machinery is now worked from the staging thus formed over the spot where the blue water gurgled uninvaded yesterday. Another row of piles at thirty feet distance from the last is now screwed in, and another thirty feet won from the water. Simply told, this is all that is requisite to carry out the wooden staging far into the sea; of the practical difficulties involved in the work we say nothing here; that they are often considerable will be easily inferred, when we remember the great depth of water in which many of these piles are screwed, and the immense weight and size of the piles themselves.

Strictly speaking there are now *two* separate breakwaters being constructed at Portland, the first running due east from the shore for about 1800 feet; and an outer or main breakwater, which is to be about 6000 feet long, separated from the first by an opening 400 feet in width and sweeping in a circular curve away to the north-east. The first of these, now nearly completed, is not only a sea wall but a landing and coaling stage for large vessels as well, while the outer or main breakwater is at present nothing more than a line of rubble stonework rising above the sea.

Throughout the whole of this length, or nearly 8000 feet, the temporary staging is carried, and its platforms laid with rails for the passage of the trucks of stone. Let us now look a little into the methods employed to procure the rubble and discharge it into the water. On the top of the hill, as already stated, the convicts are at work quarrying the stone. From its summit loaded trucks are constantly descending a series of inclined railways worked by a very familiar arrangement of drums, chains, and breaks, the loaded trucks in their descent hauling the empty carriages up again to the top of the inclines. Arrived at the level of the staging, we see them coupled to a small locomotive engine; and "puff, puff," away the "Prince of Wales" steams with some six or eight loaded waggons behind.

Leaving the shore, the little engine stands boldly out to sea, supported on the platform and its rails, and rattles by us at a good speed over the creaking and shivering timbers. It is a great sight this, and not without some nervous accompaniments. The deep water is dashing against the piles nearly thirty feet beneath us, yet the "Prince" bowls along over the apparently perilous pathway as merrily as ever Great Western locomotive thundered into Paddington station, its driver and stoker looking as unconcerned as if the waves below them were solid steady earth. Perhaps while still feeling a little doubtful of this new kind of railway travelling the train stops near you, and, without a moment's warning, without even the sounding of a whistle, you are unmistakably frightened by a "crash, bang, boom!" as if train, engines, and men had gone together to the bottom. For an instant all sight of them is lost in an ascending column of white water, till as this slowly sinks you again catch sight of the "Prince" quiet amid the din, and then there comes another crash and another column of spray shot high into the air—but this time we are not alarmed; the



trucks we discover are only discharging their stone. By a simple mechanical contrivance the waggon drops its whole load bodily into the sea, and it was to this falling mass of rubble, some eight or ten tons in all, that the commotion was due.

Train after train of trucks runs by us on this errand, and everywhere is the crash of the falling masses of stone. All day long the work goes on, undeterred by weather or season, neither gales nor heavy seas producing much influence on its certainty and speed. Walking, as it were, by faith in science and skill, the locomotive steams along the platform, while the wind is howling through the timber work, and the sea is breaking vainly on the piling. Two thousand tons of material a day is thus cast into the water; for nearly ten years this has been going on, and the sea is not yet wholly conquered. The construction of the inner and shorter breakwater, being, as we have said, not only a sea wall, but a landing-stage as well, claims some attention. This part of the work is all but completed, and presents a magnificent specimen of masonry. The rubble foundation has been brought up to the lowest spring tide water-mark. Here it has been levelled, and upon it erected the wall proper, about twenty-five feet high and eleven feet thick; on its summit is a pathway about thirteen feet wide; the wall is strengthened by buttresses nine feet deep and ten feet wide, occurring at every twenty feet of its length on the inner side, while its seaward face is built of huge blocks, beautifully put together; the hardest granite being used up to high-water line, and the Portland stone completing the whole. This seaward face is nearly perpendicular, having a "batter" or slope of one inch in every foot. It must however be remembered, that the rubble foundation, previously described as reaching low-water level, is here heaped up higher along the wall, and naturally forms an embankment of rough stone, sloping gently to the bottom. This embankment, or "apron," is of advantage in lessening the force of water upon the wall itself. The structure is terminated by a circular "head" of masonry. The foundation of these heads is laid about twenty-five feet deep at low water of spring tides, and here the duties of the mason were allied to those of the diver. Every stone was carefully marked and fitted before being placed under water; and the divers, duly equipped, did their day's work some fifty-feet below the surface. More beautiful or successful specimens of the mason's craft than these "heads" it is difficult to conceive. On the inner side of the sea wall are the landing quays before alluded to. Rising out of deep water, they permit the largest craft to range easily alongside, and are, we believe, chiefly destined to serve as coal wharves for ships of war lying in the roads. Already we see considerable quantities of coal stowed along them; and there will ultimately be erected a staging and line of railway, with the proper discharging apparatus for this service.

Standing upon this quay, we will pause for a moment to enjoy the deep blueness of the water. How clear it is! and how plainly we see the great

brown whiting lazily grazing among the weeds. Two youngsters from the works are taking advantage of the dinner hour to lie along the quay walls and try their luck with a primitive line and hook; but the whiting show an evident desire to avoid their delicate attentions. We watch them amused for a while, till one of them shouts, excitedly, "Bill, here be the bait!" Bill is all eyes in a moment; and we share their pleasure, as we see shoal after shoal of the small fry the local fishermen call "bait" swimming slowly by. When the bait is about, the mackerel are most likely near. Myriads of the little fish cover the water; thicker and thicker they glide past. Our little friend grows madder and madder, and flings out his barbarous line farther into the blue water, in the vain hope of taking some idiotic mackerel fonder of pork than safety. Still the bait swims on unmolested, when we become aware of a curious kind of excitement among them; growing and spreading, in an instant it has become a panic, and the gliding shoal darts wildly through and even out of the water, as a hundred glittering streaks of green and silver flash among them out of the deep sea. For one moment the beautiful destroyers gleam bright upon the surface, then sink again below. The bait, slowly resuming their tranquillity, swim quietly by again; but the spectacle is not without its excitement; none but those who have seen it can imagine the fierce, swift rush with which a mackerel shoal rising for food flashes past, and it is with quickened interest we wait the return of the fish, and a renewal of the slaughter. They come again and again, while all the time the great brown whiting graze as unconcernedly as if there were no such thing in the watery world as pain, terror, and death.

We must not let this scene, however, detain us too long, but stroll leisurely on to the extreme end of the breakwater. It is a long walk, but a pleasant. The cliffs of Portland open as we proceed, and the view becomes more extensive and beautiful: the white sails of passing yachts, the wheeling gulls, the breezy air—all combine to make a picture pleasant to see and to remember. On the farthest finished point we come upon a portable light apparatus for the warning of vessels, which is carried forward with every additional increase in the length of the structure. The lamp is fed with gas in a somewhat novel way. A small gas holder furnished with wheels, and running like a truck upon the rails, is attached by flexible tubing to the light. This holder goes periodically backwards and forwards to be filled; and it is a curious sight to see the locomotive dragging a gas-holder shorewards for its feed of gas.

Returning to the land, we must visit, before we leave Portland, some of the principal shops and buildings connected with the works. Chief among these in interest are the cement-mills, the fitting and engine-shops, and the pickling-house. We have heard much, during our visit, of the extraordinary tenacity of the cements used in putting the masons' work together, and have seen a specimen of stone broken before the cement would yield;



and we now find ourselves in the workshop where this cement is prepared. Here are the mills: revolving pans of iron with heavy rollers running in them and crushing their contents to powder; these pans are fed from a kiln hard by, in which is burned the blue lias forming the chief ingredient of the cement; outside the building is a heap of a reddish brown and sandy-looking material; this is pozzuolani,—most probably a total stranger to the reader. Pozzuolani is a volcanic product which we may roughly describe as ashes, and having several properties which render it extremely useful for cement. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," we know; still it does seem somewhat strange that the scorching lavas of the terrible volcano should be turned to so far from fiery an account, or that Vesuvius' embers should be finally quenched in the salt-water lapping the sides of an English break-water.

Turning our steps to the engine and fitting-shops, we come suddenly into the presence of a steam-hammer in full work, standing in the centre of a large building crowded with machinery, and at this moment driving the star-like sparks of burning metal, meteor-like, about the place. The hammer is smashing away against a great cube of white hot metal; now striking blows such as Thor might envy, and again patting the obedient and malleable metal with patronising gentleness; but ever insisting on submission to its will, and getting it by hard blows where gentle persuasion fails.

But we must not linger here: there is too much of a revolutionary spirit about a shop of this kind to make it pleasant to a visitor. Surrounded on all sides by whirling pulleys and flying straps, we seem to be imprisoned in a whizzing world, where nothing stable satisfies the senses; our eyes seeking vainly for some spot endowed with the blessing of stillness, and our heads in a short time feeling as if about to catch the infection of motion and to take to whirling on their own account; so we go out again just as the modern steam Thor comes down with another thundering blow on a new mass of metal, and make our retreat amid a shower of blazing sparks.

At a few paces' distance we find the pile pickling-house mentioned above; "still life" this, happily, but evil smelling enough. A large wood yard terminates at one end in a shed of considerable length; in this shed we see something which strikes us as being perhaps the largest steam-boiler in the world; one end is covered by a door, fastened on with such an array of screws that we speculate on the possibility of having discovered the "strong box" of the establishment. It is indeed a "strong box," though it only holds timber. All the piles used on the works, before being submerged, are impregnated with creosote for the purpose of preserving the wood from decay, and the process is effected in the cylinder before us; this is about six feet in diameter, and some ninety feet long, lying lengthways along the ground. Running up to its mouth is a little line of railway, which, on the removal of the door is continued, we see, into the cylinder; on this railway traversing the whole

length of the yard are several small trucks; two of these are at this moment loaded with long piles which are thus conveyed into the yawning cavern; the door is swung to, and bolt after bolt securely screwed up. When everything is made fast, pumps, communicating with the boiler and drawing their supplies from reservoirs of creosote beneath the flooring of the shed, begin to pour in streams of the preservative fluid; the cylinder is soon filled, and the continued pumping drives more and more creosote into it; gradually the force of the liquid increases, and the piles begin to be permeated by it, the pumps straining at the work until an enormous pressure on every square inch is obtained.

The wood lies in its penetrating bath until its fibres are completely saturated; when, the creosote being once more restored to its subterranean dwelling, the door is opened and the pile which went in white and spotless pine, comes forth a blackened monster safe from rot—whether wet or dry; preserved indeed, but—smelling! bah!—let us get into pure air again to soothe the feelings of our offended nostrils.

The sun is going down into a still sea, the breeze has fallen, and the quiet of evening is creeping over the bay; we take a long look at the Great Eastern, and her last departing batch of visitors, and with a glance at the black ships-of-war, the stately Edgar and Blenheim, and the beautiful frigates. We wander towards the pier, *en route* for Weymouth, but discover that we have missed our last boat; however, we are not much disturbed at our ill-fortune, for we have not walked so far, but that a stroll home past the beach, which with its picturesque singularity has so delighted us, may not be uninteresting. It is but four or five miles, and as we saunter along, we watch the gray evening mists stealing sea and ship from our sight; the heights of Portland are slowly lost in haze ere the star's faint lustre glints on the darkened water; soon kindred stars shine out everywhere; ship after ship hangs out her bright token of life, and as we turn the point of the last hill on our homeward route, the Bay of Weymouth lies at our feet, a net-work of fairy-like illumination.

Lights glitter everywhere, from the planet-like harbour signals, to the lamps of the promenade, with their long quivering reflections. Once more at home we recall the pleasures of our trip, and filled with admiration of the mighty results which man's skill and perseverance can attain, we determine soon to look a little into the history and structure of that grander breakwater of nature's building,—the pebble-beach. We shall probably find no acts of parliament, no royal commissions, and no foundation ceremonials connected with its story; perhaps, however, with patience, much of interest may be learnt concerning it. May we hope for the reader's future companionship in our proposed "Run on the Chesil Bank?"\* D. P.

\* The almost tropical severity of the gales of last October (which occurred since this article has been in type) is too exceptional seriously to modify any remark made above. The staging, however, which is represented as being proof against heavy seas, has, we believe, suffered some damage in the recent tempestuous weather, though this is slight in comparison with what might have been expected from the effects of one of the fiercest storms ever experienced on our shores.



## THE FOLK-LORE OF A COUNTRY PARISH.

OUR country parish is quite a stronghold for superstitions, and most certainly does its best to preserve "the fast-fading relics of the old mythologies." It will not by any means get rid of its folk-lore fancies, but nourishes them with a tenderness that would be surprising to your fine men of the world and your sceptical dwellers in cities, who pooh-pooh our little idealities, and delight to amuse themselves with our marvels and mysteries. Let them do so, say I! It but little affects our parish, which goes on its way much as it did some scores of years ago—save that we have done with our witches, and no longer oblige our elderly females to sink or swim in the parish duck-pond.

But our country parish believes in many things that are not admitted into the creeds of the more enlightened towns. Permit me to divulge a few of the superstitious fancies that still abide with us: and believe me when I tell you that my tales are strictly true ones, and that their facts came within my own cognisance.

And first—which is beginning pretty nearly at the beginning—as to a baptismal superstition. It is not often that our parish church can produce more than one baptism at a time; but, the other Sunday afternoon, there was the unusual number of three christenings—two boys and a girl. The parents of one boy were in a very respectable class of life: the parents of the two other children were in humble circumstances. The parties at the font had been duly placed by the officiating clergyman (Mr. Milkinsop, our esteemed curate); and, as it happened, the girl and her sponsors were placed last in order.

When the first child—who was the boy of the poor parents—was about to be baptised, the woman who carried the little girl elbowed her way up to Mr. Milkinsop, in order that the child she carried might be the first to be baptised. To do this she had (very contrary to the usual custom of the poor, who—in all essential points at least—are generally as refined as their superiors) rudely to push past "her betters"—i.e., the sponsors of the second boy. As she did so, she whispered to one of the sponsors, by way of apology:—

"It's a girl, so it *must* be christened first!"

And christened first it was. But the peculiar manner in which this was brought about, showed that the woman was influenced by some peculiar feeling; and, on the next day, an opportunity was taken to discover her motive.

This was her explanation.

"You see, sir, the parson baint a married man, and consequentially is disfamiliars with children, or he'd never a put the little girl to be christen'd after the little boys. And, though it sadley fluster'd me, sir, to put myself afore my betters in the way which I was fossed to do, yet, sir, it was a doing of a kindness to them two little boys in me a setting of my little girl afore 'em."

"Why so?" it was asked.

"Well, sir! I *was* astonished as you don't know," was the reply of this specimen of our country parish. "Why, sir, if them little boys

had been christen'd afore the little girl, *they'd* have had *her* soft chin, and *she'd* have had *their* hairy beards—the poor little innocent! But, thank goodness! I've kep' her from that misfortin'!"

And the woman really believed that she had done so; and, moreover, the generality of her neighbours shared her belief.

So let this fragment of folk-lore from our country parish prove a warning to clergymen—more especially to bachelors like Mr. Milkinsop—who would desire to stand well in the opinions of their poorer neighbours.

If twins are born in our country parish, it is believed that of the little bipeds—like the quadrupedal martin-heifers and free-martins—only one will prove the father (or mother) of a family.

If any of our women are seen abroad, and pursuing their ordinary out-of-door occupations, before they have been "churched," they at once lose caste in the eyes of their neighbours.

On the subject of marriage we have also our little peculiarities. Not a maiden in our parish will attend church on the three Sundays on which her banns are proclaimed. And this, not from bashfulness or mock-modesty; but because they deem such a proceeding to be eminently unlucky. When Mr. Milkinsop once asked one of these damsels what was the particular kind of ill-luck that she expected would have resulted from her attendance at church on those three particular Sundays, she informed the reverend gentleman that the offspring of such marriages would be born *deaf and dumb*. And, to clench this statement, and prove its truth by a forcible example, she adduced the instance of a young woman of her acquaintance who would persist in going to church to hear her banns "asked out," and whose *six* children were in consequence all born deaf and dumb. No wonder, then, that our village maidens stay away from church on those three interesting Sundays, when such sad results are known to follow a deviation from our country parish superstition.

Why or wherefore, when these young damsels present themselves before Mr. Milkinsop to be united in the bonds of wedlock to the husbands of their choice, they should carry a sprig of gorse as a bridal bouquet is a mystery which I have been unable to solve. A young lady fresh from school, and therefore well versed in the mystical language of flowers, informs me that gorse is an emblem of "enduring affection." I am also aware of the old adage (for do we not use it in our country parish, where the glorious gorse grows in such large tracts that, when covered with its golden bloom, it might induce a second Linnaeus to throw himself upon his knees and kiss the earth for producing flowers so beautiful)—I am aware, I say, of the old adage that says, "When the gorse is out of blossom, kissing is out of fashion;" by which is meant that kissing is popular all the year round. But, still, I confess that this adage and that emblem do not, as I believe, account for the appearance of the sprig of gorse in the bridal bouquet, and that some further meaning lurks behind, which the damsels are unwilling should be brought to prominent notice. I therefore am



constrained to leave this popular custom where I found it.

The fine old church of our country parish has a pretty peal of bells, whose silvery tongues melodiously proclaim to the neighbourhood the various joyful events that break into pleasant ripples the still surface of our usual humdrum existence. The daughter of our chief farmer was married the other day, and, of course, the bells did their best to spread the tidings. The ringers rang when the bride and bridegroom left the church; and the ringers rang when the happy couple drove out of the parish in a chaise and pair for a honeymoon of four days in the great whirling world of London. And the ringers rang at divers times throughout the day, being filled with beer and friendly feeling. And, late in the evening, when the last peal had been rung, the ringers (according to the custom of our country parish) fore-told upon the great bell the number of children with which the marriage was to be blessed. This tintinnabular prophecy as to the "hostages to fortune" probably depends—like the gipsy predictions in similar cases—upon the largesse expected to be forthcoming. On this particular occasion, the clapper was made to smite the bell thrice three times. The bride and bridegroom, therefore, know the worst, and can betimes make the needful preparations for the advent of their tuneful nine.

All the young ladies in our country parish, in common with the young lady whom I have just mentioned, are imbued with the same superstitious spirit as their poorer neighbours. That leap-year empowers a young lady to "pop the question" to a young gentleman, is, I believe, a generally received fragment of folk-lore. But, it is the belief of young ladies in our country parish, that leap-year permits them to do something more. I am informed by one of my fair young friends in that romantic village, that if, in any leap-year, she should so far forget herself as to suggest an union between herself and a bachelor acquaintance, who should be uncivil enough to decline her polite proposals, she could, thereupon, demand from him the gift of a new silk dress: but that, to claim this dress with propriety, she must, at the time of asking, be the wearer of a scarlet petticoat; which, or the lower portion of which, she must forthwith exhibit to the gentleman; who thereupon, by the law of leap-year—which is as the law of the Medes and Persians—is compelled to present to the lady a new silk dress, to cover her scarlet petticoat, and assuage her displeasure at his rejection of her proposals.

When my fair young friend told me this bit of feminine folk-lore, I laid it to heart, thinking that it might prove exceedingly useful to me, in putting me on my guard during the forthcoming leap-year. For, I thought within myself, that it was not without a determined significance, that this young lady, and others in our country parish, had followed the then prevailing fashions (received by us a full twelvemonth after they have been introduced in more civilised places), and had habited themselves in bright scarlet petticoats—which, on a snowy day, and from beneath a looped-up dress, and over a pair of good, sensible legs, shod with good, sensible boots,—made, I can assure you, a

great figure in the landscape, and, gleaming warm and sunny, presented to the eye that positive bit of colour which is so valuable to the artist. And I thought it might be reasonably inferred, that the ladies' law of leap-year was about to be inflicted upon the gentlemen of our country parish and its vicinity, in its most expensive silk-dress form, and that the assumption of these scarlet petticoats was merely the initiatory step to a sterner process.

And hence I thought that—from a careful consideration of the various dangers arising from this feminine folk-lore that would beset me, and all the other bachelors in our country parish, during the next twelvemonth,—I should be inclined to coincide with Mr. Meagles' opinion of beadles,\* and to consider his advice with regard to those bipeds as worthy of all imitation; and so, when leap-year came, and when I caught sight of a young lady tripping along the road "in full fig," and displaying a scarlet petticoat, I should consider that I showed the best discretion by turning and running away.

We are great on the subject of the weather in our country parish. In particular are we attached to prognostications of rain. If the salt is damp, we say that we shall soon have wet. If we see a snake gliding and wriggling across the road, we say "there will be rain before long." If we see the glow-worms shining at night, we say, "we shall have wet ere morning." If we hear the woodpeckers utter their peculiar, harsh cry, we say, "we shall have a shower soon." We find our barometers in all these things, and many more; and, for us, the moon "takes up her wondrous tale" chiefly to tell us what sort of weather it will be. We say that "it will be a wet month, when there are two full moons in it." Intending to burst into immortal verse, but failing at the threshold in our search after a rhyme, we say,

A Saturday's change, and a Sunday's fall,  
Once in seven years is once too soon.

But we are more successful in our rhymes, when we treat of the gardening operations for spring. Then we say,

When elm-leaves are as big as a shilling,  
Plant kidney-beans, if to plant 'em you're willing;  
When elm-leaves are as big as a penny,  
You must plant kidney-beans, if you mean to have any.

The energy infused into the last line, and the clearness of the advice contained in it, is a sufficient apology for its lengthened metre. In whatever quarter the wind may be on Candlemas-eve, our people say that it will "mainly" remain in that quarter for forty days. Concerning the unhealthiness of the spring season, we say,

March, search; April, try;  
May will prove if you live or die.

In regard to the approach of spring, we are not to be deceived. For we have a pretty saying, that the gentle season has not come in its "ethereal mildness," until we can plant our foot on twelve daisies. And when it is come, if you should chance to take violets or primroses into

\* See "Little Dorrit."



any of the houses in our country parish, I would warn you to be mindful to take not less than a handful of their blossoms; for, less than this would bring certain destruction to the farmer's broods of young ducks and chickens.

Our fine old church keeps up the custom that was prevalent in the days of good George Herbert, and "at great festivals is strewed and stuck with boughs," like as was the church of "the country parson," or that of Mr. *Spectator*, where "the middle aisle was a very pretty shady walk, and the pews looked like so many arbours on each side of it." At Christmas it is decorated with holly and ivy; and mistletoe would be silyly added, if Mr. Milkinsop were not preternaturally vigilant. On Good Friday it is dressed with solemn yew; and this, on Easter Day, gives place to fresh boughs and primroses, and such spring flowers as may then have bloomed. Then, on Palm Sunday, we have palm-branches—that is, the nearest imitation thereto, in the shape of willow wands with their catkins and fluffy blanket-looking buds. And, on Whit-Sunday, we are brave with boughs and flowers.

There is no modern innovation in all this. The custom has been handed down to us from antiquity, and we take it as we found it. If any should class it among the "superstitions" of our country parish, surely it is a very simple and innocent one; it is one, at any rate, with which our people would not willingly part; and one which they recognise with pleasure (not abusing it), while they bear in mind the sentence, "O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

When any one dies in our country parish, the passing-bell is tolled. If you listen to its solemn tongue, you may know the sex of the departed. Three times three for a woman; three times two for a man. As the last toll dies away in faint vibrations, the labourer out in the fields who hears it, bares his head, and says, "God give him a good God-speed." This word "God-speed" is one of our country parish sayings. It means "the leaving one's house in order to remove to a new home;" and they use it when they change from one dwelling-place to another.

It is not the custom to toll the passing-bell for a child that dies unbaptised. Was there more of love, or superstition, in that young mother's heart, who came to the parson of our country parish, beseeching him with earnest pleadings that the passing-bell might be tolled for her dead and unbaptised little one, and so give rest to its soul? For she fancied that until the church-bell had tolled, her child's soul would be caged in unquiet rest in its dead body.

When a funeral approaches the church of our country parish, the solemn tolling is ceased, and a peal is rung. It has a melancholy sweetness that is very touching.

As a matter of course, the old superstition about the north side of the churchyard being under the dominion of evil spirits, has full sway in our country parish; and not a funeral ever takes place in that portion of our "God's acre," or has been known to take place within the memory of our oldest inhabitant. I must except,

though, that story that he loves to tell, of having passed the churchyard in the dead of the night, once in the days of his youth, when he and poaching were more intimate than they ought to have been,—and being attracted by a light on the ghostly side of the churchyard,—and being overcome first by fear, and then by curiosity,—and then quietly stealing to the spot, and beholding by the flickering light of a lantern, a coffinless body being committed to the ground by two men,—and how he recognised them, and knew that the corpse was that of a woman who had been ruined and deserted, and in her despair had destroyed herself by poison. But this is an exceptional case; and the north side of our churchyard is, as yet, free from grassy mounds and hoary headstones.

Yet does this remind me of another funeral of which the same person has told me. Our country parish is a favourite resort of the gipsies. There is plenty of grass in the green lanes for camping purposes; and the brooks are very convenient. Our hedges suffer from the intrusion; but, our hen-roosts and more valuable articles are safe; for our gipsies are grateful; and, after their own peculiar code of honour, thief from our neighbours instead of from us. When a child is born to them, they bring it to Mr. Milkinsop to be baptised; and they themselves often come to church, and dazzle the eyes of our rustics, with handkerchiefs and waistcoats as gaily coloured as the stained-glass figures in the East window. In fact, a distant likeness might be traced between the two. Perhaps, the old parish-clerk may have reasoned this out for himself in his own peculiar fashion, and have come to associate those figures of Moses and Aaron in the painted window, with certain people whom he had both seen and known. For once, when a visitor to the church asked him if this particular window was not erected to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, the old man replied, as he pointed to the Moses and Aaron,—

"Yes, sir; but they don't much fature the old couple!"

But I am digressing from my gipsy, and the narrative of his death and burial, as told me by our oldest inhabitant. This gipsy was an ordinary member of his tribe, and he lay ill of a pleurisy in the camp, in our country parish. They called in a surgeon from the neighbouring town; and, after much persuasion, the surgeon bled him. The man became worse; the surgeon's assistant came to see him, and proposed to bleed him again. But the gipsies were much averse to blood-letting; so they sent the assistant about his business, paid the surgeon's bill, and dispensed with his further services. The man then died. He had expressed a wish to be buried in his best clothes, which were a velveteen coat with *half-crowns* shanked for buttons, and a waistcoat with *shillings* similarly shanked. But, his wish could not be carried out, as these valuable garments were stolen by a woman with whom he had lived, who forthwith decamped with her pilferings, leaving the gipsy to be buried in his second-best, without a shroud, in the very best of coffins.



"At the funeral," said my informant, "they had a hearse, and ostrich plumes: and about fifty gipsies, men and women, followed him; and when the church service was over, and the clergyman was gone, the gipsies staid behind in the churchyard, and had a service of their own. And, when a gipsy dies, you must know, sir, that they always burns everything belonging to him. First, they burnt his fiddle: a right-down good fiddler he was, and many's the time I've danced to him at our wake. And then they burnt a lot of beautiful Witney blankets, as were as good as new. And then they burnt a sight o' books, for he was quite a scholerd—very big books they wos, too! I specially minds one on 'em—the biggest o' the hull lot! a book o' jawgraphy, as 'ud tell you the history o' the hull world, you understand, sir; and was chock full o' queer, outlandish picters. And then, there was his grinstan, that he used to go about the country with, a grindin' scissors and razors, and sich like: they couldn't burn him! so they carried him two miles, and then hove him right into the river. That's true, you may take my word for it, sir! for I was one as help'd 'em to carry it."

But to return to our own peculiar folk-lore.

There is a sanitary superstition in our country parish, which Mr. Milkinsop denounces as one of the latest passages from the farce of Folly, and has dramatised thus:

*SCENE—The back premises of a Farm-house. Female domestic plucking the feathers from a half-killed hen, which is writhing with pain. Enter her Mistress, who expresses disgust at the foul proceeding.*

Mrs. Good Gracious, girl! how can you be so cruel? Why, the hen isn't dead!

Dom. No, mum! I'm very sorry, mum; but—(as though answering a question)—I was in a hurry to come down, and I didn't wash my face this morning.

Mrs. (with rising doubts as to the girl's sanity in reference to her sanitary proceedings). Wash your face! Whatever does the girl mean! I did not say anything about washing your face. I said—(shouting to her, on the sudden supposition that she might be deaf)—that you were very cruel to pluck a hen that you've only half killed.

Dom. (placidly). Yes, mum! I'll go and wash my face directly.

Mrs. (bothered). Wash your face? Yes, you dirty slut! it wants washing. But first kill this poor thing, and put it out of its misery.

Dom. (confidentially). I can't, mum, till I've washed my face.

Mrs. (repressing an inclination to use bad language). Why not?

Dom. (with the tone of an instructor). La, bless me, mum! Why, don't you know as you can't kill any living thing till you've washed your face first? I'm sure that I tried for full ten minutes to wring this 'En's neck, and I couldn't kill her nohow. And all because I hadn't time to wash my face this morning.

[The mistress administers a homily to the domestic; the hen is put out of its misery, and the scene closes upon the domestic's ablutions.]

Our country parish holds the same bit of folk-lore with regard to the killing of pigs; so that when we wish to slay our favourite porkers and

Dorkings, the commonest feelings of humanity lead us first to ascertain if the executioner has washed his face.

When Christmas comes, we have some very pretty customs in our country parish; but, as I am here specially speaking of its folk-lore, I will, for the present, leave these customs to take care of themselves. For the customs that are retained in our old-world quarter, are quite as numerous as our scraps of folk-lore; and it would swell this paper to unreasonable dimensions, were I now to tell of our May-day customs, and our Carfew customs, and our Clemening customs, and our customs on Goody Tuesday and St. Thomas's Day; and our Christmas customs, with the carols, and waits, and morris-dancers; and that curious masque, or "Mumming," performed by some boys in our country parish, wherein King George, and Bold Bonaparte, and the Valiant Soldier, and the Turkish Knight, and Beelzebub, and Old Father Christmas, and the Doctor, and Little Devil-doubt, are the chief *dramatis personæ*. The mention, however, of Goody Tuesday reminds me of a piece of folk-lore connected with that day. We say, that if we eat pancakes on Goody Tuesday, and grey peas on Ash Wednesday, we shall have money in our purse all the year. It is Shrove Tuesday that we call by the name of Goody, or Goodish Tuesday; and Mr. Milkinsop inclines to the idea that this name is a rustic record of the shriving and confession customary to the day prior to the Reformation.

The letting-in of the New Year is an important matter in our country parish; though in our folk-lore regarding it, we are not quite so polite as usual: for we say, that if the first person who crosses your threshold on the New Year's morning is a male, it will bring you good luck through the ensuing year; whereas, if a female is your first visitor, you will have bad luck. Our carol-singers are up on a New Year's morning before it is light, and strive who shall be first at the various farm-houses. As soon as the inmates hear the song, they rise, and open the front door to admit the first lucky carol-singer into the house: they then conduct him through the house, and bow him out at the back door. You may be sure that he is not sent away empty; for, according to our folk-lore, he has brought good luck to that house for a whole twelvemonth. Of course, it is only the young gentlemen who are thus privileged to be the prognosticators of good luck.

Our farmers ought to be prosperous and well-to-do; for, as you see, they can ensure their yearly success on very easy conditions: and if they want to bring special good luck to their dairy, they take down the bough of mistletoe, and give it to the cow that calves first after New Year's Day. The cow devours it greedily; but sheep also do the same; and no wonder, if they like it. But the farmers ascribe the result to the mistletoe charm; and as their example sways those about them, it is not very wonderful that folk-lore should be found to flourish in our country parish.

CUTHBERT BEDE.



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## STARVING GENTILITY.

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THE attention of the public has recently been called to the distresses incident to unmarried women of gentle birth and refined habits, but whom circumstances have left dependent on their own exertions. The public was reluctantly surprised—as it usually is when grievances are indicated wherewith it is so familiarised as to be insensible of them—but the public was also interested ; for the painful narrative had a personal application to the auditors, many of whom vaguely apprehended the like future contingency for their relatives, and pondered how it might be averted.

That in this wealthy land so large a proportion of those claiming our tenderness should remain in enforced celibacy ; that they should with such difficulty earn distressful bread ; that by social usage all employ should be closed to them except tuition—and that *that* should involve personal humiliation and exhausting labour that would not patiently be submitted to by a kitchen drudge—is a bitter sarcasm on our civilisation that may partially account for the pale phantoms that haunt the steps and sadden the heart of a thoughtful observer in our cities.

The impression produced by these sad revelations augurs favourably for the abolition of this wrong. And, as this is not to be effected by

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indolent or ostentatious subscriptions to Governesses' Institutions, but by earnest personal effort, some remarks may be permitted on the objectionable peculiarities of the social system whence it has arisen. For, after making all reasonable allowance for contingencies beyond man's control, for the scanty incomes of many of the middle class, and the frequent difficulty of adequately providing for a family, yet, that the death of the parent should so often entail utter destitution on the delicate daughters, argues error in the social system much more than in the individual.

Such is the artificiality of our society, and the tyrannous pressure of public opinion, that, on pain of ostracism and ruinous loss of social position, a gentleman is enforced to conform to the habits of his immediate circle, and to regulate his expenditure by an arbitrary standard rather than by his own taste or means. Though neither needing nor admiring the fripperies of Vanity Fair, he must exchange his peace and comfort for them, in the struggle for decorous appearances. The calm enjoyments of home must be sacrificed to a society neither loved nor esteemed; his family must practise painful economies that he may give ostentatious entertainments, which Mrs. Grundy accepts to spy out accidental deficiencies or to institute envious comparisons, and whence Smith, Brown, and Robinson retire to inveigh against the extravagance and exaggerate the liabilities of their host. Did they not involve such present suffering and ultimate evil, how laughable would be the petty economies, meannesses, trickeries, and obliquities of genteel life, simulating affluence, and sillily endeavouring to deceive the sharp-sighted world that will not be deceived! However averse he may once have been, yet, insensibly ceding to example and other influences, Paterfamilias ends in approving a system from which he is too weak to disenthral himself, speaks with dignity of his duty to society, inculcates that duty on those around him, and, though occasionally, when called on to pay for flimsy millinery and gew-gaws, he vents a sarcasm on feminine vanity, yet he feels a secret pride in the beauty and fashion of his family, and firmly resolves that it shall not be eclipsed. Thus he satisfies his personal vanity and, dying unexpectedly—as most men die—leaves his destitute daughters to the barren and insulting pity of those who had always foreseen such an issue.

Had Paterfamilias given to his daughters the education that would have qualified them for domestic life, or the solitary struggle with the world, his improvidence and deference to usage would partially have been atoned. But, indifferent to the development of the latent beauty and power of their hearts or intellects, he has been solicitous only about appearances and artificial refinement, preferring that, like courtesans, they should attract insolent admiration rather than manly esteem. Their youth has been occupied in frivolous acquirements of no practical value: without reference to their respective tastes or capacities, all have pursued the same silly routine, and attained to a certain mechanical skill in music or drawing, a superficial knowledge of continental tongues—the key to treasures whereof they seldom avail themselves—and some aptitude at embroi-

dery, Berlin-wool, and such like aids to ingenious indolence. To the homely pursuits of their grandmothers, the chief object of which was the comfort and happiness of home, they are scornfully indifferent.

Nurtured in conventionalities, concealments, simulations, and meretricious arts, and taught to esteem a wealthy marriage the object of her existence, it is surprising that the English maiden preserves her loving heart and ingenuous nature; and, considering her inexperience and ignorance of the harsh realities of life, that, when married, she should so earnestly devote herself to her new duties, and struggle with such sweet patience against difficulties hitherto unknown, is an evidence of the angelic element in woman's nature that demands our tenderest admiration.

But the middle class is specially distinguished by its undue proportion of unmarried women, and this celibacy involves consequences unknown elsewhere. As it seldom originates in lack of means in the instances occurring in the aristocracy or the labouring classes, so neither does it necessarily entail impoverishment or loneliness, and a life without sympathy. It is otherwise with the middle class. Sons may shift for themselves—they have muscle and energy—but what becomes of unmarried daughters, thrown on their own resources? Miss Parkes informs us.

As all possible contingencies and conditions of life are susceptible of calculation, statistics may be called in to aid our inquiry. From these it appears that, in England and Wales, of those between the ages of twenty and forty, 41 per cent. of the women are spinsters, while 30 per cent. of the men are bachelors, showing a remarkable preponderance of celibacy among the fair sex. No returns show the distribution of this sisterhood among the different classes of society, but the personal experience of each will suffice to indicate it. From the returns available, the probabilities of marriage of a maiden at twenty are slightly superior to those of a bachelor, and incomparably greater than those of a widow of the same age:—but, with the lapse of years, these ratios change; the probabilities of marriage at thirty-five being, for a bachelor, one to twenty-seven; for a spinster, one to thirty-five; and for a widow, one to five—the attractions of the widow standing to those of the spinster in the surprising relation of five to one—or, perchance, that number mystically representing her comparative readiness to matrimony. Thus the chance of finding happiness and a home diminishes with years.

The growing disposition to celibacy among young men of this class, though in some measure attributable to a selfish and luxurious cynicism, is chiefly due to the irrational expenditure consequent on marriage, and the unattractiveness of prospective association with women so unlikely from their artificial habits to yield domestic happiness. If this celibacy frequently defeats the economical considerations deciding to it (as it should), and ends in much immorality and unhappiness among men, how immeasurably evil must be its influence on the other sex; and what a violation of natural law must that social organisation be which so harshly represses the affections,



and bereaves so large a class of the support and sympathy they are entitled to from man! Is the Rajpoot pride that slays a female infant, lest in after-life it should dishonour its parentage by a plebeian marriage, more cruel than the selfish social system that devotes it to a solitary and weary life of penury and regrets?

When death has deprived her of her natural protectors, what can a girl of gentle birth, delicately nurtured, as sensitive to a slight as to physical inconvenience, do for support? As a drowning wretch catches desperately at flimsiest straws, so does she cling to her accomplishments, and under all endurances is punctilious about her gentility, in a way that would be ludicrous were it not so sad. Usually she resorts to tuition, and tries to impart to others the fragmentary knowledge she possesses,—being an object of envious dislike to ladies' maids, and treated by her employers often with a cruel superciliousness. An attempt to sell her drawings will, in most cases, convince her of her deficiencies. Embroidery and fancy-work are as poorly paid for as slop-work. Yet, by such resources, do unknown thousands of faded women, fallen from affluence, exist in proud and respectable poverty, supporting on their labour some aged mother or decrepit sister;—enduring with a divine constancy on their behalf, toils and privations, unknown beyond the precincts of their crazy garret, but which the angels must contemplate with tearful approval. Positive manual labour is rarely resorted to; while from many employments that would seem specially adapted to the quick intelligence and delicate hand of woman, she is excluded by our social and commercial customs.

It may, however, be questioned whether women might not, in many cases, advantageously replace the spruce young men now effeminated by confinement to the counter. When England recently raised a foreign legion to supply the place of those engaged in such *safe* duties, other nations, with not unreasonable sarcasm, inquired in the words of Petrarch to his degenerate countrymen:—

Che far qui tante pellegrine spade?

enviously asserting that the martial spirit of England had decayed for ever. That such a reproach should have been incurred, may not be unconnected with this tame preference for feminine duties that disincline to manly pursuits and athletic sports.

When some years ago the public was informed that the thousand operatives of the Lowell Mills (U.S.) were young women of respectable connections, who had voluntarily exchanged comfortable homes for that laborious independence, it stared at such disregard of propriety; and shook its head in grave disapprobation of factory-girls who wore silk-stockings, associated like clusters of fragrant flowers, in houses furnished with pianos and choice books—relaxed from severer labour in literary pursuits—attended scientific lectures in a Lyceum founded by themselves, and like industrious bees, as they were, had stored up 20,000*l.* in their own bank.

This state of things is not peculiar to Lowell, but prevails generally through the American Republic, where labour is honourable, and only vice

and sloth discreditable. Wherever quick intelligence and adroitness suffice to the necessities of the case, the preference is considerably given to female industry, and it speaks volumes for American *manliness* that it should be so. However reluctant to domestic servitude, the American girl feels no humiliation in other labour; it involves no loss of social consideration;—it enables her to live with comfort, and to enjoy many refined pleasures, and is no bar to her forming a respectable connection. Some adopt this means of freeing their family from pecuniary embarrassment or the patrimonial farm from mortgage; some to afford to a brother the advantages of a college education; some to bring dowry to their toiling suitors, and others simply from an honourable pride. Nor are any of these girls, in after life, so weak as to conceal or be ashamed of having, at one time, supported themselves by their own labour; nor are instances unfrequent of their marrying men of eminence in a land where respectable men are not snobbishly ashamed of honourable exertion, and where such statesmen as Daniel Webster, like Cincinnatus, frequently guide the plough and share the harvest labours on their own farms. In Australia, where manliness is in demand—where Croesus is attired in a wide-awake hat and flannel shirt, and eyes fine dress with suspicion, women of the middle-class reputably fill many offices here monopolised by the other sex. In France and Germany women are freed from ungenerous disabilities, and share the labours of the desk, warehouse, and workshop, with their fathers, husbands, and brothers, and are never subject to distresses such as engage our attention, nor does it appear that they thence become less deserving of love and esteem.

Her readiness to adopt from other nations aught that might advantageously replace her own defective institutions, was a primary element of the greatness of Rome, and England should follow the example. Since no wrong exists but to the benefit of some one, many will doubtless exclaim that a profane hand is extended towards the sacred ark, when any one interferes with those sleek proprieties and time-honoured abuses which they mistake for morality and decorum. But no progress in any direction is possible without offending some susceptibilities, while it is a cruel and weak kindness that hesitates to probe a wound; and though England is reasonably averse to harsh innovation, she is too just in intent, and wise in action, to tolerate a manifest evil if it can be safely and conveniently got rid of; while every gentleman of the middle-class, who has a wife and daughters, has a direct personal interest in its abolition. Therefore let us boldly express the conclusions to be inferred from what has been premised.

In what respect, as influencing this question, does our social polity need reform?

The education of an English gentlewoman should qualify her to provide for herself in case of isolation. To this end, with discreet estimation of individual tastes and capacities, she should acquire some art, handicraft, or business adapted to the feminine idiosyncrasy and powers. Tuition requires a special training as much as any other duty, and the present pretentious and superficial



state of female education is due to the multitude of inefficient teachers who thus unintentionally avenge the mean economy of parents. It is hard to say why women should not occupy the counter or the desk, provided that they are expert at accounts. Female taste and intelligence might be profitably engaged in lithography, wood-engraving, modelling, designing for manufacturers, jewellery, watch-making, and delicate metal-work of various kinds. But, that women should devote themselves to such duties, or analogous ones, public opinion must support them by affirming that *labour is honourable to all*; it must act as though believing it, and facilitate to them the *means* of labour.

Meanwhile, until the advent of that social millennium, let the woman, eager to escape from social bondage, and anxious for employment, but met everywhere by ungenerous disabilities—if she can muster 10*l.*—tear off these useless and encumbering rags of gentility, and emigrate to the United States. It would be preferable that she should select the western states to dwell in; but in any of the large cities she will have no difficulty in discovering and obtaining employment on application, provided her attire be decorously neat, and her address modest and unaffected. She will be liable of course to criticism; and she will find some difference between the social habits of a foreign land, and those to which she has been accustomed; but as an Englishwoman she will receive singular kindness, and she will secure all the material comforts and many of the luxuries of life—an improvement certainly on genteel destitution.

If such would be the counsel that the writer would offer to a sister whom, dying, he was about to leave friendless and poor, it becomes a duty to give it to his countrywomen at large under similar circumstances; and, having so acted—*liberavit animam.* F. MORTON.

### THE GREAT MILITARY-CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT AT PIMLICO.

IN that dreary part of Pimlico which abuts upon the river Thames, close to Messrs. Cubitts' great building establishment, the government have lately dropped a little acorn which, in time to come, will, without doubt, develop as government acorns so well know how to do, into a gigantic oak. We allude to the new Military-Clothing Establishment which seems to have sprung up here in a night, vice Weedon, retired. A great quadrangle is already completed, and we suspect that, ere long, a large portion of Messrs. Cubitts' dominions will be annexed.

We hear so much about England's *little* army, that the reader may wonder why the country requires these acres of buildings to contain its very moderate wardrobe; but if we have few fighting-men at home, we forget the growing boys we have to provide for all over the world, and especially in India.

Taking the royal troops, the militia, and our Indian armies, our entire force does not fall far short of 400,000 fighting-men, the clothing and necessaries for the whole of whom have to be

issued from this establishment. We were prepared therefore to meet with a wholesale display within these walls, but the reality far exceeded our expectations. For instance, in the fine room we first entered—one 100 feet long by 40 broad—our eye fell upon a solid wall running down its entire length, some 14 feet high and 12 feet thick, substantial enough to withstand a heavy battery. This black-brown-looking mass on a narrower inspection we found to be built up in a very workman-like manner of Bluchers and shoes. Some people tell you that a million is a number of which we have no conception from merely looking at the figures or signs expressive of that quantity, but here we have more than a third of that impossible "sum-tottle" before our very eyes. There are 380,000 boots and shoes, of all sizes, built into the brown-looking bastion, that first greeted our eyes, in this Brobdingnagian establishment, and these were not all. At regular intervals, all down this long room, rose what we may perhaps be allowed to call, haycocks of boots—Wellingtons for the cavalry—so disposed with their feet in the centre, and their long upper-leathers hung outward as to form huge cones of leather.

"But," said we to the commissariat-officer who, obligingly, conducted us round the establishment, "how are soldiers fitted?"

"Oh," he replied, "we make half-a-dozen sizes, and they are sure some of them to fit."

It was a simple question, we confess, but it never struck us at the moment that soldiers' feet never dare to be so far out of regulation as to require fitting. And where, thought we, a twelve-month's hence may all these shoes be? Possibly the mass either doing goose step, or the ordinary work of the soldier; possibly splashing through fields of gore or trampling down the dead in some European battle-field.

Leaving the boots to the future, however, we enter another room in the basement, built up with long avenues of bales, the light at the end of each vista looking like a mere speck. Each bale, if we examine it, is as hard as a brick, and bound with iron hoops. How many hundred thousand soldiers' jackets there were in this apartment we forget. Leading out of this are other apartments devoted to artillery, and hussar cloth, great-coats, &c., and an odd room or two filled with hussars' jackets, and then, again, other long galleries full of soldiers' trousers. Then there is the store of soldiers' necessaries. As this peripatetic individual has to carry his house upon his back, his kit, of course, forms a curious collection; but the number of brushes he carries is something absurd. A horse-soldier has no less than eight brushes in his kit,—he ought to be the best brushed individual in Christendom. The infantry-soldier has five, even in these days when pipe-clay is reduced to the minimum. Then there are an infinity of other articles, such as blacking, sponge, button-sticks, &c., which he has to account for at any moment; which is rather hard, seeing that when a man is campaigning—with the enemy perhaps upon him in a night-attack—he can't always pack his knapsack as leisurely as a traveller leaving an inn. The store of necessaries may be



likened to a general-shop on a large scale. Everything is packed away with the utmost regularity, and placarded with the exact number of articles in each department, so that if our entire army had to be supplied it could be done almost as quickly as a company.

Not far from the store of soldiers' necessities is the button-room. It is quite clear that the Horse Guards haven't souls above buttons, otherwise they would simplify this department of the soldier's dress. Every regiment in British pay has its own distinctive button with its own special device; possibly this arrangement is made for the benefit of the Birmingham button-trade, as it is difficult to conceive what useful purpose such diversity can serve. "They manage these things better in France," and in Germany also; but possibly like those countries we shall come to a simple button for each arm of the service some fine day next century. It was the fashion, during the "good old time," for every regiment to dress its hair differently, and there was a regulation curl or pig-tail in the possession of the regimental barber by which he fashioned the heads of his companies. A little of the same spirit still lingers at the Horse-Guards.

But estimate for us, good reader, the number of buttons in this room, a 100 feet long by 40 wide, and stuffed with buttons as full as it can hold. Here are the silvered ones for the militia; big-sized page-buttons for the hussars; rich gilt for the Guards, and second-best for the line. If, like the Covenanters of old, they were to fire these buttons for shot, there would be ammunition enough here, we should fancy, for another Crimean war. Each class of button, of course, has its separate debtor and creditor account; so we may imagine what the book-keeping of this department is like.

Up-stairs there are the various rooms for the overlookers and inspectors. Under the present system every bit of cloth received into store is examined by an inspector, who passes the contents of every bale between himself and the light, and in this manner is capable of instantly detecting the least weak place in it. After this inspection it is measured and weighed, and then refolded by machinery, and passed into store. In like manner the articles when made up, and all accoutrements, are closely examined and tested by the sealed pattern. One room of the establishment is devoted to these sealed patterns, which contain complete suits of each regiment in British pay.

Why so, says the reader, seeing that all infantry regiments are dressed alike? The Horse Guards, good readers, have no notion of such a simple arrangement. The dress of the infantry is exactly the same, it is true, but what of the facings and trimmings—these are as diversified as the buttons. There are no less than sixteen different shades of green alone used as facings in the British army, besides an infinity of buffs, browns, yellows, blues, and all the other colours of the rainbow. What end all this paltry tailoring serves, we are at a loss to know, for the buttons alone serve to distinguish the number of each regiment, and the service to which each uniform belongs. The manner in which the soldier is fitted is as follows:—

The regimental tailor makes out certain size rolls, as they are termed, in which the different sizes required for the men are set forth. Garments answering to these sizes are forwarded from the Government store, and served out once a year, on the First of April. If they fit, well and good. If not, the regimental tailor is called upon to alter them, a charge of one shilling being allowed for the service, of which the soldier is expected to pay sixpence.

It certainly is a little hard upon the poor soldier, first to make *upon system* a misfit, and then to charge him with correcting the error. "But it's the way we have in the army," according to their professional song. If a soldier joins a regiment in the middle of the year, he gets half-worn clothing, if towards the end of the year, clothes nearly worn out. There must be some little difficulty in hitting the exact amount of shabbiness of the regiment and supplying the new comer with an equable dilapidation. Regiments on foreign service are beginning to receive clothes according to climate, instead as of old, according to an inexorable pattern. Thus, soldiers serving in Canada, in winter, have fur caps and flannel under-clothing, together with high Canada boots. The black troops again, serving in the West Indies and on the Gold Coast, are clothed in the Zouave dress—Turkish trousers, sandals, and leather leggings, with the red fez and turban cloth. We wish European regiments serving in the West Indies were as sensibly dressed, as they are certainly less capable of bearing the heat than their coloured comrades. The stifling red cloth coat has been abandoned for the summer wear of troops in the East, and a light red serge blouse, fitting into the waist with the belt, has been substituted in its place. Why red should be selected as the colour is, however, unaccountable. The reason given is, that it is the national colour; we are not governed at home, however, by any such notions as these. Volunteer riflemen are certainly national troops but the Government is satisfied with grey here. This is a question of health, and should be settled by the doctors rather than by the Horse-Guards. The Irregular Horse of India use grey, for the reason that it is so much cooler. A German savant, Dr. Couleor, has carefully investigated the qualities of different coloured materials as clothing for troops. Of all materials he found white cotton to be the coolest. This material placed over a cloth dress, produced a fall of seven degrees per cent. in heat. When the tube of the thermometer was covered with cotton sheeting and placed in the sun, it marked thirty-five degrees; with cotton lining 35° 5'. Unbleached linen raised the temperature to 39° 6', and dark blue and red cloth marked 42 degrees. As the variations of temperature in India, however, are very great, a neutral grey cloth, or serge, would be, we should fancy, the happy medium. Mr. Jeffrey, a military medical officer, who has lived long in the East, recommends garments with metallic reflecting surfaces as by far the best adapted for tropical climates. These would throw off the rays of the sun. The flashing helmets of Eastern nations are far more scientifically applied than we give them credit for, as they are much cooler in the hottest



day than a black felt shako, or the ostrich-plumed bonnet of the Highlander. With these matters, however, the Horse-Guards alone have the power of interfering.

Hitherto Government has contented itself with procuring all its clothing, &c., from contractors ; but there are symptoms of its determination to become its own tailor. In one apartment we see women sewing soldiers' jackets with the new sewing-machines, and doing the work ten times quicker, stronger and better than it was done of old by manual labour. The cutting-out is also done by machinery, so that, if necessary, an immense amount of clothing could be turned out at a very short notice. The colour and quality of the material has also been vastly improved since the days when the colonel of the regiment clothed his soldiers and kept the cabbage. The cloth of the private's coat is as good and bright a scarlet as the sergeant's, and the sergeant's is equal to that of the officer's four or five years ago. The Crimean war came just in time to test and prove the utter worthlessness of the old system of clothing the troops ; and a walk through this establishment is sufficient to prove that we have at last a Government department that is working well. The credit of organising this immense establishment is due to Mr. Ramsay, the deputy store-keeper general, who has undoubtedly proved that Government officials are capable of carrying on a vast establishment of this kind as successfully as private enterprise, and we believe far more soundly ; so that we predict we shall hear no more in any future war of shoes that come to pieces in a week's wear, or of great coats made of devil's dust, calculated, like sponge, to let in and retain the water.

A. W.



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## THE REFUSE OF TOWNS AND CITIES.

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IN every town and city throughout the world, which has not become a desert, a constant elevation of surface is imperceptibly going on. This arises from the fact that more materials are constantly brought in than are carried out. Building materials, fuel, and food, constitute the aggregate aids in this elevation after undergoing the various processes of utilisation. Some of the detritus, such as broken bricks and mortar, are not noxious. Others, as refuse food, human and animal remains, and excretal and many kinds of waste materials from workshops and factories, are deleterious chiefly because they are not removed, or destroyed chemically, so as to remove them in an innoxious gaseous form, or so to fix them as to prevent them forming noxious gases.

From day to day we "grin and bear" our nuisances, complaining of the neglect of the authorities, and wishing for their removal. It rarely occurs to us to consider how much of this lies in

our own power, and that the evil might be reduced into a small compass, if we brought common sense to bear upon it. It is a practical fact, that we pray, or profess to pray, "give us this day our daily bread," and that year after year we daily bring into our towns, upon the average, all the food and fuel we consume in the day. Our food we carefully stow away in safes and pantries, light, airy, and accessible; our fuel we put into accessible places; but for the greatly decreased bulk of our food and fuel in excreta and cinders we provide only dust-holes, almost inaccessible without great difficulty. Inasmuch as the bulk is so much reduced, it is clear that the means of transport which brings in the original amount in one day, could with greater ease take away the decreased bulk in one day, and this, whether from a single dwelling, or a great city.

Time was, that every dwelling was provided with what was called a cesspool, *i.e.* a gathering pool, in which ignorant people deposited every kind of refuse, solid or liquid, but in which more sagacious people deposited only solid matter, keeping as far as possible liquid matter from entering, or at least remaining in it. In many towns the ashes of the fuel were used or thrown into this pit, mixing with the night-soil or faecal matter, and partly deodorising it, and the pit was emptied once a week or month. But in the great majority of houses the term cesspool is a misnomer. The term cess signifies a collection: but the ordinary cesspool, built of the worst possible bricks, uncemented and placed in a porous soil, is not a *collecting* but a *distributing* pit, filling the porous soil with faecal matter by percolation. In a clay soil the pit is really a cesspool, the clay being non-porous.

Time was, that—in London—these pits or cesspools, were prohibited from all communication with the sewers under heavy penalties, and in some districts hand pumps were used to draw off the liquid contents into the open side drains in the streets, and the solid matter was collected, sometimes for years, because the operation of emptying, for want of convenience, was loathsome, and a nuisance prohibited at all times except at night, hence the term night-soil. This gave rise to the invention of the water-closet communicating with the house drain, and so with the sewers, and the river. An admirable contrivance was the closet—for the rich man living on the upper ground. He could, by merely laying on water, get a cheap transference of all filthy matters. The drains were out of sight, the sewers out of sight; but he was rich enough to pay people for digging them up without suffering the foulness to enter his dwelling. The mere possession of one of these closets was an indication of wealth; and tracing the course of the Stygian stream to its final ending, a foul Serbonian bog, did not enter into the thoughts of the wealthy man.

But time rolled on, and the luxury of the wealthy man grew to be the common practice of the middle-class man. Finally, the owners of all dwellings were required to wash away their excreta into the sewer. Not half London has complied with the enjoinder, and already the Thames



has become a black ditch, and the floating-baths that erewhile served to wash the London population in mid-stream have disappeared. The nuisance that had descended from the dwellings of the rich in water-percolation has turned back upon them in air-percolation. Whitebait dinners at Blackwall cause the gorge to rise with the pollution of the breathing organs.

The Board of Health, as represented by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, had an obstinate idea—a one idea—that cheapness consisted in low cost. Carrying away refuse is a matter of transit, and no transit is so cheap as water-transit. Once on a time a huge mass of mud had collected in one of the reservoirs of a water company. The engineer cubed out the quantities, and the cost of carting away and finding a site for the mud. It was too dear, so the horses and carts were dispensed with, and a number of workmen were set to work to stir up this mud while the water was put in motion, and it was all carried away in the stream—to what place of deposit was not asked.

Mr. Chadwick was delighted with the result, and recorded it, if I mistake not, in one of the blue-books. It got a hold of his mind, and water transit in sewers became thenceforward an idea. All the sewers were reduced, in his imagination, and glazed pipelets of clay were henceforward the be-all and end-all of drainage with constant streams of water running through them. Housemaids were to be enjoined to suffer no scrubbing-brushes to pass into them, and water was to be the solvent for every difficulty.

Now, if, with only half London closeted, the Thames is brought to the condition of a black ditch, what will be the result when the whole is closeted? And what will be the result when the population is doubled? The remedy proposed is this: a large portion of the water which should constitute the Thames is to be diverted from the centre to the sides, and at the outlet the whole is to be deodorised and converted into manure.

That is to say, the whole faecal matter of London—a comparatively small bulk—is to be diluted to an enormous amount, polluting millions of gallons of water, as if, in that bulky condition, it can be easier dealt with than in its original small bulk, in order to carry out Mr. Chadwick's crotchet of getting the sewage highly diluted for the sake of irrigating the land with liquid manure, like the Edinburgh "foul burn," through glazed pipes; and that, after it is ascertained to be impracticable, and that the deodorised manure must be reduced to the dry condition.

In discussing this question with the most able member of the Metropolitan Board, he remarked to me, that the new sewers are only a remedy for a worse evil, and calculated, at most, for the next twenty-five years, when the increase of the population will defeat their end. If we had to begin *de novo*, deodorising house by house would be the true method.

Most persons have remarked how beautifully clean the streets of London are after a thunder-storm. This is scavenging by nature. Sewers are, for the most part, a contrivance to defeat this kind of scavenging. By sewers are to be

understood deep underground drains, only accessible by passing through them. By surface-drains are not necessarily understood open drains, but drains following the natural inequalities of the surface, and which may be provided with covers to render them easy of access. Storm-waters might thus be carried off and permitted to enter their natural exit, the river, wherever a river exists. There is little in the surface-washings to affect the natural streams.

Everything tending to putrify in the streams should be kept out of them. So also everything tending to clog the channel should be kept out. We do not throw ashes into the river, for this latter reason. Obnoxious matters are produced in dwellings and factories. Factories give refuse such as gas-water, and similar matters, well known as "blue billy," surreptitiously discharged into the river, and giving out the poisonous gas, sulphuretted hydrogen. Dwellings furnish solid liquid faecal matter, soapy and other water, containing refuse vegetable matter. Soapy water might without drainage pass into the river as innocuous sewage. Vegetable water needs deodorising as it passes away, that is, putting into a condition in which it will not give off gases, precisely as is now largely done with the refuse of gas-works. With one exception the chief difficulty is the faecal matter, and that is as noxious as the gas which permeates the earth below the streets leaking from the pipes, mixing with the sewage, and helping largely to pollute the river.

Gas is passed by pressure through a large extent of cast-iron piping of small dimensions. It has been said that it permeates the metal, but it certainly permeates the joints, and so escapes. The screw threads corroding in the pipes, the vibration of the passing vehicles shakes out the rust, and the gas goes out through the loose earth. This waste—a very heavy per-centage—raises the price of gas proportionately, at the same time that it lessens our supply of light and lowers our health, sometimes killing us outright by explosion or inhaling. The whole under-stratum of the streets and houses is saturated with this waste gas, which is in many ways reconverted into the sulphuretted hydrogen it was before the lime purified it in the process of manufacture. Do we need proof of it? Hang over the street gratings or on an up-turned pavement; watch the black earth surrounding every pipe, probably more noxious than the burnt candle snuff from which the advent of gas freed us.

The obvious remedy for this evil is to cease burying the pipes in loose earth, which only serves as a bad kind of "puddling," and to prepare accessible channels wherein they can be examined from time to time, and repaired without disturbing the paving, and wherein they need not be taken up or disturbed, or have their joints broken by the vibration of the vehicles. This practice of burying our water and gas and sewage pipes in the ground in inaccessible darkness is an ancient ignorance unpardonable at the present day, involving costly waste and more costly disease.

But the great source of river and drain nuisance is the faecal matter of our dwellings. This is divisible



into fluids and solids. The solids are the fruitful source of poisonous gases, yet it is demonstrable that if the solids be kept from moisture they evolve no gas whatever. A large trade is carried on by drying them and packing them, most probably in the identical hogsheads which bring back sugar from the West India Islands, which receive this dried matter as manure. "Well," said Lord Palmerston, "dirt is only matter in a wrong place." That which is dirt in London, becomes sugar in the tropics. Of the value of these matters for purposes of manure, there has probably been much exaggeration; but of the importance of expending considerable sums on destroying or getting rid of them there can be no doubt, and against the cost of any newer or better methods there is always to be set the cost of the present system of sewers. If we can utilise them in value while destroying their noxious properties, so much the better; but the great consideration is how to destroy the nuisance.

On the prairies of southern temperate America, the prairies of northern temperate America, and in sundry table lands to boot, fuel of wood or coal is a very scarce commodity, and the chief resource of travellers is called "bosta" in the south, and "buffalo chips" in the north: it is, in short, dry animal manure. When in sufficient masses a pleasanter or better fire never warmed an Irish cabin on the edge of a peat moss. Here is an indication of one means of disposing of noxious matter, not polluting thousands of gallons of water in a vain attempt to move matter from one "wrong place" to another, but applying the universal cleanser, fire. Placed in close retorts as we use coal to distil gas, this matter also would distil gas almost identically the same, leaving as a cinder not gas coke but a more valuable article—animal charcoal. The whole question in this case is a different mechanical arrangement in our dwellings, not difficult to imagine or construct, separating fluids from solids—in short, a retort for a receptacle to which the application of gas or fuel in another form might be made at pleasure. The water-closet would become a fire-closet with chemical arrangements to fix the noxious gases. The chemical world is largely at work upon the process of deodorisation, and it will be accomplished. The chief error lies in trying to deodorise with a thousand-fold dilution. Let the chemists apply the deodorisers in small bulk, and the process becomes easy. It must be done house by house by a process simple and easy, within the servants' control, and, in order to ensure success, yielding a perquisite to the servant in a similar mode to the grease-procuring process of the cook, and in such case it would never be neglected. If the value be anything like that assumed by the Chadwick school of water transit, it will be very largely increased by keeping it in the concrete state. Of the effects of water dilution we have examples in our river docks, which act as cesspools for twelve months together, and, in the summer, when the heat renders them unbearable, vomit forth their contents into the river.

We have another example in the town of Croydon, which, after a long experiment in Chadwickian pipe-drainage and enormous dilu-

tion, is washed tolerably clean, but can find no exit for its polluted waters, the authorities trying place after place, and being encountered by Chancery suits; at one time polluting the Wandle stream, but driven back thence, are now in despair of finding any outlet for their liquid manure, and the parish likely to be ruined in law. Why do they not deodorise? Probably because the huge bulk renders it impracticable.

Thus Croydon gives us on a small scale a foretaste of what is likely to be the result of the huge brick tubes leading to Erith.

Preventing the access of air and moisture is the true method. This may be done in many ways. There is one obvious method adapted to the sick room or the hospital which may probably be in use, but I am not aware of it. It is well known that flesh meat dried, and covered with peat or butter, may be preserved fresh for any length of time. If coal oil, or paraffin oil, Rangoon, or any of the hydro-carbons, natural or artificial, be floated on the surface of decomposing matter, it will arrest decomposition as surely as the Egyptian process of embalming dead bodies. And this oil, wholesale, scarcely exceeds in value one shilling per gallon. It would therefore be practicable to use it in dwellings in small quantities instead of the enormous water dilution.

The water idolators will scoff at all this, and ask how all the dwelling arrangements in London are to be changed to meet these conditions? Our answer would be, has not a large alteration from cesspools and distributing pits to water dilution already taken place? and how? Simply by making a commencement—setting a pattern. Getting rid of the dilution is a much more easy thing than creating the dilution, for it gets rid of the underground complication. There is amongst house-agents a standing jest about a lady, who "wanted a house without a drain." There was more common sense in her words than probably she herself dreamed of. She really wanted to get rid of underground "black ditches" as well as those on the surface.

It is not every town that is blessed with a Thames. Birmingham, for instance. Birmingham is a town of cesspools, but Birmingham has always been free from cholera. After their fashion they mix coal dust and cinders with excreta, so that a clumsy partial deodorisation takes place, and the matter is put in a *right* place, i. e., on the land. Moses in the olden time enacted that every man should have a spade on the end of his spear to dig and cover up nuisances in the camp.

But how to destroy or render harmless the excreta of all London is the question before us. Not in a single day can it be dealt with, nor in many days; but a beginning might be made. An individual might try a single house; a building company might try a number of houses, induced thereto by the consideration of getting rid of sewers rates for all time. If the legislature would consent to this compromise, and the fact were once demonstrated, the process would spread without much trouble.

There are localities where the experiments could be fittingly made: for example, the camp at



Aklershott—a town in miniature without a river, and in a comparatively primæval condition. It could there be ascertained whether it is not practicable, by the dry chemistry of fire, and at very moderate cost, utterly to destroy the nuisance, while leaving a marketable residuum of little bulk and easy transport—this as regards the solids. As regards the liquids: undiluted, there would be little difficulty in dealing chemically with them, extracting the valuable salts, and suffering the innocuous filtered liquid to flow away. This would be a valuable boon from a government to a nation, putting “matter in the right place,” and showing that what holds good of a camp or a temporary town holds good also of a city or permanent town.

There are four methods to try:—First, to destroy the nuisance by fire. Secondly, to neutralise it by chemical action. Thirdly, to inclose in oil or analogous material, so as to exclude the atmosphere. Lastly, to keep the solids and liquids apart in all cases, and to cease from multiplying the evil by enormous dilution, the results of which we experience in the condition of the Thames.

As regards immediate action, we must pay the penalty of our ignorance in converting the Thames into a cesspool. In the blue books of the Board of Health the sewers were denominated “elongated cesspools.” Under diluvian guidance the Thames has become an open black ditch for the reception of their contents, blocked up by the incessantly returning tide—the protest of the ocean against pollution.

Nature helps us. With the thermometer at 80°, the acetous fermentation of the river commences, and goes on to the putrefactive, converting into unsavoury but warning gases the excreta lying in the channel of the river, and so the nuisance is gradually carried away by the atmosphere. If the warm weather lasted long enough each summer, and the supply of matter were cut off, the Thames would become pure, as it does in casks or tanks on shipboard,—horrible to every sense while the fermenting process is going on, but pronounced by all skippers frequenting the Thames harbour as the finest water in the universe when the gases are thrown off and the no longer fermentable mud subsides to the bottom—a thing almost incredible to those who have not witnessed it.

And yet some millions are to be given to engineers to expend in huge high tunnels to form a temporary safety-valve for London, while chemists and engineers are studying the processes which will ultimately render the tunnels useless, after a plentiful crop of litigation on the part of the inhabitants of the outfall regions—the present Croydon process on a gigantic scale. Well; we are a rich nation, and prefer the impracticable methods which we call practical to logical inference leading to probable experimental verification. We prefer arriving at the processes that will do by going in succession through all the processes that will not do.

It is not creditable to our common sense that it should be needful to discuss such a question in public journals. It was a maxim of the elder Bonaparte that “dirty linen should be washed at

home.” That is, the dirt kept out of public view: but the nuisance has endured so long that, perforce, it must be talked of in public in order to get the public to understand it, and to enforce the needful change.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

## THE HEAD OF BRAN.

For an account of this British worthy, see “The Mabinogion,” Lady Charlotte Guest’s translation. He was the son of Llyr, king of Britain, and said to be the first convert to Christianity in these islands. Hence his title, “Bendigeid, the Blessed.” Taliesin, the bard, the “radiant brow,” was one of the seven princes to whom it was committed to carry the head to its resting-place.

The Head was buried, looking towards France, in the Gwnvryn, or White Mount, site of the Tower of London. And this was called “the third goodly concealment of the isles of Britain;” for that no invasion from across sea came to this island while the Head was in that concealment. Arthur, “the blameless king,” had it disinterred, refusing, in his pride, to trust to the charm. And this the Triads term the third ill-fated disclosure of the isles of Britain, invasion and general disaster following it.

### I.

WHEN the Head of Bran  
Was firm on British shoulders,  
God made a man!  
Cried all beholders.  
  
Steel could not resist  
The weight his arm would rattle;  
He, with naked fist,  
Has brain’d a knight in battle.  
  
He march’d on the foe,  
And never counted numbers;  
Foreign widows know  
The hosts he sent to slumbers.  
  
As a street you scan,  
That’s tower’d by the steeple,  
So the Head of Bran  
Rose o’er his people.

### II.

“Death’s my neighbour,”  
Quoth Bran the Blest;  
“Christian labour  
Brings Christian rest.  
From the trunk sever  
The Head of Bran,  
That which never  
Has bent to man!  
  
“That which never  
To men has bow’d,  
Shall live ever  
To shame the shroud:  
Shall live ever  
To face the foe;  
Sever it, sever,  
And with one blow.  
  
“Be it written,  
That all I wrought  
Was for Britain,  
In deed and thought:  
Be it written,  
That, while I die,  
Glory to Britain!  
Is my last cry.



He looked rather "seedy," a cap in his hand,  
 A parcel just opened to show,  
 She collapsed—the disturber on seeing her stand  
 Amazed—"took an attitude," sheepish and bland,  
 Like a goose, but *she* couldn't say *beau*.

"My master has done, miss, the best that he can,"  
 (Displaying a marvel of skill),  
 "Your master—the *dyer*—you infamous man!"  
 He stared—"Go away, sir, as fast as you can,  
 And I'll send the amount of your bill."

He thought she was mad, not at all, she was sane,  
 As a woman so worried could be,  
 She crawled to her chamber assisted by Jane,  
 And (after restoratives) came down again  
 To her breakfast of toast and of tea.

Rather late in the day, with her spirits restored  
 (Much sooner than Jane had expected),  
 She searched out a card from an odd little board,  
 And entered this call on this mystical board,  
 As the twenty-first offer—Rejected.

JAMES W. JOHNSON.

## THE STUDENT.

### HIS HEALTH.

How much truth is there in the popular notion of the effects of a student life? The ordinary conception of "a bookworm" (as every man is liable to be called whose life is spent amongst books) is of an uncomfortable-looking personage who cannot hold up his head, nor tread firmly, nor see a yard before him. His limbs are lank: his hair is limp: his shoulders are shelves to hold dust: his head droops forward: his face works nervously in conversation: there is scarcely anything that he can digest: he is disconcerted if any visitor, any news, or household incidents break in upon his habits and his plans. Nothing seems to him worth such a sacrifice; for he has long been convinced that nothing in the world is of so much consequence as the particular subject which occupies him: and it follows of course that to obstruct his labours upon it is to do the greatest possible injury to the world. If he is married, it is a mistake; for he gives his wife only the second place in his heart after his books; and the children are very disturbing little people. If he is too much absorbed to hear their voices in play or in grief, they may jog his chair, or even shake the room; and no bookworm can stand that. If they are ever so well disciplined, they are occasionally ill; or one may even die—and that is a painful and irresistible interruption. I need say no more. A mere outline will call up the image of the recluse student, as it is presented to the minds of the practical people of everyday life.

"Is it true?" is the first question. Yes, it is. For ages there have been such persons; and there are such at this moment. We may comfort ourselves with the certainty that the number diminishes; and at present so rapidly, that we may fairly hope that a true specimen of the bookworm will soon be a subject of investigation as interesting as the dodo in Madagascar—setting naturalists to work to ascertain whether a known specimen is really the last of its species.

The next question is, Why we may expect the species to die out? And this involves the funda-

mental inquiry of all, How such a thing came to exist?

The bookworm is a transformation from the proper type of man, wrought by the too strong action of some law of nature, in the exclusion of other laws which it is a folly and a crime to evade. In the course of the education of the human race, there must be a period during which books must have a higher value than they can have in the long run: and during that period, there must be men who overrate the value of books in general, and sacrifice themselves individually to the worship of some particular class of them. Such a period must necessarily occur before men understand their own nature and position well enough to perceive how they may make the best use of books, as of everything else; that is, as means and not as an end. During the bookish ages which originated and followed the invention of printing, men were unaware that the brain is the organ by which "we live and move and have our being;" and that no part of it (and therefore of our frame) can work as well as it might do unless the whole is exercised sufficiently for its health. Our growing knowledge and understanding of the structure and functions of the brain, and of the laws of health generally, is our security against a perpetual succession of bookworms. We may hope that intemperance in study will in time become rare, like other kinds of intemperance which we believe that men will outgrow, sooner or later. For some time past we have been accustomed to look into Germany for perfect specimens of the bookworm; yet even in Germany there is a strong conviction of the value of schools of physical training, in counteraction of the tendencies of study. This is right: for Germany has afforded the richest specimen perhaps of the bookworm in modern times; and to balance this, it is fair that she should furnish founders of gymnasias, at home and abroad. Eichhorn is one of the latest examples we have of the recluse student of the bookish ages of the world. If I remember right, he lived for twenty-five years shut up in his study, never crossing the threshold (except, I suppose, to go to bed), and never having worn coat or shoes during that time. If ever seen at all, he was seen in gown and slippers. One would like to know how many human faces he did see—how many voices of his own kind he heard during those years. With all his learning, he certainly missed the great truth that the man who makes no use of his environment lives but half a life, or more probably scarcely anything of a life at all, but rather a waking dream.

What, then, is the student to do? There must be men whose business lies in the library and at the desk. Such men are honoured by the wise, and most honoured by the wisest. Is this really an unfortunate destiny?

Not if they are wise. Not if they are aware that to exercise their limbs and senses, to cultivate their social faculties, and to lay a firm grasp on some practical business in life, is the true way to get the greatest value out of book-study. It is not necessary for them, any more than for other people, to be always thinking about their health, and consulting their own welfare. That is in



itself a morbid habit. What they have to do is to plan their ordinary life in obedience to the laws of nature, as far as circumstances admit; and then they are free to think no more about it.

Such a plan is something like this,—proceeding on what we know of the differences of sleep in the light and in the dark; of the condition of the brain at different periods of the day; of the relation between the stomach and the brain, and generally of the animal functions and the brain; and, again, of the relation between the man altogether and the objects and influences which surround him.

The student should rise early. To my mind, after careful observation, and after a long experience, the thing is proved. It is the fashion now to say, that early rising might be wise and pleasant in former states of society, but that our existing social habits make it disagreeable and pernicious, if not impracticable. I am not writing for members of parliament, nor for people who pay visits every night. The great majority of Englishmen, and I suppose all students, have the power of arranging their own day, and obeying the laws of nature in the disposition of it. If I had room, I should like to give some account of the results of philosophical observation in regard to the quality of sleep in daylight compared with that of the dark hours. The differences in regard to the circulation and the action of the brain are very marked—the indications being in favour of sleeping in the dark hours.

It is of great importance to persons of sedentary occupations to obtain brisk exercise as the first act of the day. Whether it shall be walking, or some vigorous exercise at home, is a matter of choice; but a man will study all the better after breakfast for having cheered his spirits, and quickened his circulation by a walk; and I will add, by what some people would call an unpleasant one. I speak from experience here. For thirty years my business has lain in my study. The practice of early rising was, I am confident, the grand preservative of health, through many years of hard work—the hours gained being given, not to book or pen, but to activity. I rose at six, summer and winter; and (after cold bathing) went out for a walk in all weathers. In the coldest season, on the rainiest morning, I never returned without being glad that I went. I need not detail the pleasures of the summer mornings. In winter, there was either a fragment of gibbous moon hanging over the mountain, or some star quivering in the river, or icicles beginning to shine in the dawn, or, at worst, some break in the clouds, some moss on the wall, some gleam on the water, which I carried home in the shape of refreshment. I breakfasted at half-past seven, and had settled household business and was at my work by half-past eight, fortified for seven hours' continuous desk-work, without injury or fatigue.

The bookworm makes no choice of hours for his studies. He begins when he gets up, and leaves off when he goes to bed. More moderate students will do well to choose the morning hours for study. I believe they are all well aware of this, though many excuse their practice of night study by the ordinary pleas of quietness and a supposed favour-

able state of brain. If we do not question their assertions, we have the strong ground for remonstrance that they are sacrificing duration to quality at a tremendous rate. They will lose more by injuring their nerves, sleep, and digestion by night study, than they can possibly gain by any supposed aptitude in the brain for the labours of the lamp. I am myself convinced that the brain is more obedient to wise calls upon it than we are accustomed to suppose. I am confident that a vast amount of energy, thought, and time is wasted in fastidious consultation of the brain's likings; and that men who make their brain their servant, instead of their master, may train it to punctuality and obedience. The way to obtain the needful "inspiration" for writing, and clearness for reading, is surely not to question whether it is there, or whether it is coming, but to sit down in confidence that it must come, if the faculties and feelings which accompany it are put in action. If the student is out of order,—if his digestion is wrong—if his feelings are agitated, or he is benumbed by want of exercise—then, of course, he must betake himself to the best means of setting himself right. In his normal condition, however, he will find the fresh, strong, light hours of morning the most favourable to close attention, vigorous thought, and unfaltering achievement. Such is, I believe, the testimony of those who have tried whether or not the hours of vigour are best suited to the primary task of the day.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the familiar danger of night study: the recourse to stimulants or sedatives to force the brain action or compose the nerves. The dismal story of the intemperance of students is too well known to need to be dwelt on here. We have heard enough of strong coffee, of green tea, of wine, of tobacco, of opium, and even, as in Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's case, of wet towels round the head, to keep the faculties awake. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's recompense for such inveterate study was a besetting, maddening head-ache, frequently recurring for the rest of her life. I have never forgotten a dismal spectacle that I saw, and some pathetic words that were uttered, when I was sitting, in 1834, beside Kosciusko's monument on the Hudson River.

Two students of the West Point Military Academy were telling me about their college-life, in which very hard study was required. Both were thin and pale, and both obviously accustomed to tobacco-chewing. One walked a few paces away to look for the approaching steamboat, when the other made some remark which justified me in asking whether his health would not be better for abstinence from the juice which showed itself at the corners of his mouth. He assented instantly and heartily.

He said it was a dreadful bondage; it was wearing out his stomach and ruining his nerves; he would give all he had in the world, and undergo any suffering, to get rid of the curse he had taken upon himself in mere imitation on entering the college; but he "could not afford it now." He could not study without it; it would take him a fortnight to learn to study without it, and the loss of a fortnight would prevent him from passing in his year, and would injure his prospects for life.



What became of him I never knew; but the one certain thing about him was, that he had not nerves which could be expected to stand the stress of life for its ordinary term.

There are physicians who are much to blame in the counsel they give to persons who place themselves under artificial conditions for the sake of study.

When I was young, and under a course of hard literary work, a physician said to me one day in my study:

"You have a convenient cupboard there, at your elbow. You ought to keep a bottle of hock and a glass there (I would not recommend an alcoholic-wine). You should help yourself with a glass of hock when you feel exhausted—say, by eleven o'clock at night, or when you feel a sinking."

"No, I thank you," said I. "If I begin with a glass by myself, will you warrant my not getting on to a bottle? Cold water is my restorative; only that I never want one, beyond regular meals."

What would not a physician have had to answer for who should have advised the West Point student to chew tobacco? And how much less rash is it to recommend a recourse to wine in solitude, as a consequence of preceding intemperance in study? If some physicians were more careful in their advice, no one perhaps could say, as a London literary clergyman said to me twenty years ago,—that he did not know one single author except our two selves who did not resort habitually to some sort of stimulant or sedative,—strong coffee or tea, snuff, wine, or spirits, or opium in some form,—as a necessity of student life. We may hope that the intervening twenty years have made a great difference; but the true preventive—muscular exercise, securing good digestion and circulation—is not nearly so much valued as it will be hereafter.

Here comes in the question, how much of the day may be given to study—book and pen-work—without injury to health?

It would be absurd to offer any precise answer to this, because much depends on individual constitution and intellectual habit, and much more on the way in which the rest of the day is spent.

As to the constitutional and habitual differences—we have seen how Eichhorn lived; and a good many scholars have approached very near to him in devotion to books. Dr. Chalmers tried, above a quarter of a century since, to induce me to promise that I would not write, nor study, more than two hours per day. He said, he had tried various proportions; and that he was satisfied nobody could write or study more without injury. He was right to confine himself to that limit, under such an experience: but the case might be, and is, very different to others. I had to reply to a similar remark from Dr. Channing afterwards. He was about to write an essay when I was his guest in Rhode Island, and he told me that he could not keep well enough to write at all if he did not stop at the end of every hour, and walk round the garden or converse with the family. I could not promise what either adviser wished, for the fact is, I have never felt seven or eight hours'

continuous work too much; and moreover have always found that, up to this limit, each hour was worth about two of the preceding. It is a matter in which no one can lay down a rule for another. Due provision being made for the exercise of other faculties than those engaged in study, the student must decide for himself how soon he ought to quit his desk.

The preliminary arrangements are very simple. Good meals at moderate intervals, and the stomach left at rest between. Some interval—an interval of active exercise is best—between books and food. A leisure hour for dinner, and cheerful conversation after it. A short nap, for those who need or like it, after dinner. Light occupation in the evening—literature, or correspondence, with more or less social intercourse, music, or other recreation. These are each and all highly desirable; but the most indispensable of all is strenuous and varied bodily exercise.

Many men believe, even now, that they are fully discharging their duty by quitting their books an hour or so before dinner; buttoning up their coat, taking their umbrella, and going forth for a constitutional walk. A man who goes out in this way, alone, along a familiar stretch of road, and unable to escape from the same thoughts he has been engaged with all the morning, had really better be asleep at home. His brain would get more varied action by sleep than by such exercise as this.

A man who does nothing more or better than this for his muscles, and the part of the brain which is appropriate to them, will find but few dinners which he can digest. He must not touch this or that which he sees other people enjoying. After dinner he cannot sit upright or get any ease for hours. He craves an easy chair or a sofa; and if they relieve his back, there is still the miserable uneasy stomach,—the headache, the spell of troubled and anxious sleep. Then tea and coffee make him sleepless; yet he does not know how to do without them. Then follows the night, with nightmare, fearful dreams, intellectual labour without any fruit but nonsense; or a leaden sleep which portends a morrow lost for study, or strongly unfavourable to it. What moral trials attend a suffering of this kind I need not show.

All considerate and good-natured people are ready to make allowance for the moods and tempers of a dyspeptic man; but the most generous treatment cannot give him self-respect under his frailties, nor such affection from those about him as is enjoyed by the amiable and cheerful friend who is not at the mercy of his own moods.

It is now the middle-aged student only (or chiefly) who can do nothing for exercise but walk. Boys and young men can either ride or row, or play cricket or fives. Those who cannot may derive much increased benefit from their walks, if the exercise is not expressly one merely for health's sake, but for some ulterior object; and if the object be benevolent the gain is great. Active business is a good antagonism to close study; and if the business be in the service of others, so much the more complete is the truce to besetting thoughts.



Nothing is so beneficial as the combination of muscular exercise with social enjoyment. "What does that mean?" some may ask.—"Dancing? Running races? Hunting? These are not at command, or are incompatible with a day's study."

Certainly they are. But we now have means of physical training in which exercise of the most exhilarating kind may be taken in company with comrades. I do not mean volunteer rifle-corps—in the first place—though they are admirable for the purpose. Some preparation for that drill is necessary, if not for all the members, for those of them whose employments are sedentary, and especially for students. A student, accustomed to a daily constitutional walk, joins a corps with all possible willingness, with good walking power, perhaps, and intelligence which gives him quickness and readiness; but his arms fail him altogether. Having wielded nothing but the pen (except his knife and fork) he is confounded by the impossibility of handling his rifle. He does not see what he can do but give it up altogether. There is a remedy, however, if he lives within reach of a gymnasium such as several of our towns are now supplied with. We ought to have one in every place where any sort of education is provided for: for physical education is of at least as much consequence as anything that is taught in our schools. Under the instruction of a master of physical exercise, the weak part of any man's anatomy may be brought up to an equality with the rest in a very short time.

The blessing to Oxford men of the great gymnasium there—the best in the kingdom, if not in Europe—is altogether inestimable. It is a resource which has restored health to many a man too old to begin learning the sports of the undergraduates. It has made the middle-aged man feel his youth renewed by giving him the full use of his muscles again—perhaps a fuller use than he ever had in his life.

One of the most striking evidences of Mr. McLaren's science and skill in physical-training is the benefit he renders to children, on the one hand, and elderly men on the other. Many boys at our public schools are injured by the violent exercises to which they are tempted there,—the long and desperate running especially. In the holidays they are taken to Oxford, and put under Mr. McLaren, who at once discovers the seat of the mischief, and soon and infallibly redresses the balance of the muscular action. And so also with his oldest pupils. He measures the chest, he detects the enfeebled muscle, and by gentle and appropriate exercises strengthens the weak part, till the spindle-arms become muscular, the chest expands, the back becomes straight, with the head properly set on the top of it; there is an end of the need of easy-chair and sofa after meals; nothing comes amiss at dinner, and there is no indigestion to make it remembered afterwards.

Mr. McLaren's pupils have lately expressed their gratitude to him by a splendid gift of plate, and words of strong acknowledgment. His best services of all will have been the establishment of scientific physical training among us, if his Oxford

pupils will exert themselves in their respective future homes to promote the opening of a gymnasium in every place where men have not the full natural training of diversified country sports.

So much for the physical life of the student. But the completest prudence in regard to daily habits of food, sleep, exercise, and study, may be baffled by deficient discipline in another direction. It is commonly observed and agreed upon that the most amiable, equable, cheerful-tempered class of men in society are the scientific men, and especially the naturalists ; while, on the other hand, the most irritable and uncertain are first the artists, and next the literary people. If this is true, more or less, the reasons are sufficiently obvious. Scientific men, whose business lies among the tangible facts of the universe, have the combined advantages of intellectual exercise and a constant grasp of realities ; whereas the artists—though they partly share the same advantage—are under special liabilities from the exercise of the imagination for purposes of mere representation, and from the inevitable mingling of self-regards with their labours. The literary men have to deal with words, and with the abstractions of things, instead of with things themselves ; and there is easy opportunity and strong temptation to implicate egotism with their work.

When naturalists get into controversy they are sometimes as irritable as literary men : and when men of letters are engaged on great questions, and pass beyond considerations of self, they may be as gay and placid as the happiest *savant*. It is unnecessary to say more ; for it is clear enough to all eyes that a candid, unselfish temper and well-amused mind tend to good sleep at night, and healthful moods during the hours of study and sociability. If the case is a higher one than this, and the studies are of the lofty kind which relate to the welfare of mankind, or the development of human intellect by the extension of abstract science, the daily life is not only amused but blessed in a very high degree ; and the temper and spirits should be so disciplined as to correspond with the privilege. If the half-dwarfed, morbid, egotistical student is one of the most pitiable members of the human family, the well-developed, lofty-minded, calm-tempered enthusiast in the pursuit and propagation of true knowledge, and high literary art, is surely one of the supreme order of men. It can do no harm to any of us, of any class of workers, to mark the extent of the difference between the two.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.



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## ABOUT COTTON.

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**MORE** cotton is bought and sold at Liverpool than at any other place in the world. The locality where cotton brokers "most do congregate," is the area enclosed by the Liverpool Exchange-buildings, on the east side of which they may be seen gathered together every forenoon. Although "the flags" is their particular meeting-place, however, they are not in the habit of behaving after the manner of the sharebrokers hard by, of whom it is related, that having subjected the curious or unwary invader of their domain to the extremities of contumely and ill-usage, they finally deposit him outside the sacred precincts, presenting an appearance strongly contrasting with that which he bore previously to his ill-advised entry. It would probably strike a stranger on his first visit to "the flags," that there was no such appearance of hurry or bustle as his previous notions of the magnitude of the cotton-trade would have led him to expect; and he would perhaps be tempted to suppose from finding those whom he should meet there perfectly willing

to enter into conversation on the current topics of the day (occasionally interrupted, it is true, to answer an inquiry as to Bowed at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , or Surat at 5 to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), and from his observation of the easy style of talk going on around him, that he had happened to make his appearance at a time when no particular business was going forward; and yet very likely he would be told on inquiry that the sales for the day would probably be 8000 or 9000 bales—which latter is about the average—worth perhaps 100,000*l.* By way of getting a clearer idea of the manner in which this amount of business is transacted, let us take the liberty of paying a visit to one of the sale-rooms in the immediate vicinity of the Exchange area: and here on entering we see conveniently disposed a large number of brown paper parcels, a glance at the open ends of which is sufficient to inform us that they are cotton samples. We do not wait here long before an individual enters, and says interrogatively to the presiding salesman, "Bowed,"—or it may be Orleans or Mobile—"six three?" which demand, being interpreted, signifies that the inquirer is a buyer of Bowed—so called from a former method of cleaning by means of a bow—Orleans, or Mobile cotton, at 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ *l.* per pound. Sundry of the brown paper parcels are opened and spread out before him, showing that every one of them contains perhaps 25 pieces of cotton, each piece the sample of a bale; and after a very brief inspection, he desires that certain of these may be "sent in to him." This he does in order that he may view them at "his own light," and may compare them with other samples which in his tour round the market he has seen and had sent to him from various sale-rooms. It may be here explained, that these sale-rooms are plentifully supplied with north or east light, and that each broker, from custom, is able to judge better as to the colour and general appearance of the cotton—on which in a measure its value and suitability for his particular purpose depend—in his own sale-room than elsewhere. West or south light is never used.

Other buyers enter, in rapid succession, the sample-room in which we have taken up our position, and inquiries are made for cotton of various kinds and prices: for Maranhams, Pernams (a contraction for Pernambuco), or Bahias; for Egyptians, or possibly for Dhollerahs, Comptas, Tinnevellies, or Oomrawhuttees, all which strange sounds represent varieties of East Indian growth. It will be observed, that the word cotton is seldom, if ever, mentioned; contraction is the order of the day; time and breath are saved by asking for "Orleans," or "Maranhams." It will also be noticed that American descriptions are vastly more inquired for than any other kinds; which arises from a reason analogous to that assigned as the cause of white sheep eating so much more than black ones; viz., that there are so many more of them. The differences in the requirements of buyers cannot fail to have been remarked: thus, one "doesn't care for colour, but must have staple;" another "isn't so particular about staple, but wants colour;" another "can't do with sand" (on which point more hereafter); and so on. Amongst other things, it

is very likely blue or red cotton will be spoken of. But is not all cotton white? Broadly speaking, no doubt it is; but there are various tints of blue, yellow, and red, not certainly approaching indigo on the one hand, or scarlet on the other; but still sufficiently marked to be readily distinguished by anyone when attention is drawn to the subject, and comparison instituted between different samples; and perceptible at a glance to the practised eye of the broker. From all these inquiries it may be gathered that the value of cotton depends upon the length, strength, and fineness of the fibre or "staple," modified by conditions of colour and cleanliness. Accordingly, with reference to the first of these points, the article is divided into "long" and "short" stapled. To the former of these divisions belongs that class of American called Sea Island, which takes its name from the place of its growth, and which is the finest and highest priced cotton known; also all cotton from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt. The second division includes all kinds of American, save Sea Island, and all descriptions of East Indian. It has been already stated that America supplies by far the largest quantity of cotton; in proof whereof, I here venture to present some figures, at the prospect of which, however, as they shall be few in number, I respectfully submit that no lady or gentleman who may honour me by reading this paper has any cause for alarm. During the year 1859, the total import into the kingdom was 2,828,000 bales, of which 2,085,000 were American, 510,000 East Indian, leaving only 233,000 as import from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt.

Of these 2,828,000, 2,709,000 were received into Liverpool, against about 119,000 into London, Glasgow, and Hull, the only other places which import the article. One week's sales in Liverpool have before now been as much as the whole of last year's import into the rest of the United Kingdom. A price current, now before the writer, gives nearly one hundred quotations of different descriptions and grades, varying from 4*l.* a pound for ordinary Surat, to 2*s.* for fine Sea Island. The grades quoted in each different description of cotton are, "ordinary," "middling," "fair," "good fair," "good," and "fine," which one would suppose to be a division sufficiently nice. But in practice, a much more minute subdivision is used, and it is common enough to hear brokers speak of "low and good ordinary," "barely middling," "middling fair," "fully fair," and so on.

These explanations may be supposed to have been offered in the sale-room to which we are paying an imaginary visit, and the buyer whom we first saw, has in the mean time examined the samples sent in to him, and now comes to make an offer. "We'll give you 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  for the B A 100 by the Mississippi," says he. "Can't take it." "Well, will 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ ths buy them?" "I don't know, but I'll see our principal, and if you'll call in five minutes I'll give you an answer." Accordingly, when the buyer calls at the expiration of that time, he is told, "We'll put those hundred down to you at 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ ths:" he gives the name of the spinner for whom he acts, and the affair is settled. This is all that passes in a transaction involving perhaps 1200*l.* or



1400*l.*; nay, in busy times, thousands of bales are often bought on the first inspection of the samples, without leaving the spot. No contract other than an oral one passes between buyer and seller: such bargains are annually entered into to the amount of dozens of millions sterling, yet disputes are almost unknown, and are, when they occur, generally settled without trouble or expense by reference to brokers not interested in the disputed transactions.

Payment for cotton bought, is due (less three months' interest) in ten days from the date of purchase. In the supposed sale just recorded, the buyer paid for the cotton  $\frac{1}{16}$ th of a penny per pound less than the price first asked, and if the seller had not made this concession, the transaction would probably not have taken place; and though at first  $\frac{1}{16}$ th of a penny appears a trifling matter, yet when it is stated that the average weight of American bales is about 440 lbs., it will be seen that on one hundred such, this  $\frac{1}{16}$ th represents to the spinner a saving of between 1*l.* and 12*s.*, sufficient to pay part of the carriage to his mill, besides his broker's commission for buying, viz. 10*s.* per 100*l.* value. This does not seem a very large remuneration, yet a little calculation shows that the buying and selling commission on the average daily sales of 9000 bales must amount to nearly 1000*l.* per diem, or at the rate of more than 300,000*l.* per annum. In addition to this commission, the samples are for the most part, after they have served their purpose, a perquisite of the broker;—no insignificant one either, though each separate sample weighs but a few ounces; it being understood that the yearly value to many firms is sufficient to defray all their counting-house expenses.

We noticed that many of the buyers, in making known their wants, objected to "sand," and it was intimated that there was something further to be stated on this point. Of course everybody has heard of what is called the San Juan difficulty; but not everybody, perhaps, has heard of another dispute respecting American territory which is now in progress. The American nation not being particularly ready to cede to Great Britain, or to any other Power, that to which it conceives it has any claim, it will probably surprise many people to be told that a large portion of American soil has lately passed into British possession; and not only so, but that it is absolutely in England at the present moment, though it must be confessed that England has paid pretty dearly for its acquisition. It was not to be expected that an article of such importance as cotton could escape the usual lot, and remain free from adulteration. Accordingly, when the spinner comes to open and inspect his purchases at the mill, he frequently finds concealed therein substances which are certainly not cotton. Formerly flint stones were the principal articles selected as substitutes; and the manufacturer used often to discover that instead of the "fair bowed" which he had bought and paid for, he was favoured with a considerable weight of geological specimens. But it seems at length to have struck certain individuals on the other side of the Atlantic, that this was at best but a coarse and vulgar fraud, unworthy of an enlightened age and people, and that it was pos-

sible to carry out the principle of sophistication on a far more extended scale, and in a much more refined manner.

Accordingly the system of "sanding" sprung up, and instead of bales consisting of American cotton, they are frequently found to consist of America itself, to the extent of 10, 20, or in many instances of more than 30 per cent.

The extent to which this practice has reached may be imagined, when it is known that, taking the adulteration at 10 per cent. on the import of the last crop, which is stated to be a very low estimate, a quantity of sand equal in weight to more than 200,000 bales, or 40,000 tons, is found to have been bought and paid for as cotton by Great Britain, at an expense of upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling; and that there are now lying at Liverpool at least 100,000 bales of this sanded cotton, which spinners will not buy at any price.

But it may be asked, "cannot they purchase it at an allowance in price proportionate to the amount of adulteration?" To this it must be answered that cotton is now bought by sample and not by inspection of the bulk of the article, which indeed would be almost impracticable from the nature of the packages and other causes. When the cotton is warehoused on its arrival from abroad, a sample is taken from each of the bales, but these are pressed so hard, that it is impossible to penetrate more than a few inches into them. If, therefore, as is generally the case, the surface layer be clean cotton, it is evident that the sample can be of no value as an index of quality; but supposing the sample when first drawn to be fair, in the very act of drawing, and at every subsequent examination it is liable to lose some of the sand which it contains, and very shortly to become nothing better than "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare."

This sandy adulteration, too, is more difficult to deal with than the simpler one before mentioned: when stones are found in cotton bales, it is at once evident that they have no business there; they were not represented in the sample, and were, therefore, not expected; consequently an affidavit is made of their presence, and a claim for compensation is preferred. It is true that a spinner has occasionally suffered the inconvenience of having his mill burned down, in consequence of contact between a flint and the iron machinery; but as this is not of very frequent occurrence it may, perhaps, be taken out of the account.

But as regards sand, which is nominally, if not actually or fairly, represented in the sample, it is plain that if the spinner make a claim on this score, he is liable to be told that the price he paid, was calculated upon the fact of the presence of this sand, and that it would be a point of no small difficulty to settle such a claim equitably, if allowed at all. No wonder, therefore, that there are so many bales of cotton at Liverpool which manufacturers decline to touch.

The money actually paid to America for this stuff does not represent the extent of the evil; freight, warehouse rent, and other charges are all incurred on this mass of useless earth, just as though it were what it ought to be; to say nothing of the damage caused to machinery, and the detri-



ment to the health of the work-people in factories where the adulterated cotton is used.

This fraud has assumed such proportions that active steps are taking for its abatement. It is clear that the check must ultimately come from the consumer, for as long as a market exists for such cotton, so long will people be found to supply it. Whatever may be the result of the means adopted with a view to the suppression of this gigantic swindle, it cannot be denied that its perpetration is a strong argument against our remaining, longer than can be avoided, dependent upon one country for the largest supply of so important an article as cotton.

It is stated by those whose assertions are worthy of respect, that cotton could be grown in Africa, and laid down in England at considerably lower prices—quality for quality—than that brought from New Orleans. No doubt time and capital are requisite to render Africa to any extent available as a source of supply; but most certainly 2,000,000*l.* sterling might have been far better spent in this direction during the past year, than in paying for an enormous quantity of useless and mischievous rubbish, and in thus helping to encourage and support a shameful and systematic fraud.

C. P. WILLIAM.

### A CLERICAL CAPTAIN.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, if report speaks true, is an honorary member of a rifle corps, and we trust so admirable an example may be generally followed by the English clergy. But our present story is of a clerical commander who proved himself the most effective of effectives in the hour of trial.

In the year 1812, a visitor to the town of Rathangan might have been surprised on any Sunday morning by the spectacle of a fine body of yeomanry being reviewed before service by the clergyman of the parish. His astonishment would have been increased on his being informed that the reverend gentleman was the official captain of the corps, and drew his pay in that capacity. In 1798, the terrible year of the Irish rebellion, when the whole country was rife with treason, and no man could trust his fellow, amongst the various places in which the insurgents obtained a temporary success, the neighbourhood of Rathangan may be noted. The place was threatened with pillage. There were no regular troops who could be moved for its defence; the yeomanry were called out, but there was no one to command them. What was the reason of this mysterious defection of their leaders we have not been able to ascertain; but there are many causes by which it might be explained, even without supposing that there was an exhibition of the white feather. Many gentlemen of good family, besides the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitz Gerald, were involved in the rebellion, and it is possible that the sympathies of the officers may have been with those whom it was their duty to attack. Or, again, many who would have ridden boldly enough against a foreign foe, might have shrunk from *fleeing* their maiden swords in the bosoms of their countrymen.

But whatever may have been the reason, the fact remains. When the troop assembled, there was no one to lead them on. Doubtless there were some among the ranks who rejoiced in the absence of a commander, and who would soon have made it an excuse for dispersing.

But, fortunately, this alternative was not permitted them. Whilst the debate was still at its height the clergyman of the parish rode up, saying, like Richard the Second to the mob, after the death of Wat Tyler,—“I will be your leader.”

The man who has the courage and presence of mind to appeal boldly to the sympathies of a crowd, especially if they bear any semblance of discipline, seldom fails in carrying his point.

The proposal was received with a hearty cheer. “Sorra a place they would not follow his riverrince!”

Whether the pastor had any previous experience in giving point and edge, or whether his knowledge of military tactics was confined to his reminiscences of Cæsar and Xenophon, we cannot say. But he showed the way gloriously, was well supported by the “priest-led citizens,” routed the rebels, and saved the town.

When the danger was past and the rebellion had subsided, there was talk of appointing a new captain to the Rathangan troop. The yeomanry at once declared that they would never serve any other officer than the man who had already led them to victory. Those were times when gallantry was too valuable to be neglected, and enthusiasm in the right direction too uncommon to be snubbed. The government was pleased to receive favourably the suggestion of the Rathangan yeomanry. The gallant pastor was appointed captain—an office which he held until the day of his death.

Should occasion arise, we have no doubt that there are many clergymen, both in England and the Sister Isle, who would be quite ready to emulate the pastor of Rathangan, even though they do not come professedly within the pale of “muscular Christianity.”

H. V.

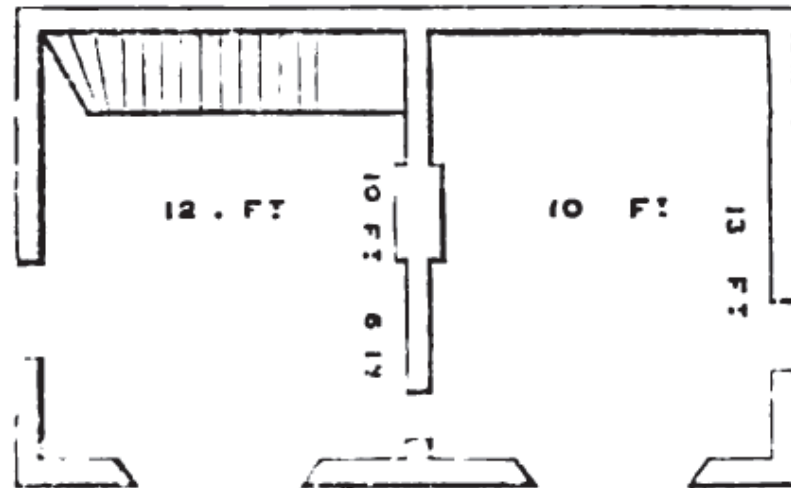
### ANA.

MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.—For no quality was this great man more remarkable than for self-possession in moments of difficulty and danger. One day, when engaged in animated conversation with the Peishwa upon questions affecting the administration of his dominions, the latter advanced a statement which seemed to Mr. Elphinstone at variance with the facts. “That’s a lie,” quietly replied the imperturbable Scotchman, in the simplest and plainest Hindostanee, and without moving a muscle of his face or a nerve of his body, and continuing to pull to pieces a rose which he had in his hand, just as if nothing had happened. The Guards of the Peishwa stood by, fully armed, and ready to fall on Mr. Elphinstone and his secretary, Mr. Russell, at the slightest signal from their master. But they and their master were cowed and fairly quailed by the intrepid bearing and calm indifference of “our great Indian administrator,” and the Peishwa was forced to “pocket the affront” in silence.



## COST OF COTTAGES.

I AM requested, by persons anxious to improve the abodes of the labouring-class, to explain the particulars of such a cottage as can be built in Westmoreland for 60*l*. I have therefore obtained from the experienced builder whom I quoted before—Mr. Arthur Jackson—a plan and estimate of the cottage he would build on receiving such an order.



By the plan it will be seen that there is a fair-sized front-room, a kitchen, and two bed-rooms above, all having fire-places, by the chimney running up the middle of the house. The walls are two feet thick, the windows large, and the ventilation ample. There is, however, no out-door accommodation; and a pump and sink cannot be afforded for the money. The items of cost are these, “walling,” comprehending the entire building, and paving, and all the stones of the walls :

Walling . . . . .	£23 0 0
Plastering . . . . .	7 0 0
Slating . . . . .	10 0 0
Carpenter's work, which includes the entire fitting up of the in- terior . . . . .	20 0 0
	<hr/>
	£60 0 0

While giving these particulars, and showing that separate lodging-rooms can be provided for a rent of 3*l*. 10*s*., I must explain that I do not recommend this kind of cottage as anything especially good in itself. If I built a dwelling of four rooms, I should certainly afford the requisite out-door accommodation and a proper water-supply at home. When the women have to go up the hill for a tubful of water, or with pails to some distant

pump, the family at home never have enough for all purposes of cleanliness, and the fatigue of the fetching and carrying is out of all proportion to the supply obtained. Mr. Jackson says, however, that he could afford both kinds of accommodation if a row of half-a-dozen dwellings was in question. A well and pump for common use would, in that case, be provided in the rear.

Harriet Martineau.



MACAULAYANA. — Notwithstanding Macaulay's reputation for conversational power, he appears to have uttered few *bon mots*, to have made few conversational *points* which are repeated and remembered. One of the very few good stories current of him is the following. It is said that he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. — "Desdemona," said the lady. — "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."

LORD MACAULAY'S MEMORY. — The late Lord Macaulay's memory was perfectly astounding. At a friend's house, not very many months ago, he was quoting in rapid succession long passages from the ballads of the northern counties of England. On being asked by one of the party where he had obtained such stores of poetic lore, he replied that he had spent a great part of one of his long vacations whilst at Cambridge in the North of England, and had taken that opportunity of traversing Cumberland and Northumberland on foot, entering the cottages of the poor people, and sitting down in their chimney-corners to chat; and that he made it a point not to leave a cottage without extracting from each good woman some story or legend, in prose or in poetry, which he carefully recorded day by day. He added, that he did not know where this store of folk-lore now was, but added that it would probably turn up amongst his papers some day or other. We trust that his executors will now remember the hint, and do their best to exhume the buried treasure.



## THE RURAL LABOURER.

## HIS HEALTH.

IF there were such a person as a youth of the working-class who considered bodily health the greatest of all blessings, so that it should be the main object in life, he would choose to be a rural labourer. It has always been supposed that a life spent in the open air, in full exercise, among pleasant objects, and without care must be the very best for health and long life. The peasantry of England, that "bold peasantry, their country's pride," has been traditionally considered a class favoured by God and man, dwelling amidst the most charming scenes of life, and exempt from its wearing cares.

There must have been, according to our modern notions of welfare and comfort, many drawbacks on such a condition, even in the times most favourable to rural labourers; and there has been a long period during which it would have been a mere mockery to describe the ploughman or hedger as a favourite of Nature or society. Yet it has been true, throughout the dreary period of his depression, that he had as good a chance of health and long life (supposing him sober and prudent), as any other working-man, and better than almost any other. Other things being equal, he ought to live eight years longer than men employed in some dozen of occupations which might be pointed out. The deaths in his class, in the vigour of their years, is nine in the thousand, yearly; whereas the mortality of dwellers in unhealthy cities is, at the same time of life, twelve in the thousand; while the mortality of persons of all ages in the healthiest parts of England, is seventeen in the thousand.

It is true, these facts are taken from the best specimens; that is, from members of some sort of Friendly Society; and, therefore, to a certain degree, enlightened, sober, and prudent; but still, the advantages of the occupation are so unquestionable that we might expect beforehand that agricultural labourers would have less to do with the doctor than men of perhaps any other calling.

Yet it is a common thing for residents in villages and rural places to see bent old men shuffling along, or to meet one hobbling between two sticks, or to hear from behind the hedge the young man's cough, which tells to the experienced ear that he will never draw a full, free breath again. It is a common thing in country houses to hear of some young girl taken into the kitchen to train, or some boy for whom employment is made about the premises, because the father has died untimely, and the widow is left with so many children that neighbours must help, if they are to be kept off the rates. Sometimes it is fever that has done the mischief—fever which carries off those who can least be spared, and makes more orphans than any war we have ever been engaged in. Sometimes it is brain disease, or exhaustion from drink (a very strange sort of drink). In cider countries, it may be from colic, or stone, or some form of violent indigestion. In a marshy country, it may be from a long course of agues, or an obstinate dysentery. Too often it is from actual starvation, though the symptoms

may be taken for the real cause, and various names of diseases may be given to as many cases which ought never to have occurred at all. It is quite natural that thinkers, meditating in their libraries, should decide that rural labourers must be the healthiest of mankind: but the country gentleman, abroad in the fields, and at the Board of Guardians, may easily doubt whether there are more piteous cases of sickness and death among the poor in manufacturing towns, than in his district of merry England.

If we review the life of any rural labourer who has reached old age, in order to see what his life has been like, we must necessarily dwell upon the most unfavourable period for that class known in our whole history—the period before the repeal of the Corn Laws. When we see how bad it was, we must comfort ourselves with the thought that it is over, and that, if ever men might anticipate "a good time coming" for any class, we may now for our peasantry. The evils of former adversity have not yet passed away; and that is the chief reason why we should carefully bear them in mind: but, though thousands of labouring men die every year who ought to live for many years longer, we see that the next generation must have a much better chance of fulfilling their natural term of life.

Let us see what has been the career of a labourer of the best order, as labourers were fifty years ago. The grass has not yet grown on his grave; and he worked to the latest day that he could hold spade or bill-hook; so that he is no obsolete specimen, but a man of the time, and an example of his calling. He shall be a good man, and an apt labourer; and his wife shall be a good woman, dutiful and housewifely; and their children such as might be expected from such parents. They shall live in an agricultural county where wealthy men's estates almost join for an extent of many miles, and where, therefore, there is understood to be employment for every working man, woman, and child.

In John's young days nobody questioned the luck of the rural labourer, who was provided for, if any man was. Those were the days of agricultural prosperity, when the farmers made a sudden start, and grew grand in their way of living, and when their landlords got high rents, while there was famine in the towns. Farm-labourers had low wages, because the Poor Law pressed heavily upon the farmers; but every hedger and ditcher was sure of a maintenance in one way or another. If wages failed, he could demand a subsistence; and then his wages would be paid out of the rate.

In times like these John arrived at that memorable day in the life of a boy—the day of first going out to work for wages. He was but seven; but he felt like a little man—and very properly. He was a bird-keeper first; and after a time he watched the cattle and the poultry, and got in the turnips for the beasts, and helped in the potato and bean planting. His work hours were as long as his father's; from eight till four in midwinter, and from six to six in summer. His wages rose from 9d. a week to 1s. 6d. while at this light kind of work. He must have been a strong boy; for at eleven years old he began to lead horses at



plough, earning 2s. 6d. a week; and at fifteen he could hold the plough itself, and drive the team, and began to mow, and to help in the harvest field, earning then 4s. a week. As he became a rather tall man, and a hearty worker, his growth could not have been checked by either labour or want. His mother said his food cost half-a-crown a week; and so it ought, as he earned it, and wanted it for his growth. At the then price of bread, he could not make out with less than eighteen pennyworth; and the other shilling paid for potatoes, butter or cheese, milk, and afterwards tea; together with his share of the bacon from his father's pig, and some occasional cabbages from the garden. He earned his bacon and greens, his father said, by his help in the garden at over hours.

Long before he was twenty he was earning men's wages: that is, 9s. a week, with occasional opportunities of making more. He must have found or made many such opportunities; for he had laid by largely when he married at five-and-twenty. His parents had favoured him as much as they could; for they were proud of him, and he was in every way a credit to them. The young woman he married was a fit partner for him. She had laid by money in service, and had gained friends there; so that it was a prosperous and promising marriage. Neither John nor Susan had any learning. Neither could read; but both were lively and intelligent. They had 50*l.* laid by when they determined to marry: and, as John was not in the least likely to come upon the rate, he was chosen for superior and well-paid work such as is carefully kept out of the hands of pauper labourers. They took a cottage of four rooms at 3*l.* a year, and a garden at a separate rent, large enough to grow potatoes and cabbages for themselves and the pig, even after the house was full of children. For the greater part of his life, from the day he entered this cottage, John paid poor-rate. It was with him a matter of conscience and of pride; and it was a dark day to him when at last he was obliged to give it up; and a darker still when he came upon the rate himself. He thought it hard, after his course of honest toil; but there were his wife and idiot daughter to be considered; and there was no help for it. This, however, did not happen till a dozen years ago.

After his marriage, the complaints of agricultural distress became more frequent and more bitter. Few townspeople believed the truth of them, seeing what a dash the farmers cut at intervals, and what regular grumblers they were; but the thing was true enough, as John could have borne witness, though he could not have explained the reason.

He was better off than most of his class; for he worked on the estate of a nobleman who knew him by name and valued him, and his father before him: but the agent must do as others did; and as times grew bad, he retrenched labour and wages. It was well understood that families could not exist on what they earned or received from the parish; and private charity was nearly driven out by the operation of the Poor Law.

How, then, did they live? Nearly all were in

debt to the shop, and held out for a time on credit. A more important resource was poaching. It is not my present business to describe the state of society as it then was. I mention the poaching to account for whole families not being starved when they had no sufficient income to support them. Sometimes they ate, in haste and secrecy, the hare or rabbits they obtained; and oftener they sold the game they got on winter nights to the agents of London poulterers, gaining more money on a Saturday night than by the whole week's toil of the entire family.

John was never tempted by practices of this kind. He was far above them. As his family came on fast, and earnings diminished, he worked harder. That his children should go to school he was resolved, for he felt the disadvantage of being unable to read and write: and to school they went—the elder ones, and for as long as he could manage it.

Before he had been married eight years, the trouble of sickness entered his home.

During his wife's fifth confinement, when he could not afford such attendance as at first, a sad accident happened. The eldest child, seven, was taking care of three little ones before the door, when one of the boys, in rough play, laid her head open with a shovel. A long illness followed, and she grew up an idiot.

By degrees, the money store in the bank all drained away; and then John was not so comfortably dressed as formerly. He could not change his clothes when wet, and went ill shod to his work. His feet were often wet all day; and he had not always dry ones at home. He had never been taught the mischief of sleeping in his day-shirt and flannel waistcoat, and had a notion of its being somehow a wholesome proceeding. When his wife became overtaken with her large family, and the washing was a heavy business, John spared too much in clean shirts. He began to feel changes of weather "in all his bones," as he said; and his work became less easy to him in cold and damp seasons.

At the same time, the domestic table fell off in quality. For several years there had always been a goodly dish of meat on Sundays, baked in a dishful of potatoes; and two or three times a week there had been pies or meat-dumplings, made from the cheaper parts of the carcase of ox or sheep, timely spoken from the butcher; or, very frequently, a dinner of "fry" when a neighbouring pig was killed, obtained by exchange for vegetables, or an hour's jobbing in some garden or at some fence.

As times grew worse, there was less and less of all this; and bacon became the only meat ever seen on the table, except in pig-killing week. Every effort was made to feed the growing children, body and mind. John denied himself the help in the field of one boy for nine years, which were given to schooling. It was not his fault that the self-denial was nearly useless. At the end of nine years the lad could not do more than "read a chapter" in a way half-intelligible to himself, and not at all intelligible to his eager parents, and just scrawl a letter in large, ill-spelt, ill-chosen words. The other boy



was necessarily called off very early from his studies, and never could read at all. He was the better workman, though the "scholar" of the family did not want wit. The fault lay in the quality of the school.

The younger boy had the advantage of his father's talk and instruction as he helped him in hedge, ditch, or furrow; and this was better than doing nothing at school. As to the instruction, the boy grew up handy and diligent; and, though too fond of money, able and willing to soften his parents' hard lot. As to the father's talk—it was not what it had been. He was careworn: he was growing rheumatic, and lost sleep by the pain: he had no longer the flow of spirits of a hearty, well-fed, open-air labourer. His wife, too, was wearing down. Their minds grew contracted; and that feebleness of thought and feeling began to appear which is one consequence of overwork and under-feeding.

But how blessed was their state, even now, in comparison with that of many—even with most—of their neighbours! They themselves were neither unaware of this, nor unthankful for it, nor proud of their superiority. Every winter some cottage household was left desolate by the father or brother being carried off to jail for poaching, or carried to the grave, slain in the woods by keepers' guns. All the year round there were wives and mothers hanging round the beer-shop or ale-house at midnight, trying in vain to get at the sots within to take them home. The doors were closed; and within were the victims, lying on or under the benches stupified by something else than beer. It would be a painful, but a useful thing to know how many rural labourers die in a year of the drugged beer so familiar to residents in some of our agricultural counties. In the morning the victims are stupid, headachy, sick, and powerless for work. Their limbs grow shaky, their tempers violent, and their ideas confused, till some attack of brain or stomach carries them off, or they sink into a state of weakness and folly, and they are reported dead of "fits," or "cholera," or "decline." John and his sons have escaped these dangers by being honest and sober men. Yet there were persons—not the wisest and best certainly—but well-meaning neighbours, who asked, when seeing John's funeral go by, how far he had been better off than his neighbours for his pride and honour, and his abstemious ways. He used himself to doubt whether either of his sons would ever be the stout man he once was: and neighbours then also asked one another how John was the better at sixty for having been such a stout fellow at twenty.

At sixty John was indeed sadly bent, and tremulous, and deaf. It was surprising that he could do such excellent work still with so feeble-looking a frame. He well earned his nine shillings a week, which was as much as any man of his class, except a few herdsmen and teamsters, was able to get. Some of the children had died young, two daughters (the third was the imbecile one) were supporting themselves, and the two sons were barely living on a precarious nine shillings a week in the same district. They were always welcome to a dinner at their father's, when out of work, as long as

there was anything to set on the table: but it became a question, at one time, whether there would still be enough for the three poor creatures at home.

The estates changed hands; and a young man succeeded to them who had more power over human welfare than is often consigned to a man of his years. His own wants, however, were paramount in his mind and heart,—the bottomless needs of a man of pleasure. So he wrote to his agent that it seemed to him that John and two others must now be above sixty years of age, and therefore somewhat past their work; and his positive orders were that their wages should be reduced to six shillings a week. It strikes one that the young man and the old must both have heard with very vivid feelings that passage read in church, from the Epistle of James, about the rich man and the hire of their labourers. It is true, John was so deaf that for a time there was no instruction for him at church,—unable either to hear or read: but somebody gave him an ear-trumpet; and he cried through the whole service the first time he used it. One would like to know that the young landlord cried through the whole service after hearing that passage in the Epistle of James.

Before long the young man died, as such unprofitable servants of society often do,—untimely in every way. The wages of the three old men were immediately raised to what they were before. But it was too late for John,—except as a pleasure. For a time he tried to work three days in a week; and there was nothing for it but accepting an allowance from the parish. Then it came to two days in a week; and then to half-days. His children did what they could; and the old couple never actually wanted food and clothes in their latter days. But their long toil and hardship and anxiety had caused them sore ailments of body and mind. Their minds were narrow and weak to a degree which made it incredible that they were the same couple that had begun life so cheerily. They had no new knowledge, no conversation, no interests beyond the care of getting bread. Both had miserable nerves, as under-fed and anxious people always have; and John's deafness and his wife's weakness shut them up within themselves. At last, old Susan was undeniably childish; and one day, John sank his head upon his breast, was carried to his bed, and died,—a martyr to rheumatism, as the common talk has it.

Such was the life of the best sort of agricultural labourer in the first half of the nineteenth century. It is so painful and humiliating that it might not be justifiable to exhibit it, if it were not for one of two objects,—either to record a past state of society, or to obtain a reform of an existing one. I have had both these objects in view. There is much reform needed, at this moment, in the treatment of agricultural labourers, before their lot can at all answer to the conception of it as one of the healthiest and happiest of vocations: and, on the other hand, we all believe it impossible that the condition of the labourer should ever retrogress to what it has been.

His vocation is now becoming one of skilled labour; and his qualifications and his wages must



both rise. For clodpoles we shall henceforth have agricultural operatives, working by machinery, and paid according to their intelligence and skill. We see this happening already, and more and more extensively every year. We see prizes won,—not so much now for sparing the rates, but for superior skill in the arts of agriculture, and for success in the accomplishments of horticulture. We see leisure hours and spare pennies spent in floricultural rivalry, instead of at the public-house. We see men of John's order manifesting his virtues, with a fairer course before them.

Under such improved circumstances the health and longevity of the class must steadily and rapidly improve. Still, we shall have to go on registering unnecessary deaths, and grieving over unnecessary misery from year to year, while our peasantry have not habitations admitting of health, comfort, and decency, and while they are kept ignorant of the knowledge, and untrained in the habits, by which men's health and life are put, as it were, into their own hands. Whenever this duty of rich men to the labourers who have tilled their fields is done, the lot of the peasant may again become what it once was, and more deservedly than ever,—the cheerful theme of the poet and the moralist.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

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## OUR OLD ENEMY.

He has been our great national enemy from time out of mind. He seems to delight in giving I evidences of his bitter stinging enmity. When once he commences his hostile attacks, you may be well assured that his malignant influence will be exercised for a very long and painful period of time. The mischief he effects is enormous: and no efforts of philosophical or statistical cal-



culatation can be ever made to bear upon the amount of evil, moral or physical, commercial or political, which may be reasonably laid to his baneful effects. He was one of the most active agents in bringing about one of the greatest, perhaps *the* greatest humiliation, which our national pride ever sustained; when, in June, 1667, the Dutch fleet menaced the Thames, almost unopposed, took Sheerness, sailed up the Medway victoriously, burned the greater part of the vaunted wooden walls of Old England, domineered in British harbours, and struck a deadly blow of terror at the heart of the very capital itself. He did his malicious work well during that event, and played the game of our foes with triumphant malignity. Other influences may certainly have been to blame, on this disastrous occasion, in the production of such a great national humiliation—the niggardly parsimony of the Court in all that concerned the truest interests of the country—the incapacity of its favourites—the general corruption and weakness of the times. But our bitter old enemy had much to do with it, notwithstanding.

Unfortunately, we have no power of withstanding his attacks. No Commissions, no Courts of Inquiry, no opposition exposure of abuses, no fulminating letters in “*The Times*,” can open our eyes to defects in our systems, the removal of which can render us more powerful against the old enemy, can teach us how to husband our resources so as to meet him with more vigour of resistance, or demonstrate the means of parrying more successfully his deadly onslaughts.

He is resistless. When it is his will to charge down upon us in all his strength, a nation succumbs before him. Nothing is left us but resignation and a hope of better days.

When that great questionable French philosopher, Voltaire, first visited England—young then, but yet already great—he discovered our old enemy at once: he found him at his tricks upon his very arrival on our shores. He tells us this fact in a letter, which is very little known among his voluminous works, but which we are disposed to quote, with all its little national errors, and national exaggerations, as characteristic of the celebrated man; at the same time that it is illustrative of the effect made by the visible influence of our old enemy, upon a foreigner, who gives himself the air of having made an important discovery in detecting his malignant agency. Voltaire professed to love England as the land of supreme liberty (even in those days), when contrasted with the wretched condition of his own aristocracy and Jesuit-burdened country. But his real or affected enthusiasm for England and the English could not prevent the Frenchman from using his powers of wit and satire, whenever a favourable opportunity offered itself, to turn into ridicule those for whom he loudly expressed his admiration, and among whom he found for three years a refuge. With all his vaunted enthusiasm he was still a Frenchman at heart; and a little national rancour was balsam to his wounded spirit. Less characteristic in this respect, perhaps, than many other of his *Lettres Anglaises*, the above-mentioned letter, however, in which he makes his

important discovery of the tricks of our old enemy, contains many traits of that satirical exaggeration of prepossessed notions about England, which has so often evidenced itself even in our days, when, so late as the year 1851, a distinguished French journalist assured his readers, that on the night of his arrival in London he had the pleasure of witnessing a pugilistic combat between several young lords and old watchmen! Still, below all its high colouring, lies a sketch of truth, depicting the power of our old enemy.

After telling his friends that, having reached London in the middle of spring, "when the west wind was blowing softly," he had paid a visit to Greenwich, where he had seen the King and Queen in their gilded barge, and many ladies and gentlemen on horseback, all looking as charming and gay as if they were in *la belle France*, he writes as follows:

"I was fortunate enough to find amidst the crowd several commercial men, for whom I had letters of recommendation. These gentlemen did the honours of the day to me with the eagerness and cordiality of men who, in the full satisfaction of their own joy, are anxious to communicate the same feelings to others. They sent for a horse for me, offered me refreshments, and took care to place me in a position where I could best see the humours of the holiday crowd, and the view of the river, with London in the distance. I could have fancied myself transported to the Olympian games, had not the crowd of vessels, the beauty of the Thames, and the immensity of the city of London, made me blush to think of comparing ancient Greece to England, as I saw it before my eyes.

"A state messenger, fresh from Denmark, made my acquaintance during the festivities. He was overwhelmed with astonishment and delight. He departed in the belief that the English nation was the gayest in the world; that its women were all beautiful, all full of vivacity; that the sky of England was always pure and serene; that pleasure was the only thought of the country, and that every day was like the day he saw. He actually departed without being undeceived.

"Well! the next day I presented myself in the city, in order to find some of the gentlemen who had done me the honours with so much cordiality at my fancied Olympian games. In a dirty *café*, ill-furnished, ill-lighted, and ill-served, I found several of the very men who, the previous day, had evinced so much affability and jovial humour. Not one of them seemed to recognise me. I ventured on conversation with some among them; but I got no answer, or, at the best, only a 'yes' or a 'no.' I imagined I must have somehow offended them the day before; and I did my best to try to recollect whether I had given the preference to Lyons silk over their own, or declared that French cookery was superior to English, or expressed an opinion that Paris was a more agreeable city than London, and that people enjoyed themselves more at the Court of Versailles than at the Court of St. James, or committed any other similar error.

But having fully acquitted myself of any of the kind, I took the liberty of asking one

of them, with a vivacity which seemed to astonish him mightily, why they were all so sad. My man simply replied, with a sulky air, that it was an EAST WIND. One of their friends came in at the moment, and told them, with an air of cool indifference, that Molly had cut her throat that morning, and that her sweetheart had found her dead in her room with a bloody razor by her side. Poor Molly appears to have been a beautiful girl, who was on the point of being married to the man of her choice. All the gentlemen, who seemed to have known her well, received the news without emotion. For my own part, horrified as I was at so strange a catastrophe, and at the indifference displayed, I could not refrain from inquiring what could possibly have induced a poor girl, to all appearance so happy in her lot, to take away her own life thus cruelly. The only answer I got was, that it was an EAST WIND. At first I could not, for the life of me, comprehend what the east wind could have to do with the gloomy air of all these men, or the poor girl's suicide. I hastened away from so unpropitious a spot, and walked off to the Court end of the town, full of that pleasant French prejudice, that a Court must be the seat of gaiety and pleasure. But here again everything looked melancholy and morose. The very court ladies themselves were cold, stiff, and uncharitable in their discourse. For the most part, they only talked in sad strain of the EAST WIND. I thought of my Danish friend of the previous day, and was inclined to laugh at the erroneous idea of England he had carried off with him. But, to my astonishment, I could not laugh. I was a victim to the influence of the EAST WIND. One of the celebrated physicians of the Court, to whom I expressed my surprise, told me that what I had seen was nothing to what I should see in the months of November and March,—that people then hanged themselves by dozens, and melancholy pervaded the nation.

"'Those are the seasons of the year,' said he, 'when the East Wind is constantly blowing. That wind is the evil genius of our island. The very beasts suffer from it, and hang their heads in despair. Those who are sufficiently robust to preserve their health during the prevalence of this accursed wind, at least lose their temper. Everybody wears a sullen face; and the minds of men are predisposed to the most desperate resolutions. It is an absolute fact, that it was during an east wind that Charles I. was decapitated, and James II. dethroned.' 'If you have any favour to ask at Court,' he added, in my ear, 'never try your luck, except when the wind is in the west or in the south.'"

This said quizzing Voltaire of our old enemy. But he was true even in caricature. The enemy was at his deadly work in the time of Voltaire: he was so long centuries before: he is so still. What are our best means of combating our adversary? A recognition of his power,—a steady consciousness that it is he, and he alone, who is in reality the cause of our melancholy, our irritability, our mental and physical depression, during his malignant reign, and not any of the other causes he persuades us to imagine—but, above all, patience! J. PALGRAVE SMITH.



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## YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST.

"CONFOUND the Ancients!" exclaimed Puff, in "The Critic," "they've stolen all my best thoughts." Let us only look back far enough, and we shall find that those who are ready to assist us in the tinkering of our Constitution, have also reason to complain of the pilfering propensities of their forefathers. There is, indeed, nothing new under the sun! Universal suffrage is as old as the Saxons; annual Parliaments date nearly as far back. A rate-paying franchise existed before the battle of Agincourt; and County Court judges sate and dispensed cheap law when Alfred the Great was king. The elements of our pet system of Reformatories even may be traced amongst the crumbling dust of ruined monasteries. The advance of civilisation has produced many novel details for legislation; but in nearly every instance, when we come to reform the *system* of our Government or law, we do not make a new model; we merely scrape away the corruption of the Middle Ages, which has defaced the old one invented by our sturdy Saxon ancestry.

England is at one and the same time the most liberal and the most conservative of nations. We stretch forward one hand to grasp a reform, and grope behind our backs with the other to find a precedent. No people hugs its old customs, its ancient likes and dislikes, so closely as the English. Are we wrong, then, in supposing at this juncture, when all classes are so anxiously discussing what is to be the extent of the parliamentary franchise in the future, that a sketch of it, as it existed in the past, long before the memory of our friend Mr. Minkinshaw,\* may not be devoid of interest to our readers?

Hallam lays it down that there are four different theories as to the ancient right of voting. He says: "1. The original right, as enjoyed by boroughs represented in the Parliaments of Edward I., and all of later creation, where one of a different nature has not been expressed in the charter from which they derive the privilege, was in the inhabitant householders resident in the borough, and paying scot and lot—by those words including local rates, and probably general taxes. 2. The right sprung from the tenure of certain freehold lands, or burgesses, within the borough, and did not belong to any but such tenants. 3. The right derived from charters of incorporation, and belonging to the community or freemen of the corporate body. 4. A right not extending to the generality of freemen, but limited to the governing part, or municipal magistracy." The third of these, as regards the *original* parliamentary boroughs and many enfranchised by the successors of Edward I., was clearly an usurpation; and the fourth was a further usurpation upon it—an abuse upon an abuse—as repugnant to a Constitutionalist as colour blazoned upon colour would be to a herald.

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\* See page 170, No. 34.

The early parliaments were merely the successors of the old "mickle gemot," or Council of the Saxons; and we shall learn by whom its members were elected, from the following translation of the preamble of an ancient institute: "Withred, the King of Canterbury, in the fifth year of his reign, and the sixth day of August, in a place called Berghamstye, gathered the principal people to Council: there were there all the clergy, and the *herdsfolk*, when the chiefs and the *congregation* established these laws."

In the oldest writs of election now procurable, there is contained no limitation of the franchise. As time wore on, the people no longer attended the Council in a body, but they all had a voice in the election of the delegate who was to represent them there. The following is a translation of a writ of election for the county of Kent, issued in the twelfth year of Henry IV.: "This Indenture made at Canterbury, on Monday the next before the Feast of the Apostles Simon and Jude, next following after the receipt of the writ of the lord the king annexed to this Indenture. Between JOHN DARREL, Sheriff of the said county, and R. C., V. B., J. B., J. D., I. L., W. L., &c., who to choose knights and citizens for the Parliament of the lord the king, to be holden at Westminster on the morrow of All Souls that next shall be, were empowered by virtue of the writ of the same the lord the king, in this behalf, addressed to the same sheriff, by the assent of *all that county*, have chosen REGINALD PYMPE and WILLIAM NOTABEN, knights for the *community* of the aforesaid county; WILLIAM HINCKMAN and WILLIAM ROE, citizens, for the *community* of the City of Canterbury; ROGER LANGFORD and JOHN EVERARD, citizens, for the *community* of the City of Rochester. In Witness, &c." (Here follow the signatures.) Something very like Universal Suffrage prevailed, then, in those times, every one but the *serfs* having a vote. Indeed, the statute of Henry VI., which limits the right of voting in *counties* to freeholders of forty shillings a-year, acknowledges as much in its preamble, which recites: "Whereas, the election of knights of shires to come to Parliament of our lord the king in many counties of the realm of England have now of late been made by very great outrageous and excessive numbers of people dwelling within the same counties, of the which most part was people of small substance and no value, *whereof every one of them pretended a voice* equivalent as to such election to be made with the most worthy knights and esquires dwelling within the same counties, whereby manslaughter, riots, batteries, and divisions among the gentlemen and other people of the same counties shall (observe the caution of this) *very likely* arise and be, unless convenient and due remedy be provided: Be it enacted, &c."

Not a word is there to be found in ancient writs of the franchise being vested in municipal corporations. In Rochester and Canterbury the right remained in the freemen at large; but in the boroughs of Wilton and Devizes, which are mentioned in a writ for the county of Wilts, issued in the reign of Henry the Fifth, in precisely the same terms that we have quoted respecting the two former cities in the writ for Kent—the fran-

chise was usurped by a mayor, recorder, five aldermen, three capital burgesses, and eleven common councilmen in the former; and by a mayor, recorder, ten magistrates, and twenty-four common councilmen in the latter.

Many places had writs issued to them in one reign, and were unrepresented in another; and then summoned to elect members in a third—the new charter directing the manner in which the election was to be held. Devizes was made a parliamentary borough in the 23rd year of Edward the First. It was discontinued as such, in the 20th of Edward the Second; and restored to its former position in the 4th of Edward the Third. Since then, down to the year 1832, it returned members to Parliament; but the process under which the corporation usurped the franchise, is shrouded in mystery. No writ subsequent to the one we have mentioned, granting the right of election to a class, could disfranchise those in whom it was originally vested; for, says Lord Coke, "if the king newly incorporate an ancient borough, which before sent burgesses to Parliament, and granteth that certain selected burgesses shall make election of the burgesses of Parliament, where all the burgesses elected before—*this charter taketh not away the election of the other burgesses*. And so, if a city or borough hath power to make ordinances, they cannot make an ordinance that a less number shall elect burgesses for the Parliament, than made the election before; for free elections of members of the High Court of Parliament are 'pro bono publico,' and not to be compared to other cases of election of mayors, bailiffs, &c., of corporations." Hear this, Mr. Bright!

But the corporations *did* monopolise the franchise and make ordinances in defiance of all law, and what happened at Devizes happened to scores of other boroughs throughout the kingdom. In the populous city of Bath, which has sent members to Parliament ever since there was a Parliament to send them to, the franchise was usurped by a self-elected corporation of eighteen persons, mostly doctors! Andover, Portsmouth, Salisbury, and Winchester were in a similar predicament.

Very early in our history—even when Parliament was a mere machine for taxing the country—the position of a member was an object of ambition and of bribery. As the power of the legislature increased, and political parties were formed, contests for the office of "Parliament man" became spirited and frequent, the issue not being confined, as at present, to what candidate should be elected, but involving intricate questions as to the right of voting, and the due appointment of the returning officer. Thus there was frequently a double return for a borough. The mayor would assume the post of returning officer, and a candidate chosen by the corporation would be elected. The bailiff of the lord of the manor, or some rival functionary, would also claim to make the return, and another candidate who had received the suffrages of the householders, or other class claiming to possess the franchise, would be sent to Parliament. The House of Commons, as a body (not a committee of it, as at present), had to decide



which return was valid, and its judgment in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred was guided, not according to the rights and wrongs of the case (such considerations being quite out of place in the corrupt legislatures of our early Hanoverian monarchs), but by the politics of the competitors for senatorial honours, and the good things which a subservient member could command from the ministry he served. So, if a Tory corporation made a return when Harley held the helm of State, and with false compass steered to pick up the king "over the water," the chances were that the franchise would be held to be in the Jacobite mayor, aldermen, and common council; that the bailiff was an imprudent impostor, and that the Whig householders had no voice in the election. A return made by the same authorities in the days of Walpole would have been very rapidly disposed of. It would be held that the householders, and no one but the householders, had the right of voting—provided they sent the ministerial candidates to Westminster. The mayor would be snubbed, and made to give way to the bailiff, who would be installed as the lawful returning officer—so long as he returned a Whig! The Cabinet and the Opposition mustered their forces at the trial (?) of an election petition, as though some important principle of State-craft were in question; and if the ministerial nominee was not declared duly elected, it was a broad hint to his patrons that their reign was over. The fall of Sir Robert Walpole was completed by an adverse majority of one in a disputed return for the borough of Chippenham!

Thus the most hopeless confusion and uncertainty reigned in the boroughs as to the true nature of their franchise. The journals of the House of Commons contain five contradictory resolutions respecting the right of voting in Dorchester, and in other places equal uncertainty prevailed. There was no fixed principle of voting. Hardly any two boroughs had precisely the same franchise. In one it was vested in the corporation alone—in another in the corporation and a select number of burgesses. In a third it was held by all householders. In a fourth the pot-wallers were entitled to it. The holders of burgage tenures formed the electoral body in a fifth. The freemen, including in one instance the husbands of the daughters of freemen, in a sixth.\* The payers of scot and lot in a seventh; and in an eighth, two or more of the foregoing qualifications in combination, gave the right of voting. The boroughs knew what they were, but could not guess what they might become, when a change of Ministry reversed the position of parties. What they *had been* formed no precedent for the future, until, in the year 1729, an Act of Parliament was

passed, making the last decision of the House of Commons final—no matter how corrupt or wrong that decision might have been.

Thus was the nature of the franchise fixed; but at every contested election vehement disputes arose as to who were entitled to exercise it. It was vested in the freemen—it was vested in the pot-wallers: but who were freemen, pot-wallers, &c., &c.? There was at that time no register of electors, as at present, to be referred to as conclusive evidence of the right of individuals to vote. Loud and angry arguments took place at the polling-places, and conflicting and corrupt decisions were given in Parliament, until an Act, passed through the exertions of Mr. Grenville, taking the jurisdiction of trying election petitions from the House at large, and vesting it in a committee of its members, caused disputed returns to be a little more fairly dealt with.

I will now shortly sketch the nature of the franchises already mentioned. The corporations I have alluded to were the old municipalities—those utterly effete and corrupt communities which were swept away by the Municipal Corporations Act. They were, for the most part, self elected, and when associated with the "freemen" in the enjoyment of the franchise, were naturally desirous that the number of those entitled to share with them the profits of an election should be as few as decency would permit. They contended that they alone had the right of making freemen, and they made them only by interest or compulsion. It was frequently asserted on the other hand, that all resident householders, paying scot and lot for a year and a day, were *freemen*, and entitled to vote at the election of members for Parliament. A great contest took place upon this question in the borough of Rye. One committee decided for the inhabitants, and another (upon appeal) for the corporation; and so the franchise remained in the hands of the latter, and those whom they chose to admit—in all about forty-seven individuals—down to the passing of the Reform Bill. Until the right of voting was taken away from revenue and other Government officers, every "freeman" in this borough was in the service of either the Customs, the Excise, or the Post Office. Most of these situations were sinecures, and those who held them were paid by the nation to vote for the Minister. "Freedom" was generally acquired either by birth, apprenticeship, or purchase, and the "freemen," as a body, formed as corrupt a class as existed in the times of universal corruption.

A "pot-waller," or "pot-walloper," was one who had a right to boil a pot within the borough, and if he had possessed this right for six months preceding an election, and had not been in the receipt of parochial relief, he had a vote. Taunton was a pure pot-walling borough, and one of the most corrupt in the kingdom. It is only very recently that the pot-wallers there have been convinced that they are not entitled—as of right—to a sovereign a-head at every election!

The burgage-tenures which so puzzled Mr. Minckinsaw arose out of the division of the soil of England by the Saxons. The land was divided by lot; and its possessors, for purposes of protection and government, bound themselves to perform

\* This privilege was granted by Queen Anne to the people of Bristol, in requital of the hospitality which they had shown her husband, Prince George of Denmark. "She asked them," says the *Spectator*, "what privilege she should confer upon them, and they requested this privilege BECAUSE THEIR WOMEN WERE SO UGLY!" A lady who could confer a vote in a city where a contested election cost a thousand pounds a day, was not likely to die an old maid. I must add, however, that from personal observation I have come to the conclusion that my fellow-countrywomen on the banks of the Avon are no longer qualified for a renewal of this privilege in Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill.

certain services, not to any *individual*, but to the community; estates thus created were called *allodial* estates, or estates in *frank* or free pledge. As time wore on, some of the chief men disposed of part of their estates to others of lesser degree, who became their *vassals*; but the smallest allodial tenant was always a freeman. He was known in the Saxon tongue as a *borse-holder* (house-holder), from which we have the corruption *burgess* and *burgage*-holder. Gatton, Old Sarum, and Midhurst, were pure burgage tenure boroughs. In the first, there was a house and one voter; in the others there was neither house nor inhabitant. The manner in which voters were made and unmade in boroughs possessing this franchise, and also how scot and lot electors were manufactured and maintained, has appeared in a previous number.

In the year 1832, before the passing of the Reform Bill, the House of Commons elected under these franchises, consisted of 658 members, of whom 152 were returned by less than 100 voters

and 88 by less than 50 a-piece! Eighty-nine peers were patrons of 133 pocket-boroughs in the United Kingdom, returning 175 members. Sixty-five commoners had ninety-nine seats at their disposal in seventy boroughs, and thirty-nine members were nominated by self-elected corporations. The minister of the day had six boroughs returning nine members in all under his thumb. The Scotch counties—all under the domination of the lairds—sent thirty members. So that in the election of nearly four hundred members—more than half the House of Commons—the voice of the people of England was never heard.

Such was the state of the representation not thirty years ago! Who knows but that, upon the eve of a third Reform Bill, the editor of the Sixtieth Volume of "ONCE A WEEK," may accept an article from some author—now in his long clothes—finding quite as much to condemn in the new system we are about to found, as I have in that old one of which I now take my leave.

ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.



## THE STATESMAN.

## HIS HEALTH.

"THE health of the Statesman!" some may say.

"Well: the health of public men is of importance, certainly; but they constitute a scarcely appreciable element in the mortality of the country."

Estimated by mere number—by the list of dead statesmen within any fixed term of years—this is true. But the lives of other men are bound up in those of rulers, for safety or destruction. Not only may one minister cause the loss of thousands of men by war, and another save tens of thousands by domestic improvements; but the lot and life of a multitude of citizens depend on the length or shortness of the rule of a great minister,—that is to say on his living or dying. Not only, therefore, is it very interesting to study the chances and liabilities of the health of public men, but it is also highly important. So few statesmen who have long wielded power die exactly like other men, or might not have been expected to live longer than they do, or to die differently—that they are certainly not a class to be omitted in any sanitary studies, however small their numbers may be.

Our study must be of British statesmen, to answer any practical purpose. On the continent, hitherto, the work and the anxieties of rulers have been of a different kind from anything seen or understood in England. In despotic politics, the ministers are simply the servants of their sovereigns, charged with definite business of a certain kind and amount; and outside that business, having only to obey orders, and to bear all consequences of their acts in their own persons, in favour or disgrace at court. If they are the masters of their sovereigns, they become virtually sovereigns, and subject to the liabilities of that function.

In revolutionary government the administrators have abundance of anxiety and responsibility; but their term of office is short, and their course of action so empirical and precarious that their occupation is rather an accident in their lives than its main pursuit. The constitutional governments of the continent are too recent to afford types of statesmen under that *régime*.

In the United States, again, all political offices are held for a short time. Men may and do devote themselves to politics for life; but no man is in office for many years together, except in the legislature; and the parliamentary function occupies much less of time and thought where the legislature has jurisdiction over only five subjects, than in England, where the whole political structure and its workings are under the charge of parliament.

In America each sovereign State manages its own affairs, in so easy a style that there is hardly room for statesmanship; and the Government at Washington is concerned only with the few interests which belong to the States in federal union. Thus, though we may find there some illustrations of the effects of political life, we cannot reason from them to the effects of political life in

England, where the conditions are essentially different.

The conditions have changed very much in England, in course of centuries, and half and quarter centuries. When English Statesmen were responsible to the king or nobody, they lived a different life from their successors who had a parliament to manage, and from those more modern successors who are responsible to parliament in a fuller sense than at any former time. Ancient statesmen had an easier life of it—in all respects, perhaps, but that of dependence on the favour of the monarch. Modern statesmen have more wear and tear to endure, with less showy and more rare rewards, but not less substantial and heart-felt satisfactions. The anxieties to which they are subject are different from those of old times; and so are their maladies and modes of living and dying. It may, indeed be doubted whether the life of the British statesman of the nineteenth century has ever been lived in any former time or other country. The vocation is as peculiar as the character and function of the English aristocracy which usually furnishes the supply of statesmen.

Our public men who have risen to high office, being derived hitherto from the aristocracy, have had a classical education more or less thorough. They have passed through some one of our great schools, or perhaps from the training of a private tutor, to the University. Men of their quality of mind are sure to have done a great deal at college; for the idlers and mere pleasure seekers are not the stuff of which statesmen are made. Their studies are, to the real great men, a store of health, as well as capacity, laid by unconsciously to meet future needs, and ward off future dangers. In fostering and gratifying their love of classical lore, they were unawares obtaining that breadth of view, that depth of insight into human nature and affairs, that robustness of spirit which grows out of large experience of other than familiar modes of thought, and that serenity of intellect and temper which go far to secure a sound mind in a sound body. It is of immense importance to the orator to know the best oratory of other nations and ages: it gives an inexpressible charm to the utterance of a scholar that the philosophy and poetry of all times are breathing through his thought and speech: but there are richer blessings than these in high literary training. The ripe scholar, who is familiar with the life and thought of remote ages, and has nourished his mind upon the choice remains of their best men and best times, is too strong to be moved by transient influences which alarm and disconcert men who know nothing beyond their own time and circumstances. The superficially-educated public man, of whose quality much was seen in the successive revolutions in France, and a good deal is constantly seen in the United States, is easily agitated,—is always either suspicious or liable to surprise, and fluctuates in his views and purposes, unless he find a stand-point for some particular question on some clear ethical principle. He has no support beyond the men and the incidents immediately about him. On the other hand, the scholar is familiar with the principles of liberty in all their forms; he knows the inevitable



issues of despotism ; he possesses the convictions and the experience of various races and many ages, and reinforces his own mind by any amount that he may need of the immortal store laid up for us in Greek and Roman literature. Hence the calmness and dignity of a long series of great ministers in England, compared with the stolidity of the agents of Czars and Kaisers, or the screaming passion of revolutionary office-holders, or the big talk and solemn alarms, and petulant sensitiveness common in the Capitol at Washington.

Thus in early life have our great statesmen provided themselves for the future strife of political existence with inexhaustible supplies of calm and natural and elevating pleasure, and with an expansion of mind able to render them masters of most situations in which they can be placed ; or, at worst, masters of themselves in any position. When we have honoured the greatness of Lord Grey, carrying his Reform Bill through a political tempest almost unequalled in fierceness and duration, we follow him into his home and study. He must have been more or less chafed in the House, however calm was his bearing ; and now, alone, and deep in the night, he charms away his troubles before he sleeps with his Horace, or some other poet beloved in his youth. Pitt used to forget all cares of empire when he indulged for an hour in a play of Aristophanes, or when he and Canning read Lucan or recited Horace under the trees at Wimbledon. It was so with Fox under cares less creditable than those of state. When two friends followed him home, believing him in a suicidal mood from losses at play, and entered his study two minutes after him, they found him lying on his back on the hearth-rug,—not cutting his throat, but deep in an Ode of Horace. He had thrown off his coat, and taken up his book, and proved himself a robust man than his friends gave him credit for. It is true Pitt died broken-hearted ; but public affairs were never too much for him till he gave up the only chance of health by giving up temperance and prudence in his personal affairs. His debts worried him ; and port wine killed him. The habits of his class and time were against him. Pitt could bear everything before he was harassed by debt and weakened by the maladies which grow out of excess in wine. The account of Fox must be somewhat different. The wonder is, not that he died dropsical at fifty-seven, but that he lived so long in reckless habits of wine, play, and debt. In these men scholarship could have no more than an ameliorating effect. To see its true operation, we must study the fine examples which modern history presents of aged statesmen who have triumphed over care and irritation, and kept their freshness of mind and serenity of mood to the last.

Another consequence of our great statesmen being generally drawn from the aristocracy is, that they become early trained and inured to hard official life. The first step taken by any Pitt or Grenville, when a rising young man choosing a political career, was to go into parliament, and the next was to enter a public office in some working capacity. There were plenty of idlers, no doubt ; but, as I said before, I am now speaking only of the efficient men.

Their minds thus became familiarised with large affairs and with the diligent transaction of business, while their habits were early formed on the observances of political life ; on the work and hours of parliament, and the incessant application required by the administration of government. While the homely middle-class family was uneasy at being out of bed after ten or eleven o'clock, our public men formed the habit of taking their sleep when they could get it. Some appeared at places of public amusement after the House was up : some supped at their club : one, as we know, used to sit down by his own fire, with two or three new quarterlies and half a dozen pamphlets, and then and there empty all these into his own brain, and the contents of two full decanters into his own stomach ;—sometimes, we are told, not going to bed at all, but shaving and dressing for breakfast, and appearing in the law-courts, ready for business. It would perhaps be difficult to find three men in the whole nation who would not soon be killed, or driven mad, by such defiance of the laws of health. Nothing, of course, can justify it : but the lives of public men show us that the conditions of health range more widely than we are accustomed to suppose. One member of a recent cabinet cannot do his work unless he has eight hours of undisturbed sleep in the twenty-four ; while another can sleep, like Lord Clyde, anywhere and at any moment, and may never need more than five hours altogether. It may be doubted whether men's appetite for sleep does not differ as widely as their appetite for food. There can be no doubt, however, that the late hours of the modern House of Commons are a sin and a folly. Among the six hundred members there must be many who cannot suit their brains and nerves to such arbitrary arrangements as those which involve sittings after midnight. However convenient the practice may be for the dispatch of business, and however difficult it may now be to change it, the objection remains incontrovertible, that midnight debates are violations of the laws of the human constitution.

What are the special dangers to health of the class of statesmen, over and above those belonging to parliamentary life, with its irregular hours ?

Judging by observation the perils are chiefly those which belong to moral anxiety.

It may be a question whether the old method of ruling the empire, or the new system of increased responsibility to parliament, involved the greater anxiety. In times when ministers made their own parliaments, and told them little more than was convenient to themselves, they had more responsibility, and less solicitude about the sayings and doings of parliament. What the wear and tear of the older time was, we partly learn from what Lord Liverpool said, towards the close of his career. He declared, in his own house on Wimbledon Common, that for twenty-five years of official life he had never for one day looked at *that*—pointing to a heap of official letters—without a qualm of apprehension, and a reluctance to break the seals—so keen was his sense of the probability of some misfortune having happened in some part or another of our empire, or our relations with other empires. Lord Liverpool had not



the temperament of genius, with its keen sensibilities; and he stood the siege of state cares for an unusual length of time: but at last he was found on the floor, in a fit of apoplexy—politically dead. On the other hand, a later statesman has said two things, at different times, which, put together, constitute an awful disclosure. One day he said that there was no living without office, after having once held it. "Everything palls," he said, "and the restlessness is intolerable, and admits of only one cure." On another occasion, he said that an honest man enters upon office resolved against being disturbed by the newspapers, in regard to intended government measures, because Ministers must understand their own circumstances and plans better than anybody outside can understand them. But by degrees the anxiety grows. The antagonism does its work, sooner or later: till at last the Minister looks upon his pile of morning papers with as much dread of learning their contents as Lord Liverpool could feel at sight of his letters. The obvious reflection is that, if such be the life of a statesman, there can be no compensation for its sufferings.

This, it may be said, is a matter of individual taste and opinion. Moreover, it may be remarked that this is no affair of ours at this moment. But I am not so sure of this. As the study of the statesman's health involves that of his sufferings in his calling, so it also involves the cause of those sufferings. As the wear and tear of moral anxiety destroys his health and shortens his life, it comes within our present business to inquire into the nature and the necessity of that anxiety.

It is said, on occasion, that nothing wears a man down so certainly and rapidly, in a position of responsibility, as conscientiousness. This is probably true of the keen kind of conscientiousness which belongs to a delicate moral organisation. But the higher order of conscientiousness which works truly because it is robust, is the best known sustainer of the nerves and regulator of the brain. This will hardly be denied by any one. While it may be supposed, on the one hand, that the ambitious statesman who defies scruples, by his moral obtuseness escapes the sufferings and perils which better men undergo, it appears, on the other hand, that the advantage rests at last with the best patriot;—with the statesman who is harassed by no personal aims, and tormented by no weak misgivings. Having ascertained his own aims, and explored his means, he commits himself to a well-considered policy, hoping that it will succeed, and resolved that it shall be no fault of his if it does not. A man who can thus form his design, and pursue it through whatever may befall, setting his face up the mountain, and climbing steadily, in spite of the voices, is hardly the man to sink down with shattered nerves, or to wear away to a shaking spectre before the eyes of the nation.

After the deaths of Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, we were told that the average life of an English Premier was six years. This must mean six years of continuous office, without any relief. Of course, a sum of six years, divided by intervals, is altogether a different affair. Six

years seems a sadly short time for the possession of the prize of a whole life's work. But, again, if we consider what it is to be charged with the destinies of a nation, and in a manner of many nations, without respite for six years, we cannot wonder at any consequence of such a strain. For the Prime Minister there is no holiday. In the comparatively easy days of ministerial and manageable parliaments, Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool could only go down to Bath when apprehending a fit of the gout,—merely transacting their business there with less convenience than at home. From the real pressure they had no escape whatever; and no Prime Minister ever can have it. The nearest approach to relief is an ever-increasing openness with parliament, and a growing publicity about the affairs which happen during the recess. It is not often that a nation meets with a statesman as buoyant and full of spirit as Lord Palmerston in his old age. It is a commoner thing to see our ministers wearing old before their time,—with shaky hands, stooping shoulders, anxious countenances, or petulant tempers. Sometimes a hardly-pressed statesman sinks under the first attack of illness, without a chance of rally. Sometimes a suicide occurs. Only too often we have heard of some subordinate member having died of brain-fever after the passage of some act committed to his charge: and again, of two or three brothers of a brilliant family being carried off in succession by the combined fatigue and fever of toil and political ambition. These are heavy costs for our being well served. Is there nothing to be done to save them?

The days of port wine and hereditary gout are passing away. Our Premiers have still gout occasionally: but it is wearing out under the more temperate habits of our time,—more temperate as to wine. Can nothing be done to reduce the other kinds of intemperance—excess in passion or feeling—under which the brain sooner or later gives way?

Prudence in personal habits may do much. Avoiding long fasting and late full meals is one point: securing a sufficiency of sleep is another. The effect of ten minutes' sleep in bringing down the pulse of a worried man can be certified by many a good wife, who stands between her husband and the whole world for that length of time (if she cannot get more) every afternoon. Let horse exercise be a daily duty. Then let holiday be made conscientiously, when possible. Let the shooting-season be made much of, and the Premier be heard of from the stubbles with satisfaction by every good citizen. Let Easter, Christmas, and all the feasts, and the Derby-day, and all holidays, be laid hold of for the refreshment of the over-tasked mind.

When all is done in the way of these external precautions and provisions, no good will ensue if the interior of the case be a bad one. If ambition enters into it, more or less, eating care enters with it. For every gratification, ambition pays the price of a hundred cares: whereas any heart-breaking discouragement is scarcely possible for a statesman who is sincerely and devotedly the servant of his country, and the well-wisher of every interest in it. If he can work towards his

end, he must obtain more or less success : and if he is precluded from doing it, he yields up the responsibility to others, and still contends, for the satisfaction of the struggle. A steady will and a calm temper are almost certain of success in a good cause ; and without the destruction of the winner.

We give up the great soldier on the battle-field, and the noble sailor at sea, in the moment of victory. We do so because amidst fire and slaughter we have no choice. It need not be so in the field of political administration. There a man need not do and die. He may do and live : and this is his duty, no less than his privilege. A calm mind disperses other foes than those of political conflict : it keeps disease at arm's length. And when the mind is at the same time full of noble aims, and the heart of rational hope, while the intellect is kept equably at work on the highest order of business, it would seem that the statesman should rather outlive his contemporaries than sink before them, as the rational man outlives the imbecile, and the benevolent are young and gay when egotists are wearing out. The higher the man and his work, the stronger his vitality. Such is Nature's clear intention. It ought not to fail in such an order as that of statesmen in a progressive age of the world.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.



## ANA.

Strange is the origin of the name Macpherson, though now as common among the canny Scots as Williams or Bowen in Wales, or as hops or cherries in Kent. During the reign of David I. of Scotland, it appears that a younger brother of the chief of the then powerful clan Chattan espoused the clerical life, and in due course of time became Abbot of Kingussie. His elder brother, whether he fell in battle or died in his bed, somehow or other died childless, and the chieftainship unexpectedly devolved on the venerable abbot. Suiting the action to the word, or rather suiting his convictions to his circumstances, the monk procured from the Pope the necessary dispensation, and the Abbot of Kingussie became the husband of the fair daughter of the Thane of Calder. A swarm of little Kingussies naturally followed, and the good people of Inverness-shire as naturally called them Mac'Phersons, i. e., "*the sons of the parson.*" After this, whe can say, "What's in a name?"

It has generally been remarked, as a thing without precedent, that the late Duke of Wellington and three of his brothers should have enjoyed the honours of the Peerage at the same time: but a similar instance is, or rather was, to be found in the family of Boyle two centuries ago, when the three younger brothers of the Earl of Cork were severally ennobled as Lords Boyle, Broghill, and Shannon, to say nothing of the youngest of the family, Robert Boyle, the great philosopher, who frequently refused the sweets of both office and title, but whose fame has outlived that of all his coronetted brethren. The following peerages, held by distinguished individuals, are now without heirs apparent or presumptive, and must therefore cease with the lives of their present holders:—Palmerston, Lyndhurst, Broughton, Ellenborough (earldom), Panmure, Cranworth, Dalhousie (marquisate), Canning, Eversley, Overstone, Wensleydale, Glenelg, Clyde, and Kingsdown.





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## PASTIMES OF PEACE AN EXERCISE FOR WAR.

THE rapid and healthy growth of the volunteer movement in our land bids fair to restore to us an institution from the decay of which we have long suffered. Play—honest, physical, hard play—has been, of late, far too much neglected by our adult and youthful population, and with the inevitable results. At thirty we are very apt to give up boating and cricketing, while a tramp over the brown stubbles after the partridges and a gallop over the breezy downs with the hounds, are luxuries obtainable but for a few months in the year, even when they come within the means of a working family man. To the vast majority they are, of course, unattainable, and to such, physical



pastime, consequent upon the martial duties we have voluntarily undertaken, has become an admirable substitute for the physical play which we have given up from necessity or neglect. In our hearing the other day a barrister, of mature age and considerable practice, was dwelling, with unmistakable relish, upon the benefit he was deriving from the evening-drill to which he was subjected as a conscientious effective of one of the metropolitan rifle-corps. He had shouldered a rifle from a sense of duty, and already he was more than rewarded by his enjoyment of that hearty, physical play for which the healthy muscles never lose their relish.

Again, let us look at the physical pastime of those of us who were boys but yesterday. Of late years the business of life has increased immensely, while its recreation has been decreasing in an inverse ratio. The mind is taxed in a hundred ways unknown to and unthought of by our sires, and the strain is felt from the highest to the lowest worker in the land. The progress of the age has been everywhere to substitute mechanical for manual labour; and while an almost perfect system of locomotion compels us to dispense with pedestrian exercise, the wondrous development of machinery almost as completely supersedes manual exertion.

Nor is this all. With—and it may be in consequence of—these great changes, has arisen an ardent desire for knowledge, to which all classes alike yield. So that, in addition to a vast and daily-growing increase of mental labour for business purposes, we tax the mind with the acquirement of that information which we need to elevate us intellectually to the level of the age. And this tax is, in almost every case, levied upon our already reduced physical recreation. Mechanics Institutions, Young Men's Associations, Scientific Clubs, all admirable in their way, may yet be injurious to the youth of our towns in inducing them to neglect the body's weal, and so throw out the economy of that system the regularity of which depends so entirely upon the perfect well-being of all its component parts.

It may be thought that our remarks upon the decay of physical pastime will not apply to the rural population of our land, whose daily manual labour must sufficiently exercise their muscles and develop their physical growth. But, fortunately for that self-defensive movement which is stirring us so deeply, the lack of physical pastime is just as strongly felt in country as in town. Any one with the least experience of rural England must often have regretted that the honest healthful play, to which we have before alluded, has been allowed to die away.

Stroll through any of its villages on a summer-evening and take note of the group of men and youths you may see lounging round the pump in awkward contortions of ease, or through the red-curtained windows of the public-house, smoking, drinking, gambling, breathing air morally and physically impure; and say whether they had not better be upon the village-green wrestling, leaping, quarrelling if they will. Ask the drill-sergeant or the man-of-war's boatswain, whether he draws his better and more promising lads from the mural or rural districts of England, and we shall be surprised indeed if his answer does not upset your conception of the muscular strength and physical superiority of the ploughmen of merry England over their "Town" brethren.

Nor must it be thought that, after the hard labour of the day, the agricultural workman needs absolute repose of the muscles. Physical labour by no means incapacitates for physical play. From the study of the most abstruse science the student turns for relief, and with redoubled zest, to the delights of poetry, although they, too, are mental, and call into action similar organs. So the wearied ploughman would gain rather than lose strength and freshness by the physical pastime of the evening, which would rouse into action qualities of hardihood, emulation, and endurance, seldom required in the daily labour of his life.

Concluding then that such a pastime for peace, which should be part of and fitly tend to a sterner exercise for war, would be beneficial to the physical welfare of all of us, of every class and age, but few words are necessary to convince our readers of its national importance. The present defensive movement, to become of real and lasting benefit to the state, must permeate through every class, and settle, finally, into a recognised pastime of peace. A few months or years may see the clouds, that at pre-

sent appear to threaten our national safety, broken and dispersed, and an almost absolute security restored to us. When such a time comes happily, if the nation does not disarm as rapidly and completely as she is now arming, it will, we firmly believe, be owing mainly to her having, in the meanwhile, made of the rifle a national toy, and of martial exercise a national pastime.

Such play, with such a meaning in it, has never been long neglected in our own or any other land, without consequent peril. The wisest men of old knew its importance, and not only advocated but practised it.

King David thought it worth his leisure while to instruct the youth of Judah in the use of their national weapon—the bow; in free Greece the olive-crown of the athlete and the poet were alike honoured, and Pindar commemorated the triumph of mind and of valour with equal impartiality. As it was a bad day for Grecian independence, when its youth neglected the gymnasium for the barbers' shops and the baths, and began to be critical about the cut and folds of their white toga,—so it was a bad day for Saxon England when her sons left their martial sport for the revel and excess in franklins' halls or village ale-houses. Old chronicles are rife with remonstrances and anxious fears upon this point, and sure enough they were but too literally verified when the Saxon went down before the Norman shaveling on Hastings' field.

It may not be amiss for us to remember that the Anglo-Saxon rallied from revel and ale-house to meet with that defeat, and to struggle for two hundred years before he could force upon his victors the language and institutions of his race. Again, let us compare old Roger Ascham's definition of an English youth with that of Etherege, remembering the while that the brave schoolmaster's lads grew to be the men who laughed at the Spaniard's beard and blew his vaunted Armada to the winds, while the latter stood idly by to see England become the pensioner of France. Says mincing Etherege, "My complete gentleman should dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters and an agreeable voice for a chamber:" outspeaks the brave old dominie, my English lad shall "ride comely, run fair at tilt and ring, play at all weapons, shoot fair in bow or sure in gun; vault lustily; run, leap, wrestle, swim." He will have him able to "dance comely, sing, play of instruments cunningly;" but it must be only when he can "hawk, hunt, play at tennis, and all pastimes generally which be *joined with labour*, and so contain in them some fit exercise for war."

We come now to consider how best this pastime of peace and exercise for war can be combined and cultivated among us. If, as we have before said, the volunteer movement is to be anything more than a temporary expedient, the pastime of our lads should be so directed that it should lead them naturally to, and fit them effectively for, the use of arms in later life. With our public schoolboys such a pastime would soon become most popular. The youthful population of town and country would be more difficult of access, but if nothing dies quicker, nothing at least spreads faster than a



martial spirit, and if we can but catch it at its red heat, and form it into an institution, the rest may be safely left to its own intrinsic charms. Practical details come awkwardly from an unprofessional pen; but surely there are no towns, and but few villages, wanting in some war-veteran who would gladly shoulder his walking-stick and instruct the youth of his neighbourhood in the rudiments of his old profession.

If we were to go so far as to advocate the regular military training of our lads, their early enrolment into bands, and their instruction in the use of the rifle, we should most probably injure a good cause by over zeal. But we will not deny that we regard such a development as probable and desirable, and we are prepared to show that it is not without good precedent. With the exception of America there is no nation which owes more to the individual skill of its citizens in the use of the rifle than Switzerland. The respect which a true Swiss has for that weapon dates from his youth. He puts aside his holidays to public exhibition of his skill in its use, and devotes many a leisure hour to private practice with it. By the borders of his lakes—behind the wooden village-houses—in the thick soft pasturage at the foot of the hills in which the dun cows browse, fetlock deep, you catch sight of his rifle-target; indeed, his chief social fault is, that he is a little too prone to the use of his favourite weapon in his Cantonal disputes, and that he is not always content to wait for the blue or white coat, against which he may sooner or later legitimately level it.

Steaming down the lakes of Zurich in the autumn of 1858, we were attracted, soon after passing Rapperschwy, by the distant smoke of musketry and the glistening of bayonets on the far shore. The steamer's course was at once directed towards it, the engines were stopped, and as we stood off the shore, crew and passengers leant over the bulwark, and with equal interest watched the progress of the mimic fight. We were yet too far off to recognise the combatants with any distinctness, but we could see the plan of the battle, and that its chief fury raged about an old stone tower at the top of a little hill of vineyards, that sprung up abruptly from the lake's edge. This tower was evidently the key of the enemy's position, while their right rested upon the vineyard wall, their left upon a little knoll of trees. The whole line came into engagement as we looked on, and while the wings had enough to do to hold their own, the one gun which formed the whole artillery in action, was brought to bear upon the tower. The spit, spit of the skirmishers' rifles, the roll of the platoon firing, the heavy boom of the one gun, were plainly audible, until in time the wings seemed to waver, they fell back, and the whole line advanced at a run, their bayonets flashing out brightly in the sunshine. At this juncture we steamed away, leaving the defenders of the old tower making a last obstinate but, no doubt, ineffectual resistance.

Sipping our coffee in the *salle à manger* of the Belle Vue Hotel on the very margin of Zurich's fair waters, on the evening of that same day, we were attracted by the glare of many lights, and

the sound of many voices without. Making our way into the open air, we found the blue lake lit up by several blazing rafts of flame, while the streets and quays were bordered with cressets of fire; and, at intervals, handfuls of rockets were thrown up into the clear sky as though to taunt the noble comet then in its glorious zenith, into a more grand and beautiful display. Attaching ourselves to an obliging bourgeois — "*grossier comme un Zurichois*," say the guide-books; but who believes them?—we are told that these festive preparations are intended to welcome home the warriors we had seen fighting on the lake's border.

"They are disembarking, just now," says our companion, and we hurry over the bridge and along the quays to meet them. Quite a crowd, for a continental city, is waiting on the wide Platz, and along the line by which they must pass. They are some time forming under the green acacia trees, but at last the drums roll out a brisk march, the bayonets are seen glistening through the murky air, and forward they march. And then these warriors prove to be the boys of Zurich and the neighbourhood, from sixteen years of age down perhaps to ten—dressed in a neat pretty uniform, armed with a rifle, proportioned to the bearer's strength and age, and each wearing a sprig of green in his shako—who have been out for a day's play on the lake's border. Play, you will say, with a very deep and practical purpose in it; remembering, as they very likely do, how often in the French revolutionary wars this home of theirs was taken, squeezed, and flung away, by the various combatants.

It is evident that the lads are weary and foot-sore, but they bear themselves manfully, the boy officers, with their little swords drawn, tripping along the line, and dressing up the ranks briskly. As they march along, quays, bridges, and streets, are illumined with blue and crimson lights, which throw a picturesque glare upon the quaint German houses and the old towers of the cathedral in which Erasmus's preaching helped to secure the freedom of thought and action for which these lads of Zurich may some day have to fight. At the Stadthaus the young troops halt, more coloured lights are burnt, a few words are addressed to them from one of the windows, their arms are grounded on the stone pavement with a crash, and the weary Kadetten disperse to their homes. That it is not altogether an English sight is the reflection which occurs most readily to the English mind; but we have since thought that if our battles are as likely as theirs to be fought upon home ground, the sooner such a sight becomes familiar among us the better.

The adoption of such pastime in England, would not be without its attendant difficulties, but we can scarcely think them serious, far less insurmountable. Brighton would, no doubt, look aghast at Dr. Swych, if that worthy pedagogue should propose to lead out for a few summer days' martial training upon the Downs, those young gentlemen whose exercise in dreary file has so often excited our sympathy and, it is to be feared, contempt. But we feel sure that Dr. Swych's young gentlemen would gain immensely, if only by becoming English boys for one week in the

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year, and that they would return to their Plutarch and Euripides with a zest and freshness which would surprise Dr. S. beyond measure. Conceive, too, with what novel and unbounded delight a week under canvas in the Windsor Home Park would be received by Eton. Why it would more than compensate it for the loss of its Montem. And we believe it would not be long before such an example would spread, and our English greens and commons would witness a wholesome revival of that manly pastime of peace which has fitted Englishmen so well for the stern exercise of war.

Nor would such a revival be without other, if secondary, importance to society. That so little sympathy exists just now between class and class is owing less to un-English pride on the one side, or unmanly reserve on the other, than to a want of opportunities of intercourse and labour-fellowship from which appreciation and mutual dependence would surely spring. The pastime which we recommend would soon attract our youth from hall and cottage alike. Show us the true English lad of any class, who will be able to refrain from taking part in play of this nature, established as it should be on our country commons and village greens. Before the spirit of honest emulation there engendered and fostered, the frostwork of conventionality will melt and disappear. The young gentleman will soon be piqued to owe his rank and position not so much to the accident of birth as to well-won superiority in physical pluck and strength. Should he succeed, a more willing and hearty respect will be conceded him. Should he fail, he will learn to respect his victors as superior to him in some respects at least, while they will admire and appreciate his generous self-denial. Such a pastime of peace which shall be at the same time an exercise for war, will knit future squire and yeoman, apprentice, master, and man in an honest, hearty fellowship which would surely be a sufficient recommendation for its speedy adoption, were other and more important ones wanting.

W. J. STEWART.

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## ANA.

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At a period when the Shaksperian drama was in vogue among the play-going classes, it became necessary to withdraw *King Lear* from the stage. The unhappy condition to which the then Sovereign of this country was reduced, made it objectionable to present upon the boards a British king in a state of mental aberration. The play was set aside. Upon one occasion, when the Prince Regent was likely to visit Covent Garden, there was a discussion in the manager's room as to the performance the Prince would like. Hook was present. "He leaves it to yourself," said Theodore.—"How do you mean?"—"Why, the Court has given you a *congé de Lear*."

# THE POLICEMAN.

## HIS HEALTH.

MOST of us have probably known some respectable working-class family, where it was the ambition of some spirited boy to get into the police-force in London or a large county town. It may not be very difficult to imagine the reasons which recommend that sort of engagement to youths who do not show the same eagerness to enter the army, though the qualifications requisite for the two services are nearly the same. In both, the men must enter young: they must be of a certain stature and bodily vigour: they must undergo examinations about their health: and they are understood to be possessed of a sort of combative energy, which relishes instead of shrinking from personal danger. There is also a degree of personal distinction belonging to both services which is naturally attractive to ambitious youths.



on their entrance upon life. The red-coated soldier, and the blue-coated policeman, pass along the street somewhat more proudly, and under more notice than the artisan in his apron and paper cap, or the labourer in fustian, or bearing the porter's knot. If the men with the porter's knot were inquired of, they would tell—very many of them—that they had been policemen: and so would the watchmen and porters who guard warehouses and halls of great mansions; and they might also inform us why young men had rather be in the police than in the army, and yet serve so much shorter a time in the one than the other.

The police bear a higher character for respectability than the soldiery. Some of my readers may be surprised at this: but it is certainly true, just in proportion to the knowledge of the two classes entertained by those who declare an opinion. No set of men in the world excels the British soldier in courage and patience, in spirit and patriotism, in attachment to worthy officers, and obedience to discipline: but when we come to speak of temperance, prudence, and personal self-respect, we find ourselves resting on the hope that the British soldier will do better in the future than hitherto. Some day I may go into the reasons which warrant such a hope, and explain how the soldier has been almost driven by mismanagement into intemperance, theft, and desertion; or rather, why thieves and drunkards and deserters have been tempted into the army instead of better men: but at present our business is with the police, who are proved, by the testimony of their medical and other officers, to be, generally speaking, a remarkably sober and self-respecting order of men. It is true we hear perpetual joking about the love-making of the policeman, by which he obtains good suppers from credulous cooks, and weighty money-gifts from soft-hearted housemaids: but a very small number of genuine anecdotes furnish a vast amount of imputation; and it is certain that the records of the police prove a very high average of honest and reputable conduct in the force.

This good repute may therefore well be one ground of preference of the blue coat to the red one. Another seems to be the popular notion that the policeman is the wielder of power, instead of the slave of discipline. To the careless eye it seems that the soldier is a machine, moved by the voice of his officer; whereas the policeman is absolute on his beat. The crowd opens to make way for the policeman: he commands help from men, and they yield it: he imposes quiet on women, and they stop brawling: he looks at children, and they slink out of sight. The old English reverence for the constable is renowned all over the world: and in the case of the policeman, there is something of the admiration and fear of the military office added to the awe felt for the constable. Throughout whole parishes of the metropolis, and wide districts of the country, there is nothing so formidable to the greatest number as the glance and the march of the policeman. The tax-collector, the vigilant pastor, the strict game-preserving squire, the severe landlord, the lecturing magistrate—are each and all less

formidable to the popular imagination than the policeman who sustains the dignity of his office. A perpetual mystery hangs around him—that of his access to “information.” Every day, everywhere, “from information which he has received,” he appears where he is least desired. If two women fight in the very middle of a closed house, he is fearfully expected to inquire into scratches and torn gowns. If a child is shut up in a dark closet till it goes into fits, the policeman is expected to come and inquire into its health. If there is any article at the bottom of a heap of marine stores, which could not be exactly classified with that description of goods, the policeman will be sure to sniff it out, and walk straight to the cellar where it is. The pedlar in remote regions will take the other side of the hill, or the other side of the hedge, if he has stolen thimbles in his pack, or smuggled cigars in his pocket, rather than meet the policemen on his beat: and the child who has gleaned fine ears of wheat before the last shock was carried, is afraid to go home, lest the omniscient man should follow and inform. Such possession of conspicuous power is very tempting, certainly; and especially to very young men. Thus we might expect a rush into the profession, though every female relation may hold up a picture of horrors at least as fearful as those which beset the soldier's trade. Mothers and wives and sisters do not like to think of the host of enemies which their lad will make among desperate thieves. They shudder at the thought of the kicks, the bitings, the blows, the throwings downstairs or out of the window, to be expected in such dreadful dens as the police have to visit: and then there are the perils of fires, and falling houses, and restive horses. In short, wherever there is danger, there the policeman must be; and the glory to be reaped is nothing like that which makes the soldier's reward. That there is a rush into the profession may perhaps hardly be said: but there is always a due supply of picked men, and a very large proportion of rejected candidates.

How is it, then, that the average length of service is no more than four years?

Is not this a remarkable fact? Is there any other occupation filled by picked men in the prime of their years, well-paid and highly privileged, reputable and well superintended, which changes its members on an average every four years? Let us see what the mode of life is.

Widow Benning's second son, John, wishes to enter the Metropolitan police force. That force consists, he is told, of somewhat under 6000 men; and more than 1000 are admitted yearly, to fill vacancies. These must be under thirty years of age, unless a soldier or two proved of valuable quality should apply, and should be admitted as an exception. None under twenty need make application, as they are not considered fully grown and hardened for the work. John is three-and-twenty; and the average is five-and-twenty. He stands five feet ten in his stockings, and is satisfied that he can walk five-and-twenty miles a day for months together without injury to his health. He is smart-looking and walks well: and it is therefore probable that he will be

appointed to day-duty; and his mother rejoices at this, though John tells her that night-work is considered less laborious and wearing, from the quieter state of the streets. She can hardly credit this, because the day-work is divided into two portions, while the night police have to take their eight hours at a stretch, without even the liberty of sitting down for any part of the time. If John is chosen, she trusts it is true that he will have day-service.

As for the chances of his being one of the thousand engaged,—how many are the rejected likely to be? They are usually nearly double the number of the accepted. This seems remarkable, considering that the applicants are already so far sifted as to be of the specified age, and to bring the requisite twelve months' good character from their last situation, and a recommendation from two respectable housekeepers, not publicans. Many, however, who suppose themselves in good health, are reported otherwise by the surgeon: and the commissioners find many reasons why young fellows of decent character will not answer their purpose. A hot temper would never do; nor any vanity which would lay a man open to arts of flirtation; nor a too innocent good-nature; nor a hesitating temper or manner; nor any weakness for drink; nor any degree of stupidity. While three times the requisite number apply, the Commissioners will choose the cool, smart, self-reliant, penetrating, temperate, forbearing men, who can take orders and yet exert their own faculties, and who have an honest character of their own while up to other men's tricks; and good fellows who are less able must wait, or give up the chance. In the same way, the surgeon will choose the men who have the broadest chests, the best built spine and trunk, the most healthy limbs, vigorous heart, clear brain, and acute senses; dismissing many who never imagined they had a flabby heart, or muscles which would not bear a strain, or legs which would soon become diseased from eight hours per day spent on foot.

John goes in, when called to the surgeon; he strips, is measured, and proved and tested as to his capacity of lungs, &c.; and is declared sound in health,—as the Commissioners find him in character and apparent capacity. He is a made man now, if he does his duty well, of which of course his mother has no doubt: and the widow's heart sings for joy. She does not know, nor would John believe it to-day if he were told, that the average length of the policeman's service is only four years.

He is to begin, after a month of probation, on nineteen shillings a week, with many advantages: he hopes to rise to handsomely paid offices in course of time: after fifteen years of service he becomes entitled to a pension on retirement: and after five years he may hope for some gratuities, if he should become unfit for service. As he is a single man, he can be lodged at one of the Section Houses of the force, for a mere shilling a week. He will receive a considerable proportion of his clothing, and a fixed supply of coals; and as to his meals, the men are understood to live very well by messing together.



To his barrack therefore he goes, when he enters on his new employment. He has to try his capacity during four weeks of probation at lower wages, in the first instance. He finds he is to have yearly one coat, two pairs of trousers, and two pairs of boots, or three shillings a month to find them; and a great-coat and a cape once in two years. Belt, truncheon, and lantern are his apparatus. He must, however, be always provided with a neat suit of black at his own expense, in readiness for any occasion on which he may be sent out in plain clothes.

The first morning he wakes heavy and head-achy. The beds in his barrack stand rather close, and most of the men refuse to let the windows be opened during any part of the evening, night, or morning before breakfast. Several of them are so drowsy, too, that they will not stir till the last minute, so that they have no time to wash and make themselves comfortable. They might if they pleased. There are windows enough, and doors and fire-places; but if the majority fasten the windows, and lock the door, and keep the chimney-board up, the minority must suffer for want of air; but as to the washing, each man can act for himself. There is water; and any one who provides himself with a tub and any sort of screen, and who chooses to get up twenty minutes sooner for the purpose, can have the comfort of a fresh and clean skin to begin the day with.

The meals are less regular than messing is commonly understood to be. The notion of a mess is that of meals served punctually three times a day, at which the members may attend or not; but they have no claim for food at other hours. In a police barrack the men are never all collected together, as they serve in relays; and, besides that some are out while others are at home, there is always a considerable number in bed, night and day. John begins with being one of the first relay, which goes out at six in the morning for four hours. He must have his breakfast first. His mother is not the only one who has urged this upon him, for the sake not only of his health, but of freedom from temptation. If he went out hungry he would be obliged to get something at stalls or shops; and this would be undignified, and might lead him into inconvenient gossip and familiarities, and perhaps into the temptation of accepting presents of food and drink when he ought to be minding his duty. All this is true enough; but it is not always easy for a single man to obtain his breakfast before six in the morning, among comrades who are too lazy to get up for it, or too headachy to care for it. As breakfast has to be provided, however, for the men of the night force, who will be coming in presently, the first relay have only to hasten the cooking of the chops as far as their own wants go. John will therefore have his coffee, chop, and potato in time to fall into rank at 6 A.M.

As he and his comrades march forth—one of them being dropped at each point as they traverse the district—they displace the night force, and send them home to breakfast and bed. Every one of these must be in bed before eight, and re-appear at 3 P.M. They will be in their deepest sleep when John comes off his beat at 10

A.M.; and he will have dined and gone forth again before they wake. The only time when he can make the acquaintance of this body of his comrades is in the evening, between his return at 6 and their going forth at 10, for the night.

On this first occasion of relieving them, he is surprised that they do not look more weary after having been on foot for eight hours. His wonder is not likely to be lessened the second day, when he has had experience of the fatigues of his new occupation.

The morning term seems a rather easy affair at first. The streets are cool and not overfull. Workpeople go out quietly to their day's labour: the shops open gradually and in a leisurely way: the merchants do not appear, and the clerks are in no great number till after nine o'clock. The great people are not visibly stirring, and it is only about a railway-station, or in a market, that there is any overpowering noise or hurry. So John returns in good spirits, rather pitying his comrades who are to support the noontide heat and bustle.

There had been three breakfasts by this time: and soon the series of dinners must begin. John has three hours for some kind of employment, if he can find one which will leave him within instant call of his officers, in case of need, and will not use up the strength he will want in the afternoon. He can read a little for his own amusement; and he likes gossip as well as most young men; but he thinks he must find some handiwork which he can take up at odd hours as he sits in the barrack-room.

The afternoon alters his view of his occupation a good deal. He had no previous conception of the difference between walking for four hours in London on one's own single and particular business, and doing the same thing in the pursuit of everybody else's. Every shop-door and cellar-window along miles of street is under his care. He must look to every child on the pavement, and every passenger at each crossing. Every high-couraged, and every stumbling, skinny horse must be watched by him. He must have his eye on every beggar, and must painfully discern suspicious from respectable persons, and make no mistakes. He has been recommended to acquaint himself with the faces of all the householders throughout his beat; a most tremendous task in itself. He is under a perfect pelt of questions for the four hours, as if there were a conspiracy to ask him things that he did not know. Half-a-dozen times he is angrily told that he has shown himself just too late on that particular spot, and that his superiors should be told that their men were never to be found when wanted. A few puzzling cases have already occurred which show him that he does not understand his own powers and duties so well as he had imagined: and when at length six o'clock strikes, he goes off his day's duty "dead beat," as his comrades jeeringly tell him. He is indeed nearly distracted with the noise, the hurry, the worry, and the general palmar to pieces, which make this incomparably the most fatiguing day he ever remembers to have passed in his life.

His dinner had been prime beefsteak, potato



and porter: and his supper is to be the same. The butchers say the police buy no bone. The irregularity of their meals prevents their having good joints; and they live on prime steaks and cutlets.

As far as food is concerned, John will do very well. It is good meat, well cooked, and earned and digested by abundant exercise. The air in the house is not so good, as we have seen, and his duty leads him into various unwholesome places. Good food, sleep, and exercise may go a long way in guarding him against this danger: but the hurry and worry are his greatest enemies.

It did surprise him, on first entering his barrack, to observe how many invalids there were on the sick list; and he will see more and more of this every day. It seems strange that of a picked set of young men—the soundest and strongest that could be obtained between twenty and thirty—a larger proportion should be ill than of persons of all ages in many English towns; but the fact is, that 36½ out of every 1000 policemen are always ill, taking the year round. Of these, somewhat less than 4 are under treatment for injuries, to above 32 for sickness.

The married men, who live in homes of their own, are more numerous than the bachelors who live in the section-houses. They probably live in great comfort, as no candidate is admitted who has more than two children. The married men, therefore, are for the most part young husbands, recently settled on good pay. They are under the same medical care as the bachelors; and the doctors find that a smaller proportion of them are ill, and that they are ill for a shorter time. It would be an interesting thing to know whether any number of bachelor policemen marrying after five years' service, and continuing for another five years after removing to homes of their own, would show an improved state of health before the end of the ten years. If this should be proved, the natural inference would be that the quiet and convenience of a home arranged to suit a man's work and his rest, with meals cooked by his wife at the most convenient hours, are conducive to health to a very important extent. One can easily imagine, for instance, that night-workers—printers of daily papers, night porters, and policemen—may get better rest by day in a home of their own, with a wife to keep all quiet, than in any barrack where companies of comrades are entering and leaving, and meals and business are always going on. At best, however, the amount of sickness is considerable. Taking the metropolitan force all round, married and single, new men and old hands, each is ill from twelve to thirteen days in the year; ill enough to be in the doctor's hands, and to have a stoppage of one shilling a day made out of his pay for expenses. Four weeks per year are allowed for sickness on these terms. If a man is likely to get well, he is treated with indulgence after that time: but permission must be obtained from the Secretary of State. If he can never again be fit for service, he must of course be dismissed; but if he has served for five entire years, he has a small gratuity; and if fifteen, he has a pension.

Of the twelve or thirteen days of average illness

in the year, less than one day and a half is from injuries received from violence or accident. Some readers may be surprised to hear how few deaths result from what they are apt to consider the special dangers of the police,—from assaults and accidents. These assaults and accidents, together with all diseases whatever except three kinds, caused only 62 deaths in five years, against 155 arising from those three kinds of disease. In the years from 1852 to 1856 (both inclusive) there were 25 deaths from cholera, 41 from fever, and 89 from consumption and other chest diseases. During those years there was not a single death from diarrhoea or dysentery, an evidence of both good diet and temperance on the part of the men. The other heads, at the same time, disclose the real sources of danger. Mothers, wives, and sisters need not be in any great terror of madmen, drunken women, or even brawling Irish, nor of street crushes, runaway horses, and burning or falling houses; but they may have some reasonable dread of the haunts of cholera and the nests of fever which the duty of the police requires them to enter and watch over. Far worse, however, is the disease which might be so easily guarded against,—the fatal consumption, which is directly bred of ignorance and carelessness. Too many of the police are as reckless as the soldiers, who die by thousands of night duty. It is not the wet weather that kills them; it is not the winter cold that kills them; but it is the fatal rashness with which they encounter both the one and the other.

The policeman's two pairs of boots are required to be in good order. He has, as we know, a great coat and waterproof cape, in addition to a good suit of cloth clothing. We know that getting wet does nobody any harm while he keeps in exercise so as to be warm. We know that the bitterest cold is not injurious to a person in exercise, unless he encounters it in either a chilled or a heated condition. The well-clothed policeman, with his fixed time of duty, need never be wet to a hurtful extent, and if he prepares, with any common sense, for going out into the cold, by night or by day, his lungs need take no harm. But this is exactly what is neglected by the men who die of consumption. Their lungs were sound when they entered the force, or the doctor would not have passed them. How is it that they have gone so soon?

One man is lazy about changing his boots and socks when he comes in on a wet day; and he even sits by a great fire with his coat and trousers reeking with damp, instead of putting on the old suit, which should always be at hand for use.

The night-force think they cannot shut up too close at home, when their nights are spent in the open air; so they stop up every chink where they sit and while they sleep, and go out in a state of perspiration to meet the bitter wind at the corners of streets, and probably stand in a draught under a gateway to escape a pelt of rain, which would not do them half as much harm as the wind.

If they were wise, they would keep their win-



dows open at home at all hours of all seasons :—just an inch or two at top, if no more, as is done at all our hospitals for chest diseases. They should go out warm and well fed ; but neither in a perspiration nor a fever, from too much fire and meat and drink. Thus prepared, and in dry and sufficient clothes, they have only to keep their blood flowing with exercise, to be able to defy wind and weather in any season. This is what policemen should do : but they seem not to understand it : for, of these picked young men, so sound in health at so late a date, eighty-nine died in the Metropolitan police in five years from disease of the lungs.

After a time John will have had his turn in the second relay of the day service, going out at 10 A.M., and returning at 2 P.M. : and being on his beat again from 6 till 10 in the evening. If he is like most of his comrades, he will find neither so agreeable as he expected ; and he will be glad to try night-duty,—little as he could once have supposed that he should desire to be on foot for eight hours of every night for months together. But the quiet is a very great thing ; and the duty is generally easy. To try the fastenings of shops and dwellings ; to see the last carriages drive away from balls and theatres ; to look to the proper closing of public-houses ; to watch suspicious loiterers, and examine doubtful-looking bundles carried furtively ; to keep mischievous people moving on, and take the destitute to some place of shelter ; to be on the look out for the sight or smell of fire or smoke, and quick to hear the springing of a rattle in any direction ; to keep order at the starting of the earliest railway trains, and at the entrance of the country waggons, bringing vegetables, fish, meat, and flowers to market ;—all this is easy in comparison with the day-work, from the more comparative emptiness of the streets and absence of noise.

Still, there will be another change for John. He will marry. He ought to marry ; for he can very well afford it ; he should have the comfort of a home of his own ; and he will be a more valuable member of the force for being a family man. He ought, after that, to rise. His mother may see him a sergeant : perhaps, in course of years, an inspector. She does not see why not.

Others do see why not :—that few men remain to the force many years. They see their comrades, fine young men like themselves, carried to the grave,—not in greater numbers per thousand perhaps than many in other occupations, but more than there should be of so select a class. Six or seven in the thousand each year is a high rate of death. Then, out of the thousand admitted each year, as many as 35 are invalided, above 40 more are dismissed, and above 130 resign from one cause or another. From one cause or another, nearly a quarter of the new men have left by the end of the first year ; and, as we saw before, the average length of service is only four years.

It is therefore probable that John's vocation will not always be that of policeman. His having been one, especially if he leaves the force from his own free choice, will assist his settlement in some

favourable post where the virtues of the constable, with a dash of the quality of the soldier, are prized and paid for. In future years, when his old mother is sitting on one side of his household fire, and his boys are home from school and work for the evening, and John is supping before going to his post as watchman at the bank, or night-porter at one of the great hotels, he will bring out another of the thousand-and-one curious and romantic stories which all begin in the same way :—“When I was a policeman.” Perhaps his old mother may sigh, and say there was a time when it was the first wish of his heart to be a policeman ; and if he had kept to it, he would now have been very near receiving his pension for life : upon which, his wife may probably observe that there is another side to the case ; and if he had not left the force before his health was lost, he might have been in his grave years ago, or a tottering invalid, on whom his epitaph would have been fixed while he was only half-dead :—“He was a good policeman.”

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

### THE LONDON CLUBS.

AT Number Blank, Baker Street—I would not for worlds disclose the number lest I might carry desolation into the breasts of a most respectable family—there was a dinner-party one day last week. Nor will I tell you the precise day, because, starting from that as an ascertained point, you might by a series of jesuitical inquiries prosecuted at the establishment of Capillaire and Sweetbread, pastrycooks and confectioners, ascertain where that banquet was held, and so all my precautions to insure the repose of the family in question would be entirely frustrated, and of no effect.

The Bakers of Baker Street—I say—were minded to give a dinner-party. They gave four every season, and by these four instalments of hospitality duly paid up, discharged their obligations in this kind to the human race in general, and to their friends and acquaintances in particular.

The Bakers pre-eminently constituted a type of English respectability. Mr. John Baker, of Baker Street—the second son of Mr. John Baker, also of Baker Street, but long since deceased—had been twice married. In the first instance he had intermarried with the Welbecks. By Miss Jane Welbeck, his first wife, he had issue now surviving : Margaret, married to Mr. Thomas Stubbs, solicitor, of Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop ; John, now doing a very fair commission business in the city of London ; Matthew, a surveyor, established at Newcastle-under-Lyne, Staffordshire ; and Sophia, yet a spinster. By his second marriage with Mrs. Wimpole, the relict of Mr. Thomas Wimpole, late of Wimpole Street, he had four daughters : Martha, married to Mr. Tucker Eaton, junior partner in the firm of “Swill and Eaton,” wine-merchants, of Abchurch Lane—private residence at Stamford Hill ; Mary Jane, married to Mr. Frederick Snowball, notary and conveyancer, of Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury ; and Lucy and Anna Maria, who were as yet un-



appropriated blessings. Of the little Bakers—the issue of both marriages, whom the gods peculiarly loved, and who were therefore taken early from this wicked world, I will say nothing. They were numerous, for the Bakers are an abounding and prolific race. Let us hope that they passed without much ado to an Upper Baker Street of their own.

The second Mrs. Baker had somewhat lost the exquisite perfection of form which in days long since gone by had attracted the attention, and fixed the affections, of Mr. Thomas Wimpole, when, as Miss Martha Wigmore, she used to attend service at the Church of St. Mary-le-bone; and still more when he followed the young lady to Broadstairs, and took note of the impression of her then little feet upon the yellow sands which extend in front of that celebrated watering-place. The once fawn-like Martha Wigmore, since Mrs. Thomas Wimpole, and actually Mrs. John Baker, was, I fear, somewhat stout at the date of the dinner-party last week. Upon that memorable occasion she wore a green satin dress, made rather low, with a toque adorned with a bird of Paradise, and a large yellow topaz brooch. Golden bracelets of considerable value set off the rich proportions of her matronly arms; and altogether there was a Sultana-like idea prevailing throughout her costume. This lady, it would only be right to remark, had projects connected with her dinner-parties of somewhat graver moment even than a due celebration of the return-rites of hospitality. The Misses Lucy and Anna Maria Baker were, in her maternal opinion, somewhat long in “going off.” She was in the habit of attributing this result to the altered tone amongst the young men of the present day—and this alteration of tone, in last resort, she referred to the growth and progress of the London Clubs.

“What in the world,” so this lady was frequently in the habit of observing, “was the use of these establishments?” The chief result of them—as far as she saw—was that they furnished young men with standards of luxury which they would never be able to realise in after-life. The comforts of a home were essentially different from the comforts of a club; but in our time young men arrived at a combination of the two systems, which if they could not realise they for the most part gave up the Home, and adhered to the Club. She (Mrs. B.) trembled to think of what the results must be. As to marriages, there was no use thinking anything more about them. Of course they were at an end. It was not however so much the fate of the women she deplored, as that of the poor, lost, misguided men, who, with no loving eye to watch over them and restrain them in the path of duty, would gradually become worse and worse, and sink into a condition from which it would be impossible to extricate them, even if at the twelfth hour they should awake to a dim consciousness of their forlorn state. What had a parcel of boys to do with velvet sofas, and golden mirrors, and French cookery in place of honest English fare, consumed at the eating-houses which had been good enough for their fathers? She only hoped the sons would turn out half as well; but

upon this matter she entertained the most serious doubts.

This was a very favourite theme with Mrs. John Baker; and although I do not affect to give her precise words, she used to handle it much in the way indicated above. An event which seemed to have aggravated her pre-conceived ideas up to a high point of aggravation, was the occurrence in “The Times” of the recent correspondence with regard to Middle-Class Dinners.

“There they are again!” the lady would remark. “My worst anticipations are realised. What! pretend that anything in the world can surpass a saddle, or it may be a haunch, of roasted mutton, and a pair of boiled chickens with a nice delicate tongue! Are we all to be turned into a set of nasty Frenchmen? A judgment will fall upon the country—I say—a judgment! The experience of ages has fixed the character of the entertainments which respectable English families should interchange; and are we to be deprived of our traditions by these silly young men, and reduced to the level of the railway-stags at Bullone? No, we prefer our good old English fare to bullied beef; and I, for one, decline to eat frogs, even although a penny bunch of violets should be put by the side of my plate to give them a flavour.”

Thus the lady would rail on, much in the style of the famous Lord Eldon of dilatory memory, in whose eyes “the sun of England was setting for ever,” and the Throne and the Altar “were ever in danger,” whenever a proposition was made for disfranchising a horse-trough in the Romney Marshes, and transferring the two members which represented it in Parliament to an upstart town in the manufacturing districts, containing half a million of inhabitants, or thereabouts. Better, however, than all argument, to convince the world that Mrs. John Baker was in the right, and these rash innovators of “The Times” in the wrong, will be a simple recital of the Baker *ménu* on the night in question.

#### A good rich Mock Turtle Soup.

FLANKER.	Oyster Patties.	BPERONE.	Sweetbread Rich Sauce.	FLANKER.
	Curried Chicken.			
FLANKER.	Rolled Veal.	BPERONE.	Sweetbread Tongue.	FLANKER.
			Sliced Pigeons.	

#### Turbot with Smelts.

The mock-turtle soup with the forced-meat balls was removed with a haunch of mutton; the pale turbot with its galaxy of smelts made way for a pair of boiled chickens with white sauce. When sufficient justice had been done to these delicacies the *débris* were removed by the hands of the ministering spirits, and the renovated board groaned under the following luxuries.



A pair of Ducklings.		
Pastry edifice in castellated form.	EPERONE.	Pink Cream.
Apple Tart.		Custards.
Jelly.		Blanc- mange.
Cabinet Pudding (in mould), starred with plums (flabby, and of weak constitution).		
Third form of enchantment :		
A Pyramid of Oranges.		
Preserved { Ginger.	EPERONE.	Candied matters, hard and green.
Biscuits.		Biscuits.
Almonds, Raisins.		Figs.
A large Sponge-cake, in shape.		

With slight variations according to the season, this *ménu* was produced and reproduced by the Bakers and the friends of the Bakers—one noticeable point being that at corresponding periods all the circle gave corresponding dinners. Thus, if in spring you had a decided taste for fore-quarter of lamb and green peas, or in winter for roast turkey and Cambridge sausages, it was sure to be gratified. In order to give a complete idea of a Baker banquet—and thus, as it were, to exhaust this important subject—it may be proper to add that the wine produced by Mr. John Baker at dinner to exhilarate the spirits of his guests, consisted of sherry and three “servings” of champagne. Now the champagne was served in tall glasses such as those which the stork in the fable would have produced when supping *en partie fine* with the fox, and I have always suspected that there was a certain degree of slyness on the part of the attendants; for although—true it was that your tall glass was for a moment full, or at least appeared to be so—in a very few seconds it was all but empty, without any exertions on your own part. After dinner liquid ruby was produced in the shape of fine old English port, and when the ladies had disappeared, a claret jug was the poor substitute for their amiable and enchanting presence. I do not think that the Baker idea either of the vintage of Champagne or Bordeaux would have satisfied the exigencies of a critical French palate. Upon the occasions to which I allude, the made dishes were for the most part supplied by

the firm of Capillaire and Sweetbread, and an attendant from that establishment, habited in a grave and decorous suit of black, was present in aid of the footman with the yellow plush breeches and light green coat—the Baker livery. Additional assistance was given by the green-grocer in Crawford Street, a person quite irreproachable in his ministrations, save that he had an unfortunate habit of breathing hard down your neck when “offering” the stewed pigeons, pink cream, &c. &c. Could human ingenuity go farther in the way of luxury rightly understood than this? But the emissaries of the London Clubs had glided like serpents into the Baker Paradise, and had suggested that the *chefs* at their respective establishments could produce something in the form of a dinner more gratifying to the palate, and less injurious to the health, than a Baker banquet. Here, then, was an additional reason why Mrs. John Baker detested these institutions. In her opinion they had interfered with the marriage of her daughters, and they certainly had sneered at the constitution of her dinners.

More than this, the young men who frequented these miserable clubs were in the habit of asserting that they did not derive much amusement, nor instruction either, from the conversation of the guests round the hospitable board of the Bakers, and the Baker-friends; in short, that these affairs were exceedingly dull.

The British matron had been touched in her two tenderest points.

During the progress of the banquet now under consideration, Mrs. J. B., supported by an awful bevy of British matrons, who represented public opinion in its most anti-club form in a very vigorous way, expressed the most decided opinions upon this painful subject. This she did in a more pointed manner, inasmuch as there was present at the banquet a youthful barrister, who was known to have been a member of *The Brutus* for some years, and who did not appear to be devoting any considerable portion of his attention either to his professional studies, or to his establishment in the world in a respectable way.

This young gentleman, however, was not deficient in a certain kind of ability; and from the line of argument he adopted on the evening in question, I should be inclined to augur not unfavourably of his chance of forensic success when he has spent every shilling he possesses in the world, and has involved himself in liabilities to the money-lenders to a considerable amount. It may be superfluous to add, that Mr. Horace Tickler—such was the name of that blooming jurisconsult—did not deliver his address at length as here represented. I only profess to give the substance of his remarks, which were offered to the notice of the company in a pleasant and conversational way.

“You are wrong, my dear Mrs. Baker, for once in your life you are wrong. I feel well assured, from your well-known candour, that you will be the first to admit, and to rejoice in, the discovery of your error. You have, indeed, argued correctly from imperfect, or rather from imaginary, premisses. The fact really is—paradoxical as such a conclusion may appear—that the London Clubs



Mrs. Baker at The Club.





are pre-eminently institutions for the promotion of matrimony. When ladies discuss this subject, they appear invariably to lose sight of the story of the Grocer's Apprentices. What happens when a lad is first introduced into an establishment for the retailing of raisins, figs, candied sugar, and sweeties of various descriptions? Is the lad debarred from the privilege of tasting the luxuries which it will henceforth be his duty to dispense to his employer's customers? No; he is not only permitted, but rather encouraged, to take his fill; for it is certain that in a very short time he will be so disgusted with the lusciousness of those delicacies which had appeared to be so exquisite to his virgin palate, that he would prefer a hunch of bread and cheese to any of them. The same thing happens with the young men at the London Clubs. I will venture to say, that after his first six months of membership have expired, not one in a hundred cares one straw about the velvet sofas and upholsteries which have excited your indignation. It may indeed be that they permanently prefer the simpler repast which they find at their club to all the luxuries of your hospitable board. But surely this is not an evil of an anti-matrimonial tendency. Now, what happened to young men in London before the club system of this great capital had attained its present development? For their dinners they were bound to dive into some fetid holes redolent of the fumes of hot joints, and wet sawdust. The tablecloths were filthy—spotted with mustard-spots and blotches of gravy—the cutlery was not overclean; the glasses not uncommonly adorned with the marks of the waiter's thumb. Let us, for argument's sake, admit that the meat, when you got it, was fair enough in quality, but you bolted it in silence, or amused yourself during your repast with poring over yesterday's newspaper, for the papers of the day were always 'in hand.' The whole affair was abominable; and nothing but the nerves and digestive powers of youth in its vigorous prime could have gone through with it."

Mrs. John Baker here interrupted the speaker, and intimated, that even admitting Mr. Tickler's facts as true, she was entitled to the triumph of the argument—as in very truth by force of the very discomforts and privations which Mr. H. T. had so eloquently described, the young men were forced into submission, and driven *volentes volentes* into the arms of a loving wife, and the comforts of a respectable home.

"Not so, Mrs. Baker; not so. The process I describe was not at all calculated to promote an admiration for the 'respectable' in the youthful breast. Amusement after their day's work the young men in London would have in one form or another, and I fear, in the majority of cases, that as you lowered the standard of comfort the amusement was taken in a more and more questionable form, and possibly the matrimonial fervour diminished. The young man about town in London of the present day is a great improvement, in my humble opinion, upon the Tom and Jerry type which found favour in the eyes of our fathers. At least in a London club a young gentleman associates with young gentlemen of his

own class—his dinner is put before him with an attention to cleanliness and propriety of which, if English homes, almost of the humblest kind, are destitute, all I can say is, the English homes ought to be very much ashamed of themselves. It may probably surprise you to hear—but it is, notwithstanding, the truth—that 80 per cent.—I might even say more—of the dinners furnished every day to the members of the London Clubs collectively, are served at rates varying from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 6d.,—surely a charge which does not imply any very wild degree of luxury or extravagance. The older members will then retire to the news-room or the library, and doze in comfort over their paper, or their novel; and what would the poor old gentlemen do but for the resource of their club? The younger ones disappear in the smoking-room, where at least they meet with gentlemen like themselves, who—astounding as such an assertion may appear—would not, with rare exceptions indeed, tolerate any other subjects or forms of conversation than such as would be employed at your own dinner-table. Let us follow them up-stairs to the billiard-room. The time has happily gone by when it was supposed that a youth who would play a game at billiards was in a fair way to perdition—but even the bitterest opponents of that amusement can scarcely deny that it may be more safely indulged in amongst friends and gentlemen, members of the same club, than amongst the black-legs and sham-captains of the public billiard-tables. Of course there is a sprinkling of men whose acquaintance one would rather avoid in every club; but on the whole, as might have been expected from the constitution of the clubs, and the use of the ballot upon entry, the percentage of such is considerably smaller in the club than in general society."

These doctrines were very heretical, and in violent contradiction of the Baker theory: they were warmly contested by Mrs. J. Baker and by the ladies present at every point; and at length Mrs. J. B. got so heated with the argument, that she lost sight of her own position as the mother of two nubile and unmarried daughters, and appealed triumphantly to the existence of so many unmarried young ladies of the greatest loveliness—of the highest education—of the tenderest feelings—who were now wasting their youth and early womanhood in cheerless celibacy, as a proof that the desire for marriage amongst men had decreased—which decrease she still attributed to the anti-matrimonial action of the London Clubs.

"In the first place, my dear Mrs. Baker,"—how saccharine in his contradictions was this insinuating lawyer!—"in the first place, I suspect that the extent of this most crying evil has been very much exaggerated. There are more unmarried young ladies and young men, no doubt, than there were twenty years ago; but also there is a greater number of married couples. I do not observe in the Returns of the Registrar-General that there is any falling off in the rate of increase of the population of Great Britain—even passing over the point of how far emigration may affect the returns. But let us admit, for argument's sake, that the returns are maintained at their present amount by the marriages of the working classes, and that in



our own peculiar class, what we may call the upper-middle class of English society, there is a falling off in this respect, is this to be attributed to the actions of the London Clubs? It may well be true that the habits of English gentlemen are more expensive and luxurious than they were thirty years ago; but I would ask in all humility, has not the desire for social distinction increased in a corresponding way amongst English ladies? If Romeo longs for a *cotelette à la Soubise* tossed off in a fashion somewhat superior to the usual style of English domestic cookery, does not Juliet insist upon her brougham and her little house in Tyburnia, as indispensable conditions before she endows her lover with all the rich treasures of her virgin heart? Are not both too eager to begin life at the very point which their parents had attained just when they were on the eve of quitting it? How often do you meet with a young lady in society who is honestly ready to accept the risks of human life with a husband who has little to recommend his suit in the way of worldly endowments? And is it much to be wondered at, if men who have been left to bear the heat and burden of the day alone, should, when the struggle has been decided in their favour, be somewhat of opinion that they can manage without assistance to spend the produce of their labour in their own way?"

This heresy was not received very favourably amongst the ladies. Of course a woman was always not only ready but eager to make all possible sacrifices for the man of her heart; it was only the men themselves who were cold, worldly, and selfish. I am writing about London Clubs, and not, save by implication, about dinner-parties in Baker Street; and therefore I will say at once that the result of the conversation, not only at dinner, but subsequently in the drawing-room, was that on the next day Mr. Tickler should escort the Baker family over *The Brutus*—the club to which he belonged himself; and he felt quite sure that a mere glance at the style of accommodation provided for the members would entirely remove from Mrs. J. B.'s mind the false impressions under which she was then evidently labouring. *The Brutus* was a club which bore somewhat of a political character; and Mr. T. intimated that it was a pleasant and an encouraging sight to watch the young men who were destined at no distant date to be the foremost gladiators in the political arena, in training for the conflict. What midnight oil they consumed! How they scorned delights! How laborious were their days! How they pored over the Reports and Blue Books in order to prepare themselves for the coming strife! Mr. Tickler indeed admitted that there were certain odd characters and eccentric persons who adhered to *The Brutus*, as barnacles will adhere to the bottom of a gallant ship; but these were not to be taken as fair samples and specimens of the club.

Next day Mr. T. did effectually escort his friends over this famous club, and we have endeavoured, by calling in the aid of art, to give an idea of what the ladies saw on passing into the vestibule of the club. There was something almost painful in the spectacle of that young over-

wrought politician, whose intellectual struggles had been of so vehement a kind that he lay exhausted on a sofa in the hall. Nay! it was just as though Mr. T. had prepared the sight as a kind of clap-trap; but I ask the ladies frankly to give me their opinion upon the old member who has just taken the three-cornered note from the hands of the page. Is that note evidence that the members—even the senior members of *The Brutus*—are insensible to female beauty, and to the invitations of the fair? I would add, as the party were conducted over the house, and shown into the news-room, the coffee-room, where the members take their little portions of black broth, and the library, what proof did they find of the wicked proceedings ordinarily attributed to the members of London Clubs? The place was comfortable enough—it was no more. Of course there was a considerable number of easy-chairs in the library, but there was also a considerable number of members to sit in them. By the easy process of considering the comforts provided for 1200 or 1400 persons to be provided solely for the comfort of the one, no doubt it would be easy enough to get up a case against any individual clubbist; but then there were 1199 or 1399 facts in strong opposition to this theory. I wish that space permitted me to indulge in sketches of the few odd members of London Clubs. *The Brutus* was certainly not deficient in this respect—but I forbear. The *quid-nuncs*; and "old boys"; and loud speakers; and after-dinner snorers; and the sharp, active members who are always in a state of permanent opposition to the committee, and in a condition of terrible excitement about the great "mutton-chop question;" and the fussy, vulgar men who are ever endeavouring to thrust their acquaintance upon quiet members who do not appreciate the privilege; and the old members who sit upon the newspapers in the news-rooms, may all stand aside for the moment. Justice may, perhaps, be done to them another day, but not now. I am quite sure that Mrs. J. B.—and still more the Misses Anna Maria and Lucy Baker—had no right to complain of want of deference and attention as they were conducted through the club. Could those two young spinster sylphs have understood the amount of excitement they created in many a manly breast, as they glided like sunbeams through the rooms of that desolate establishment, I am sure they would not have considered a London Club as an institution very violently opposed to their interests.

Under two peculiar heads I trust that Mrs. J. B. will never forget the lesson she received upon the afternoon in question. The club kitchen, and the little arrangements then in course of preparation for the comfort and refreshment of the members a few hours later, should have been pregnant with suggestions for the improvement of the culinary department at Number Blank, Baker Street. Mrs. J. B. might there have seen upon how little men are content to dine, and yet consider that they have dined well. The kitchen of *The Brutus* was a practical protest against the waste, the extravagance, and the discomfort of the Baker banquets. Nor was it an answer to say that these things can only be done on a large



scale. The same results can be produced for two persons as for 1400, almost under the most contracted conditions of space. It is merely a question of parading a corporal's guard instead of a regiment.

The smoking-room may be considered the *sanctum sanctorum* of a London club. Here it is that according to feminine opinion the foulest orgies take place! Here are the head-quarters of the great Anti-Matrimonial Conspiracy! Ladies, *credite experto*, this is an entire delusion! In that exceedingly simple room, with its oil-clothed floor, or possibly with its well-scrubbed boards, and leather-covered sofas, you see an apartment where a certain number of gentlemen meet after dinner to smoke their cigars, and take their coffee, and where they chat over the occurrences of the day, much in the same way that they would do in your presence. The conversation is for the most part carried on amongst knots of friends who have either dined together, or who are personally known to each other. Every London Club has of course its special "Smoking-Room Bores," who are the greatest and most preposterous bores in the club. There is the Bore who will let nobody talk but himself; the Awful Bore, who uses the smoking-room to the annoyance of everybody present as a practising-room for the House of Commons; the Argumentative Bore; the Dictatorial Bore; the Prosy Bore; and many others of similar descriptions; but who, after all, just do in the smoking-room of a club what they would do in general society. General society should, I think, be duly grateful to the London Clubs for absorbing even for a time so many of these social nuisances.

As Mrs. J. B. and the young ladies are conducted into this room, two gentlemen, even at that early hour, were partaking of the fragrant weed within its mysterious precincts—how odd! They were friends of Mr. Tickler's, and were presented by that gentleman to the two ladies with all due solemnity. Mr. Addison Capes, the junior partner in a well-established solicitor's firm in Lothbury; the other, a fervid young Irish member, full of ardour and lofty aspirations. Mrs. J. B. was perfectly overpowered when Mr. Timothy O'Garry, the Honourable Member for Kilbadger, was presented to her; and although her vehement denunciations against smoking and smokers had obtained for her great notoriety amongst her own circle, within five minutes she was converted into a proselyte of the weed by that energetic Irish statesman. The happiness of a home had been denied to him;—how was he to recruit his wearied brain when wasted by the political discussions of the previous night, otherwise than by seeking relief from the fragrant weed? Had Mrs. John Baker ever made trial of the remedy herself when her susceptibilities had been shocked by contact with the world, and the world's worldliness? Would she permit him to offer her a cigar—a Queen's?—and the young ladies? Ah! if Mrs. Baker did but know the amount of suffering endured by men in the gloomy dens—such as the one which they now graced by their presence—she would never blame them for attempting at least to snatch from fate

the boon of momentary forgetfulness. There was nothing after all in the practice to which any lady should object if only precaution was taken not to annoy her by smoking in her sacred presence, nor to offend her delicate organ of smell by the next day's remains of the fragrant feast. Yes, London Clubs had their advantages, just like Harbours of Refuge, or Hospitals, but well did the members know that there was a Paradise—a Better Land—from which they were excluded. Ah! if amiable families would but invite him, Mr. O'Garry, to tea, and to sun himself in the fair presence of beings whom he would forbear more particularly to name!

The immediate results of this conversation were—

1st. That Messrs. Timothy O'Garry and Mr. Addison Capes were invited to accompany Mr. Horace Tickler to Number Blank, Baker Street, on a day named.

2ndly. That Mrs. J. Baker confessed on the spot that her opinions, with regard to smoking, had undergone considerable modifications.

The intermediate results were—

3rdly. That Mr. O'Garry confessed to Mr. Capes very shortly after, that his life hitherto had been conducted on mistaken principles, and that the hour had now arrived when he longed for sympathy, adding: "Ah! to think as I led her from the church-door that she was mine—mine—for life—by George!" Whereupon Mr. Capes laughed, and jeered his friend most consumedly.

4thly. That the next evening two Hansom cabs drove up to the door of Number Blank, Baker Street, and out of the one stepped Mr. O'Garry with a bouquet, and out of the other Mr. Capes with another bouquet, and that Mr. O'G. offered his bouquet to Miss Anna Maria Baker; and Mr. Addison Capes his bouquet to Miss Lucy Baker.

5thly. That Mrs. John Baker, in the course of a conversation with Mr. John Baker, which occurred in the seclusion of the nuptial couch, vehemently rebuked that gentleman for being so far behind the age as never to have made a fair trial of a cigar. Mr. O'Garry had assured her that at the London Clubs the cigar had driven out the bottle, and she (Mrs. J. B.) would no longer tolerate the inebriety of Mr. John Baker and his associates.

The remote results were:

6thly. That Mr. Addison Capes, who was in a thriving way of business, readily obtained the hand of Miss Lucy Baker;—that Mr. Timothy O'Garry made similar proposals with reference to Miss Anna Maria; but as, upon inquiry, it proved that his worldly possessions were of a negative kind, consisting, for the most part, of liabilities incurred in the form of renewed bills, his proposals were rejected;—that poor little Anna Maria took it so dreadfully to heart that some time after Mr. O'Garry was sent for, lectured, blessed, and his liabilities placed in Mr. A. Capes's hands with a view to his extrication;—that Mr. A. Capes did prevail upon the Jews to accept settlement for 25 per cent. on the amount of the nominal liabilities, and that then the Jewish gentlemen were overpaid;—that Anna Maria Baker became Mrs.



Timothy O'Garry, and that in consequence of the grandeur of the connection, her aunt, Miss Smith, of Devonshire Place, settled upon her 400*l.* per annum for her own exclusive use;—that Mrs. T. O'Garry was presented at the Drawing-Room upon "her marriage" by the consort of "The O'Garry," and that Mrs. John Baker was so deeply impressed with the fact that a child of her own should have had a personal interview with the Gracious Sovereign, that she remained throughout the day in a state of mild hysterics, rejoicing in the discomfiture of the Baker friends who had been invited to see Mrs. O'Garry dressed for the Drawing-Room;—that, in consequence of the support afforded by the Member for Kilbadger to the Government at a time of political crisis, he was rewarded with the Governorship of one of the Windward Isles, and with the honour of knighthood; and that, consequently, Miss Anna Maria Baker is now Lady O'Garry;—finally, that Mrs. John Baker blesses the London Clubs.

As common-sense will sometimes find admission in the garb of nonsense when in its own pepper and salt clothing it would be sternly excluded from all hearing or sympathy, an attempt has been made in this little sketch to place in the mouths of fictitious speakers the arguments for and against the London Clubs. As an old club-bist I venture to think that the opinion which mainly prevails amongst ladies with regard to London Clubs, and their operations upon the minds and habits of London men, is substantially incorrect. The modern club is a purely modern institution—the growth of the last twenty years. The first London club was founded by Sir W. Raleigh in Friday Street at *The Mermaid*, and here Shakspeare, if he would, might have black-balled Ben Jonson; and Beaumont and Fletcher were on the committee.

What things have we seen

Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest!

Then there was Ben Jonson's own club at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, where Childs' banking-house now stands. These were associations of literary men; and I do not think that during the reign of Elizabeth, or the first two Stuarts, the club system of London received any further development. The Commonwealth, of course, killed the clubs. A conventicle was the nearest approach to an association of this kind which would have been tolerated in those grim days. The Restoration brought back to town a more "clubbable" set of men; and we find during the reign of Charles II.—*The Club of Kings*, and *The Club of Ugly Faces*, and *The King's Head Club*—the latter a political True-Blue Protestant Association set on foot by Shaftesbury for his own purposes. It held its meetings at one of the Fleet Street corners of Chancery Lane. James II. did not help forward club life—the agitation of men's minds during his short reign was too painful to admit of regular meetings for the purposes of social intercourse. White's and Brooke's came in

with William III.—White's being somewhat the older of the two. I cannot find the exact date of the foundation of Boodle's, but it was probably not much later than that of its two fellows in St. James's Street. These three clubs grew out of the Coffee Houses celebrated by Addison and Steele, and bore the names, probably, of the owners of the establishments when a set of gentlemen resolved to hire them for their own exclusive use, and for the use of any person whom they might afterwards elect into their society. The White's and Brooke's of to-day are very different from the White's and Brooke's of one hundred and fifty, or even fifty years ago. In their former condition, when frequented by the great statesmen, and persons of chief social distinction of the day, they had but little indeed in common with modern club life. *The Beefsteak Club*, now sadly degenerated from its ancient glories, is about a century old;—then there was the famous Literary Club of Goldsmith, Burke, Johnson, Garrick, Beauclerk, &c. These, with the *King of Clubs*, founded by the late Bobus Smith, in concert with Sir James Mackintosh and the present Marquis of Lansdowne, fills up the interval between the former and present generation of clubs. The really Modern Club dates from the Reform Bill agitation, and the club as it stands is the Modern Club *minus* the political agitation of that stormy time. The following is the best list I could procure of institutions of this kind actually existing in London.

Army and Navy  
Arthur's  
Athenæum  
Arlington  
Boodle's  
Brooke's  
Carlton  
Cavendish  
City of London  
Cocoa Tree  
Conservative  
Cosmopolitan  
East India U. Service  
Garrick  
Gresham  
Guards  
Hogarth  
Mansfield  
Milton  
National

Oriental  
Oxford and Cambridge  
Parthenon  
Portland  
Princes  
Reform  
Royal London Yacht  
Royal Thames Yacht  
St. George's Chess  
St. James  
Stafford  
Travellers  
Union  
United Service  
United Service (Junior)  
United University  
Westbourne Athenæum  
Westminster  
White's  
Whittingham

Windham.

These forty-one clubs contain probably from thirty thousand to forty thousand members, and are much frequented; so that, for good or for evil, they constitute an important element in the social constitution of the country.

With rare exceptions, they are but large hotels or coffee-houses. They are undoubtedly very comfortable; but it only depends upon private families to make their Homes so pleasant that they may run the Clubs off the road. A Baker Banquet—take it how you will—is not a pleasant ceremony. Young men and young women will take pleasure in each other's society if they are allowed to meet in a natural way. I have the highest respect for my dear old friend, Josiah Copperdam, of *The Brutus*, who tells me long stories about things as



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they were in the year of Grace 1822 ; but I fear that that most respectable clubbist would stand a poor chance in my regard against sweet Bessie Primrose of Almond Villa, if that old snap-dragon of an AUNT JANE would only allow me to offer to the young lady the assurances of my respectful homage.

Let English mothers and English wives condescend to take a few lessons from these much-abused institutions, and make the Home more pleasant than the Club, a result easily in their power,—and I should be sorry for poor old Copperdam. How he would talk to the waiters ! Never mind, Bessie dear ; we'll ask poor C. up occasionally to Almond Villa, and give him something much nicer and less extravagant than a Baker Banquet ; and—who knows ?—Aunt Jane might “ go off ” yet.

GAMMA.

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## WHITE-BAIT DINNERS.

JEDDO beats Greenwich out and out under the head of fish-dinners. What marvellous results may yet be obtained from the opening up, as it is called, of Japan! The question hitherto has only been considered from a commercial or political point of view. This low ground should be abandoned at once. There is far too much buying and selling, as it is, going on in the world. As for politicians, they are really becoming a public nuisance. Let any one who doubts the assertion spend an evening in the agreeable society of a second or third-rate member of the House of Commons, or of an earnest party man, and if he does not, as the result of the experiment, admit that his evening has been painfully mis-spent, may I never assist at a white-bait dinner again! Let us attend to our fish.

We are informed upon the very highest authority—upon the authority of a mouth-witness who enjoyed ample opportunities at Jeddo itself of carrying on his philosophico-gastronomic investigations into this most important subject, that for one manner which the Western nations have of dressing fish, the Japanese have twenty or fifty methods of dealing with these marine delicacies—these succulent fruits of the ocean which we handle in so monotonous a way.

It is not a question of sauce.

That is, under the head of "Sauces" we are called upon to consider a very important part of the subject—a most interesting subdivision I grant—but this is far from being the real question at issue. I wish I could speak with more precision; but the fact is that my informant when at Jeddo neglected his duty to his country, and to the human race. He did not go further than to verify the fact that the fish dinners of Japan are a somewhat which a good man at the end of a well-spent life may dream of as possible under more beatific conditions of existence than those allotted to suffering humanity upon the surface of this planet. He is indeed a man whom to name would be to point him out to the admiration of his countrymen—but, alas! that there should be a speck in so shining and remarkable a character! When at Jeddo he did not exhaust the subject of Fish Stews!

He remarked indeed that sometimes in lusciousness—sometimes in delicate simplicity—they differed from all that he had tasted before in this kind. Some recommended themselves to the more grave and poetical faculties, as would a sonata of Beethoven to the appreciation of an accomplished musician; others fluttered delicately round the entranced palate as when the music of the Seville Barber, winnowing the air, glides like the sky-lark's song into the delighted brain of the judicious connoisseur. Others again were examples of grand simplicity—like the sweet conceptions of our own Purcell. Finally, others, Oh, marvel! Oh,



miracle! how shall I explain about these others? Reader, have you ever watched a mad fellow careering round a Circus, who even whilst the horse is at full speed throws off covering after covering; and is now a Highlander, now a Swiss peasant, now a jockey, now a British Grenadier. You have there a faint analogy to Japan's last word in fish-stews. With such consummate art do the illustrious Cooks of that far distant land combine the flavours of their great *chef-d'œuvre*—keeping them apart even in combination—that flavour after flavour shall pass over your palate—each distinct, yet each affecting the other by the halo, as it were, of its own surpassing delicacy—so that in one moment of time the perfumes of twenty, let us say, of these marine flowers have passed over your senses, yet each is perceptibly separate and distinct. Imagine a dolphin dying on your palate, and each of his changing and beauteous hues a delightful flavour. The Japanese fish-cooks could give you that sensation!

May it not be that we are upon the eve of a great revolution in this matter? Even now, we are informed that ambassadors from that ingenious Japanese people are on their way to our shores. Will they bring their cooks with them? Was that point stipulated in the treaty? It would be well if a question upon this matter were addressed at once to our Foreign Secretary; for even now, if there have been error or misapprehension it may not be too late. Let us tell them all we know about Armstrong guns, and astronomy and medicine; if we only receive in return their piscatorial secrets we shall have made a good bargain, indeed!

The utmost that I could obtain from my informant in the way of precise information—and indeed that is not very precise—was that the secret was not a secret of sauces. The Japanese have discovered some subtle methods of interpenetrating the very substances of the marine treasures submitted to their delicate manipulations with juices unknown to us. At other times they will take the fish itself—so it be one of transcendent flavour—and heighten that flavour, without the commixture of any foreign element, in a very remarkable way. The process—I cannot repeat it too often—is not the addition of a sauce to a fish; the fish and the sauce are *one*.

It would also appear, that by a series of long and interesting investigations, they have arrived at the knowledge of certain affinities of flavours which they employ in this wise. Before they exhibit any particular preparation of fish, they make all things ready for its reception; just as when you expect an illustrious guest whom you desire to honour, you take the coverings from the furniture, and place flowers about the room. Before the casket which contains the treasure is placed before the party for whose benefit it has been conceived, they are invited to place a somewhat upon their tongue, or to ingurgitate a mouthful of some liquid. At the critical moment, when this preparatory flavour is at its highest point of development, the dish is brought in. The bridesmaids, as it were, come before scattering flowers, and then the bride appears. Nay, my illustration is a false one: I should rather say,

the bride and bridegroom join hands, and the result is—felicity.

I should rather presume that a Japanese fish-dinner is a solemn and a thoughtful proceeding. How would it be possible to bind one's attention to the jests of a professional joker, or to listen to the last thing about Pullinger, when every faculty of the mind is concentrated upon the appreciation of such nice and interesting considerations as those I have named? A few flowers, coolness, a crepuscular silence, such, methinks, should be the conditions under which fish-dinners are enjoyed at Japan.

This is not the way we manage such matters at Greenwich. I confess I long for greater variety in these entertainments—not, of course, for a greater number of dishes, or varieties of fish, at any one banquet—but I wish there were a larger area for choice, or that I could with a good conscience assert that during the last twenty years I had remarked any notable improvements in the methods of preparing fish. The water zootje, the lobster rissoles, the Spey trout, the salmon cutlets, and the white-bait prepared in the two different ways, are just what they were when I was a boy. Science, when it is not progressive, recedes.

The abominable stench from the Thames has also, of late, proved a serious drawback to Greenwich dinners. How can one sense do its work when another is suffering the last agonies? Could any one enjoy a fish dinner under the roof of a factory for the construction of steam boilers when the work was most assiduously plied? Could any one, I say, enjoy a fish dinner if surrounded by those unfortunate creatures with *goîtres* whom one sees in Switzerland? The nose has its susceptibilities as well as the eye or ear, and indeed there is a far more intimate connection between the organs of smell and taste than between any two others. Rather let me have the humblest meal amidst the pleasant woods of Marlow, where the Thames is flowing past in crystal purity, and the young leaves of tenderest green are rustling over my head, and the vocal songsters of the grove—I believe that is the correct expression—are doing just what is expected of them without overdoing it, than the most accurately prepared banquet at Greenwich until the great Trunk Sewer is completed. The beauties of Nature to a thoughtful mind add zest and flavour to cookery. I know of certain dishes which never give forth their full qualities save in presence of the setting sun. There is a particular species of anchovy sandwich of my own invention which I invariably make use of when the nightingale is performing one of her rich seraphic solos amongst the hedges in my garden. I feel my mind elevated and purified at such moments; and I have no doubt that there exists a very particular affinity between the flavour of the delicate fish and the delightful gurgling of the sweet songstress of the woods. How vain are all forms of artificial enjoyment when fairly weighed in the balance against the pleasures derived from the contemplation of Nature! To return to Greenwich.

I had almost made up my mind not to visit Greenwich this year for the reason assigned—namely, my dread of the foul stenches of the



Thames, although, I confess, it is not without a severe pang that any man of well-constituted mind can resolve to forego his two or three pilgrimages in the season to the Mecca of White-bait. I am well pleased that I broke through this resolution, as a little meeting there the other day was the means of securing the happiness of a very excellent young man, who before that pleasant little evening was suffering from the pangs of unrequited affection.

The tender passion had pervaded his soul. All his accustomed haunts and pursuits had grown distasteful to my young friend Septimus Cox, whose whole spirit had been drawn by one of those mysterious affinities which I suppose exist between the Anchovy and the Nightingale towards the spirit of pretty Fanny Almond. How he disdained us all! There was fat Jack Partridge—her cousin too—whose jokes were of so genial and sympathetic a kind, that they really might have elicited a broad grin from a milestone. Well, it was only about ten days ago that I was walking home to chambers, at about one o'clock A.M., with the enamoured Cox, and when we came to Covent Garden (it was on a Friday night, or rather early on a Saturday morning), he asked me if it would not be delightful to walk up and down in that celebrated locality, and see the early flowers brought to market. To humour him, I consented to take a few turns; and he then imparted to me, in strict confidence, his opinion that poor Jack was a coarse fellow; that his particular forms of pleasantry were very well in their way; but that a man who had anything better in him soon outlived all relish for them; and that the assiduous discharge of the duties of a laborious profession, coupled with the comforts of a home, and the charms of domestic life, &c., &c.

I had seen my young friends suffering from this kind of attack before, and knew well there was nothing for it but to let the disease run its course. Had he reason to suppose that the young lady appreciated the fervour of his devotion? Had he yet communicated with her upon the subject? No! He was so overwhelmed with the sense of his own unworthiness that he had not yet ventured on anything so audacious. Once, indeed, he had gone so far as to turn over the leaf of her music-book when she was warbling a delightful melody; but as he had rendered this assistance at a wrong moment, he had rather interrupted than aided the full tide of song.

Had he any reason to suppose that his suit would be ill received by this fair being? None in the world. Why, then, was he in such low spirits? Because he knew that he was so totally and absolutely unworthy of her, that he had not the remotest chance of winning her affections. There was nothing for it but despair and a premature grave. Perhaps, then, Fanny would one day know that one who had &c., &c., loved her, &c., &c., had passed away, &c., &c., and that after life's fitful fever, &c., &c. It was also possible under those circumstances that she might not disdain to drop a tear upon his untimely tomb. This was all very well—very much in the usual course of things—but I confess I thought Septimus was a little hard upon our poor friend Jack

Partridge, who was not bound to know that he was imparting his very best jokes to a despairing lover.

Suddenly a thought struck me. Could I induce our young friend to accompany me to Greenwich? I had frequently known the very best results produced by a white-bait dinner upon young men who were very far gone indeed in the tender passion. Kindly middle-aged men must have a large experience of this class of case, and how difficult it is to make the poor foolish boys believe that Dr. Cumming's gloomiest anticipations are not on the point of being realised because Fanny would "take a turn" with Captain M'Puma the other night, in place of devoting her whole attention to the administration of comfort and solace to an individual member of that gloomy but enraptured band. The chief difficulty is to get them down to Greenwich, for when once there I have considerable confidence in a method of treatment which from my own experience of its successful action in many critical cases I would recommend for general adoption. The water-zootje with, say, two flounders, and a delicate roll of brown bread-and-butter, should first be presented in a quiet, sympathetic, "Ah, poor-fellow!" sort of way. Do not at this point take much notice of your patient. His is, of course, a case of great and exceptional sorrow. No Fanny had ever ill-used and bedevilled any Septimus before that afternoon in June. For the rest of the company there are the usual interests of human life; for poor Septimus a little water-zootje and the savage grandeur of solitary despair. Leave Prometheus on his rock, and throw him a flounder or two just to keep him going whilst the vulture is as usual making himself happy with that eternal Strasburg pie which the mournful Titan is doomed to bear for ever upon his right side. When the water-zootje and a glass of Amontillado are fairly disposed of, I next exhibit a whiting pudding. It is a good, stodgy, pasty sort of mixture, cloying and anti-sentimental. Now throw in another glass of sherry, or—as you are dealing with a despairing lover who takes no notice of what he is drinking—a little Bucellas, and inquire, "If he has seen the second edition?" Of course he has not. The only telegram Mr. Reuter could possibly forward to "The Times" which would possess the slightest interest for Septimus, would be to the effect that "At 4:30 A.M. Miss Fanny Almond took her usual walking exercise on the banks of the Serpentine, in a plain straw bonnet—her eyes were suffused with tears, and she was heard in front of the Royal Humane Society's house to say '*Septimus, Oh, cruel, cruel!*'"—the cruelty referring to an ideal and somewhat voluminous letter in which Mr. S. C. had on the previous night embodied the history of his sorrows and his wrongs. No such telegram is of course forthcoming, and you have arrived at the lobster rissoles, where, in the majority of cases, a faint attempt may be made to entangle the Sep. in the meshes of a joke. With the salmon cutlets I have never known the experiment to fail; and by the time he has arrived at the white-bait and the cold punch, Romeo himself would think Mercutio a dull dog if he did not answer the whip in a sound convivial



manner. Ah! when Charlotte was about it, why could she not have introduced a neat plate of white-bait by the side of that famous bread-and-butter which captivated the affections, and ultimately led to the untimely end of her despairing lover! All this, however, though learning of the most useful kind, does not help us immediately on to Greenwich.

I should have mentioned that Mr. John Partridge, to whose jocular propensities I have slightly alluded, was a not very distant connexion of Mrs. Pokington Almond, the maternal parent of the enchanting Fanny. Mrs. P. Almond was in point of fact one of the Norfolk Partridges, and our friend J. P. came originally from Diss in that turnipy county. Now J. P. was perfectly aware that Septimus was in a very dreary way indeed on account of the various charms of feature, character, conversation, and general fascination which distinguished his cousin Fanny from all other maidens of mortal mould. Septimus, however, did not take the tender passion kindly—few persons in that unfortunate situation ever do—but he took it worse than most others.

Of all disagreeable unsocial wretches commend me to the lover who is brooding over the charms of his mistress. It is not a pleasant thing to spend an evening with a young man who thinks of you as a coarse, mercenary brute, simply because you are pursuing the ordinary objects of interest in human life in a very legitimate way; and who, as you are perfectly aware, would scorn your most elaborate efforts to entertain him for a suggestion on the part of his sweet Sophy to the effect that "it was rather warm." As a general rule, birds in love are pleasant—at least they tell the story of their sorrows in a pleasant way; men in the same situation are indescribable bores.

It was, however, resolved between us that, by hook or by crook, Septimus should be persuaded to accompany us to Greenwich. We contemplated nothing more than a very quiet sort of thing indeed—and at the same time that Mrs. Pokington Almond should be induced to make up a little party, as the ladies had never assisted at a fish dinner before. Our little project—subsequently modified—was, that the two parties should afterwards meet, as though by accident, in Greenwich Park to see the sun set, or the moon rise, or any kind of planetary entertainment which might be in progress at the time. The result rested, of course, with the young people themselves; still it was to be expected that under the balmy influence of the hour, and the cold punch, and what with the stars above and the coal brigs in the Pool below, Septimus might, at last, be induced to speak out like a rational being; for Jack and I, who were not under the despotism of sternest Eros, knew perfectly well that our little friend F. looked upon Septimus—bating his Jeremiads and belief in his own unworthiness, &c.—with a far from unfavourable eye. Partridge was to join our party, the ladies to be left under the guardianship of friends of whom no particular mention need be made, as they did not influence the fortunes of Mr. Septimus Cox and Miss Fanny Almond otherwise than as being *umbrae* to Mrs. A. on the memorable day in question.

What a pity it is that we can no longer go down to Greenwich by water. In the early summer time that fresh run through the Pool amongst the tiers of coal brigs used to form an apt and proper vestibule to the Temple of White-bait. I miss that daring mariner in the kind of South Sea canoe, who, with a double-headed paddle, used to steer his way by choice into the hubble-bubble made by the steamers, and when you felt perfectly assured that he had been sucked in by the paddle-wheels, and would be dropped out when the steamer stopped at the Thames Tunnel as flat as a pancake—lo! there he was on the other side of the gallant vessel, joyous as a river monster. I have never known how he got there—my impression is that he used to dive with his mysterious craft under the ship's keel.

Then what nervous work it used to be going through the Pool, and how you got into No Thoroughfare places from which it seemed impossible that any mortal skill could extricate the steamer, when just at the critical moment a portion of the obstacle seemed to fade away by enchantment, and you were off again! At other times, when all seemed fair and prosperous, a great lumbering lighter would drift across the channel, and you felt morally convinced that nothing could save the stoical lighterman from a watery death, no matter how great the forbearance and skill of your own skipper. And how coolly the lighterman took it, not even deigning to quicken his pace as he performed the usual feat with that enormous pole. Surely the empire of the seas will never pass away from England while she produces a race of men who can do such work as that which our noble captain has immediately in hand, and with such perfect facility as if he thought nothing of it. With what calm majesty he sits on a camp-stool on the paddle-box, and by a mere indication of his finger, which produces from the call-boy a shrill scream of "Ease her! Stop her! Go ahead!" regulates the motion of the craft with such nicety, that he brings her up alongside of a wharf, or drives her through obstacles with only a foot or two to spare, just as a Hansom cabman would guide his vehicle through a jam in Fleet Street. How excited the foreign gentlemen become as the steamer arrives near the Tunnel, and how stout old Englishmen point out to them the vast amount of shipping in the Pool, and with the conscious pride of enlightened patriotism ask if they have anything like that to show in their own country.

The whole scene used to be so fresh, and cool, and pleasant after the dust and turmoil of London. Here we are at last at the bend of the river where Greenwich opens upon us with the Observatory at the top of the hill, and the green park with its old thorn trees; and there lies the Dreadnought, dear to naval veterans from the recollection of other days, and to fish revellers, because when it is sighted they are well aware that the delicate banquet of which they have come in search is not far distant. And we have arrived at the stairs, and immediately we land are plied with invitations to come and take tea at various establishments, where it appears that tea, bread and butter and shrimps are served out at incredibly low rates,



and as far as locality is concerned, with peculiar advantages of view and situation. Shrimps, too, are offered to us in little paper packets—shrimps appear to occupy a very prominent place in the Greenwich dietary of the humbler classes. We are not, however, inclined to trifle away our time or appetites upon these delicate *crustacea*, for we have nobler game in view.

We take our way by the Hospital Terrace where the old Pensioners are pacing up and down, not, I fear, engaged in lofty conversation about their former victories, but rather gossiping over petty Hospital grievances, and desirous of small change for the purchase of tobacco. Another day we will investigate the grievances of these gallant men—but to-day we have other business in hand. We are now approaching a narrow passage down which we will take our way—not by any means in scorn of a lordly temple consecrated to white-bait, which we pass upon our way, but because time out of mind we have been in the habit of consuming these subtle luxuries at an older, if not a more luxurious establishment.

We have reached our destination at last, and find that most of the rooms have been pre-occupied. In one apartment a Club of Odd Fellows is dining, and in another the Royal Academy Club; in another a party of gentlemen met to celebrate a victory before some Parliamentary Committee connected with the passing of some Private Bill; in another a knot of Literary men; in another a select circle of friends who have assembled to give a valedictory dinner to one of their number about to enter into the Holy State. I scarcely think there is an event of English life which is not in due season sanctified and illustrated by a Fish Dinner. A few weeks later and one of the rooms in this very Hotel will be occupied by the Ministers of the Crown, who, when the toils of the Parliamentary campaign are over, and when they are just about to imbrue their hands in the blood of the Innocents, meet over their white-bait, and no doubt chuckle enormously over the dangers they have escaped during the last few months. I wish I could speak with the same freedom of the smaller parties who visit Greenwich, equally for white-bait purposes, but who evidently partake of it in a more secluded way. What a world of pathos there is in the inscriptions cut with diamonds on the window-panes of the smaller rooms:

*Jemima Ann and I  
dined here*

*June 5, 1837. Philip Stubbs.*

That is twenty-three years ago. Let us assume that J. A. was twenty years of age at the date of the white-bait dinner in question—that would make her forty-three. Did she become Mrs. Stubbs? I hope P. S. behaved handsomely. In that case there is probably another J. A., a beautiful young olive-branch prepared to take the place of the maternal tree. It may be that P. S. was unfaithful (in which case I should like to be behind him with a big stick), and the recollection of that very Greenwich dinner partaken of on the 5th June, 1837, may be the one green spot in the waste of memory. The nose of J. A. may now be red, and her temper soured, but at least, come what may, she

has been blessed. Or—on the other hand, for why should I desert my own side in so base a manner?—Jemima-Ann may have been a jilt, and have very severely mishandled poor Philip, in which case I hope he has not been fool enough to condemn a hundred good women for the sake of one bad one, but has since frequently come down to Greenwich in the pleasant society of some Sophy, or Catharine, or Mary-Jane, and indoctrinated that young lady in the not disagreeable white-bait mystery. The windows contain many records of this description, all significant of the fact that the engravers considered their presence at the fishy caravanserai in question upon a particular day in the agreeable society of some young lady, who since that period has been—as I trust—the partner of their toils, worthy of very particular record. The duty of awarding the palm, or rather the flitch of bacon, in matters connubial has not devolved upon me. Had I been the judge upon so critical a point, I should have considered that if the candidates had brought forward satisfactory evidence to the effect that, after one year of marriage, Roderick had proposed to Amelia a little white-bait dinner at Greenwich, but under the express stipulation that they were not to be burdened with the presence of strangers, and that Amelia had instantly assented without any suggestion for adding to the members of the party,—without making any difficulties about “baby,”—but with some little anxiety about the bonnet which she was to wear upon the occasion, I have no hesitation in saying that the court over which I presided would have made the rule absolute for the delivery of the flitch at their usual place of residence—carriage paid.

The tide was nearly up as our little party entered the room destined for the celebration of the mysteries. As the season was not yet far advanced, and as certainly we have had no sun as yet of sufficient power to draw out the latent virtues of the Thames mud, the somewhat peculiar odour which Father Thames now habitually emits had not yet arrived at that more advanced stage when we characterise it by a phrase of greater intensity. Two little Jacks-in-the-water were plying their trade as usual with great perseverance, obviously under the impression, that by tucking up their rags above their little dirty knees, and groping about in the Thames mud, they were rendering back commercial value for the halfpence which they received. It is pleasant enough from the windows and balconies of these white-bait establishments to watch the little river steamers flashing by; and, as the western horizon reddens as the day draws to a close, and the great smoke of London ascends between the white-bait and the setting sun, what strange Turner-like atmospheric effects succeed each other with marvellous rapidity! Whilst waiting for the attendants to bring in the water-zootje, I have seen the river off Greenwich red as though coloured with some red pigment, and the smoky vapour over London now red, now black, as it was moved about by the currents of air; and the great dome of St. Paul's, and the tops of the other monuments, looking as though they belonged to some city of the Genii. These Greenwich dinners have their poetry and senti-



mental attractions independently of the white-bait.

On that memorable day when Mr. Partridge and I had contrived our little project in promotion of the happiness of Mr. Septimus Cox and Miss Fanny Almond, and just before we sat down to our own dinner, I was advised by a slight wink from my fellow conspirator that the ladies were safely housed in a room up-stairs, in which they were to be indoctrinated in the rudiments of white-bait. So far, so good. We were but three in party—friends of the Almonds, and fast allies of Septimus Cox. We had a duty before us, and we resolved to do it. At first our patient's melancholy was allowed to have its way: he was left, according to my old and well-tried plan, to the flounders and whiting-puddings in comparative peace. Still, it was but right to show him the courtesy of taking wine with him, for this old-fashioned custom still prevails to a certain extent amongst men at these fish dinners. From pure abstraction Septimus emptied his glass upon each of these occasions, so that I really began to fear that matters might progress rather too quickly for the objects in view. Four courses of fish, each containing four varieties of these fluviatile and marine dainties, succeeded each other as usual upon such occasions, and the spirits of the melancholy man rose as the banquet advanced. The exhilarating effects of a fish diet are remarkable in the extreme. With the white-bait and the cold punch it was a *fait accompli*—our long-lost Septimus was restored to the affections of his loving friends.

"*Oh, flesh, how art thou fishified!*" was the old reproach directed against the tribe of lovers—I say, henceforth let it stand, "*Oh, fish, how art thou fleshified!*" Who would have recognised the despairing lover of 2:30 P.M.—I will be bound to say he had had a chop—in the light, buoyant, airy creature of 7:49 P.M.? Could F. A. see him now, I have no hesitation in saying that that young lady would surrender at discretion. It was just the white bait had made the difference.

I cannot within the slender limits assigned me enter at length into the subject of the spring chicken and the ducklings. Ours was not a noisy party—although I will not venture to deny that occasionally at these Greenwich dinners the fun does run somewhat fast and furious. I have seen instances at the conclusion of these fishy festivals when elderly gentlemen who, in their own houses, are as grave and discreet in their cups as churchwardens, have stood out in the balcony in front of the room which had been the scene of their revelry, and vowed eternal friendship with their pocket-handkerchiefs over their heads, and the fag-ends of cigars in their aged lips, in a manner which, if not sublime, was certainly next door to it. I have seen omnibuses depart from the precincts of the sanctuary, at a somewhat late hour, freighted with "personages" occupying very prominent posts in public estimation, and not a little elevated by the exhilarating influences of the place; but such was not the case with us. We had dined comfortably, and were in a condition of bland serene happiness befitting the dignity of human nature. Under these circumstances we ventured

to rally our friend Septimus a little upon the melancholy turn which his passion had taken, and entreated him for our sakes to entertain a little higher estimation of his own merits and qualifications. Septimus was good enough to say that he would never be able to repay the debt of gratitude which he owed to J. P. and myself for putting the case before him in its proper bearings. Yes, he was sure at that moment, could he obtain the privilege of an interview with Miss Almond, he felt that, unworthy as he was, he would endeavour to get over that unworthiness, and to convince her of the purity and fervour of his passion; or as it used to be termed in old works, treating of this subject,—his "flame." J. P. quitted the room, and returned after a momentary absence. We pursued the glowing theme, and to the best of our poor ability tried to impress upon our young friend's mind the idea that the day was gone by when a Sir Charles Grandison, who, after a year or two of courtship and devotion, had got no further than to kiss Miss Byron's hand "with tender awe," was likely to prove successful in the object of his pursuit. Septimus, in a very emphatic manner indeed, expressed his contempt for that tedious Baronet, and stated it on his own conviction, after the maturest deliberation, that—

Happy's the wooing  
That's not long a-doing.

Indeed, since we had shown so kind, so generous an interest in his fortunes, he would venture to introduce a toast to our notice. Unaccustomed as he was to address public assemblies (only J. P. and I were present), he certainly did feel himself imperatively called upon on the present occasion to propose to our acceptance a toast which he was well convinced required no great effort of oratory on his part to be instantly adopted by the illustrious assemblage which he had the honour of addressing on that occasion. "The Ladies," with three times three; and he begged to couple that toast with the name of one who, as he hoped, and as he was sure, we should all be rejoiced to hear, would soon be united to him by the most enduring and the most sacred, &c., &c.—in point of fact, with the name of one, of whom he would venture to say, in the words of the Poet—

She's a jolly good fellow,  
Which nobody can deny.  
She's a jolly good—

At this moment Mrs. Almond and Aunt Sophy, and Miss Fanny Almond, emerged from behind the screen. Mrs. A. had casually heard that her nephew, with two intimate friends, was in the house: and as they were passing the door of the room in which we were sitting, the ladies had been good enough to look in upon our party to see if we would escort them for a little turn upon the terrace at the edge of the river—perhaps we would first like a cup of tea?

I could not help suspecting, from a malicious twinkle in Miss Fanny's eye, that she was not altogether unaware of the oratorical efforts recently made by our friend Septimus. She so earnestly hoped they were not intruding upon us—she should be so truly vexed if she could suppose for

a moment that they had interrupted the interesting conversation in which we were engaged. She was sure Mr. Cox was speaking when they came in—would he not be good enough to proceed just as if they were not present? Mr. C. would not be so ungallant as to refuse a lady's request.

The young people must be left to settle their affairs in their own way. I have ventured to bring their names in incidentally to give a little interest and connection to a few remarks upon the subject of White-bait Dinners at Greenwich. All I can say is, that if in the course of that very evening when we were taking our stroll by the river-side, Septimus did not contrive to inspire some other expression than malice into Miss Fanny Almond's exceedingly fascinating eyes, he was neither worthy of her nor of a white-bait dinner. I will also add, as the result of my own long experience in such matters, that if the far brighter half of the human race were but aware of the full power of the white-bait dinner as a matrimonial weapon, they would never, even in thought, malign this most valuable institution. A ball-room is the very worst arena for action in such matters; the breakfast-table in a country-house, when the fair combatants step down from their robing-rooms fairer and fresher than Venus from the sea-foam, among the best. A Roman pic-nic, with a ride home by moonlight with a too-fascinating being by your side, is also a terrible trial to the manly heart; but then Rome is a good way off, and not every English mother can give her daughter the advantage of such a canter over an empire's dust, and the heart of a millionaire's eldest son. For practical purposes try a Greenwich dinner!

But, all such transcendant purposes apart, the white-bait dinner is a satisfactory reason for one of the pleasantest little "outings" known to Londoners. Some way or another, I never see dull faces round me on these occasions; and happy human faces are to me the pleasantest spectacle in the world. I would at any time rather look on these than gaze upon a Swiss mountain or the Pyramid of that conceited old ape, Cheops. Far am I indeed from supposing that I have a monopoly of such feelings; and therefore I would say to our readers,—now that, after eight months of winter, the sun is shining down upon us again, *try a white-bait dinner!* Finally,—young ladies, and ladies not quite so young, never suffer yourselves to be deluded into the belief that a white-bait dinner is purely a man's affair. It only requires your fair presence to make it perfect! Whenever such heretical doctrines are propounded in your presence, run up-stairs, put on your "things," and say you are ready. Such is the advice of your devoted friend and admirer,

GAMMA.



## THE SMALL THINGS OF LONDON.

WITHOUT acorns you can't have oaks. When you speak of cocks and hens you imply chickens. If you would enrich the world with an Epic poem (not that I particularly wish to see any addition to that class of literature), you must begin by writing, or at any rate by arranging in your head the two first lines. So of men and women. When you speak of Shakspeare you imply a baby, yes! there was a moment when William Shakspeare was little Willy in long clothes. No doubt nurse Dorothy, or—if the family, as some commentators suppose, were not very rich—good Mrs. Shakspeare herself, took the little Willy in question out in her arms, and strolled with him along the banks of placid Avon. King Lears, and Hamlets, and Othellos as yet lay latent somewhere about the region of the *pia mater* in that remarkable child, but I have no doubt that he sucked his little fat thumbs much as other babies are wont to do. It is also probable that good Mrs. Shakspeare, like other mothers—God bless them all—talked that sublimest sense, mother's-nonsense, to the boy, and in her beatific visions saw him in her mind's eye—it is only mothers who dare to draw on the future for such portentous sums—Lord Mayor of London. If so, she was wrong, as poor mothers sometimes are. Little William missed *the Civic Chair*.

The ingenious French writers who get up those mendacious books about the First Napoleon, are very eager to tell us that when the infant was just born, in the confusion of the moment, and by pure accident, he was placed upon a tapestry on which the skill of the artist had represented some terrible feats of arms. It might have been the doings of the Argonauts under the command of that filibustering fellow Jason; it might have been the battle of the Amazons, or of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; my recollection only serves me so far that I can assert with perfect confidence that the Napoleon tapestry in one form or another represented *Broken Heads*, an antique. Now they would have us believe that a wise spectator could have translated the contortions, and whinings, and squeakings of that troublesome child into some such phraseology as this—*En avant la Garde! Nom de—nom de—nom de tonnerre. Affrontons la mitraille. Soldats, la victoire est la-bas prête à nous verser des petits verres, allons trinquer avec elle.—Nom de soixante mille cochons—la Garde en avant.* I do not believe that this was the case, but that little Napoleon bawled upon that occasion

simply because he felt rather cold, and would have been glad of a little milk in the usual way.

I am about to offer a few remarks upon the subject of children in general and London children—the Small Things of London—in particular ; but although anxious to begin at the beginning, I cannot say that I in any way sympathise with those excellent people who can make out so many fine things from the whinings of babyhood. English mothers forgive me, I don't like a baby. Mrs. Fondlechild, I know exactly what you are about to say ; I was once a baby myself, and I will add that, according to my own view of the case, I must then have been a most objectionable atom. I should not have liked myself. I should not have wished to have been given myself to hold. I should have shrunk from touching myself. I would not have called myself a "Pobsy-Wobsy," nor would I have admired my own pink toes. I could not with a clear conscience have asserted of myself that "bless my little heart I was the very image of papa." I never could see the smallest resemblance between an infant and a stout middle-aged gentleman with a hooked nose and spectacles. This, however, but adds to the unpayable debt of gratitude we all owe to our mothers ; but for female protection during those months of human jelly-dom, what would become of us ? Nay, gentlest motherhood apart, are not all women *ex officio* protectors of helpless infancy ? By some mysterious law of nature they appear to rejoice in human duodecimos at the very time they are most distasteful to me ; and, I believe, if they would make a clean breast of it, to most of my fellows. The little creature that has a cap on, and cries in a sort of basket is to them a cameo, or a choice engraving. They see its points, and love to handle it. For myself I must say that I am distinctly afraid of a baby.

I do, however, most thoroughly see the beauty of the mother holding her child in her arms, or to her breast—(so I am not asked to touch it)—and I think it was well that this combination was selected as the favourite subject of Christian artists in the middle ages. But—here I fall back upon the subject of pretty little Mrs. Buttercup, of Number Blank, Blank Square—it is certainly the mother and not the child who exacts my tribute of admiration. Assume the baby to be absent, I should be well content to spend half-an-hour in Mrs. B.'s agreeable society ; assume Mrs. B. to be absent, I would as soon spend half-an-hour with a young rook as with the baby. Baby so far plays into the hands of an æsthetic friend of the family that he is the unconscious instrument of educing very beautiful forms of expression upon Mrs. B.'s pure and gentle features, and he can conjure a look out of her eye which never, as I believe, fell to poor Buttercup's lot, even when he had pulled her up fifteen miles against stream in the gladsome days of wooing and pink bonnets—just allowing himself time for a little beer on passing the locks. I never could see any poetry in the staring blue eyes of babyhood, although fully aware that, according to the doctrines of the true faith upon the Angelina model, we are required to believe that baby has recently quitted the realms aloft, and does not like its new quarters upon the



thrifths, and the gentlemen in the City who spend dreary and dyspeptic existences in order to accumulate fortunes which their sons will dissipate, would come out of the trial, if they were tried by similar tests. Lilliput has its Gulliver; Gulliver his Brobdingnag;—we have a little advantage over the children,—let us therefore rejoice, and be wise at their expense.

The mimicry amongst them of adult-life is seen in the smallest as in the greatest things. Observe how they follow the fashion. Albert paletots and tunics with wide sleeves, and the last thing in trowsers, and wide-awake hats, &c. &c., infallibly come upon the streets in last resort, and are imi-

tated in rags. Of course there is a depth of ragdom where form and colour never penetrate; but speaking of a stratum in child-society, a little above this we shall find that the adult fashions, of about two years ago, now prevail there. It is clear that the little fellows can't be dressed in the cast-off clothes of their superiors of the same age—for that is a question of child-fashion, and they do not imitate that. It is just as certain that little ragged Dick at the corner of the mews is not wearing the discarded apparel of the attorney's clerk or medical student—*modo et formâ*, for that would be too big for his small limbs. There must have been a deliberate intention amongst the children of following the fashions prevailing amongst men. How far are the authorities at home concerned in this matter? I think I see indications of the mother's pride, and the mother's hand.

Another very curious feature of the London streets—as far as the children are concerned—is the recent praise-worthy attempt to inaugurate the reign of a child *bourgeoisie*. One would suppose that an infantine Louis Philippe had been abroad proclaiming the triumph of the middle-classes. Look at that little sturdy member of the Shoe-Black Brigade! What a microscopic representative he is of the pursy respectability of Ludgate Hill. With what an evil eye he regards the proceedings of the groups of little Bedouins who are devoting themselves to the too-fascinating game of "buttons" on the church-steps! He knows they will never come to any good. You see ledgers in his eye, as he pulls the halfpence he has earned from underneath his dirty apron, and whistles "*a penny saved is a penny got*" with variations. I am sure, if he could, he would send the little gamblers to a Reformatory after a severe preliminary lecture on the advantages of industry and self-control. He is a budding churchwarden—an alderman in the egg.

So many wise and excellent people seem to think it all right that children should be at once converted into men—have men's opportunities—and be judged by the tests which we apply to the performances of manhood—that I suppose this movement should be cause for rejoicing to us all. I confess I have scruples. Children, I have always thought, should be children; and men, men. There is danger else that the man-child may become a child-man. In the condition of life in which I have been born, I have never known infantine or youthful prodigies come to much good. At three or four and twenty the hares are told out, and the poor stupid tortoises come lumbering along—and in real life, as in the fable, are for the most part best placed at the end of the race. As I have stood watching the demeanor and proceedings of those little Shoe-Black heroes, I have often wondered what manner of men they would turn out when twenty years have passed over their round smutty faces. Look at the poor little children who are obliged to work in the factories till they become just so many cogs and wheels in the cotton-spinning machine. In the agricultural districts again, I do not find that the human intelligence is improved by the process of putting children to work at seven, six, and even five years of age. The thing may be a hard necessity, and

therefore not admit of discussion; but I cannot, as you would say, look on with a cheerful heart when I find poor children working hard whom I would much rather see devoting their energies to "corners" or prisoner's base. I am told that the benevolent patrons of this movement have taken great care that every opportunity should be given to the sturdy little burghers of improving their minds in ragged schools, evening schools, night schools, Sunday schools. *When do they play?* Only conceive blacking shoes all day, and fagging all night at big A, little b, and the multiplication-table, and the course of the River Jordan; and the subject of the experiment a child of eight or nine years of age!

Still knowing, as I do too well, the child-misery of the London streets, I would not do more than enter a hesitating protest in favour of poor Jack as to the all-work-and-no-play system. It may be the best that can be done for him; and let us all be thankful that there are men amongst us who have influence, and leisure, and money, and above all kind hearts, who will look after the interests of these diminutive waifs and strays—these small flotsams and jetsams of the great human family. Their ultimate fate may not be as bright as I should wish it to be, but I know of something far worse—it is the short career of the little rickety offspring of gin-drinking parents. It must have sucked in vitriol, adulterated with morbid humours, even from the moment it first opened its unfortunate blinking eyes upon men and things in general. It is then used as an instrument for stimulating the benevolence of soft-hearted people, and secretly pinched to make it squall by the drunken virago in the tattered cloak. It is not difficult to note the further progress in life of the poor little victim. The forms of misery of course are various—here is one.

Not very long since I used to pass every night by the low wall which girds in the churchyard of St. Martin's church. In the winter time, when the snow lay thick on the ground, there were nightly seated there in the snow, and against the wall, two wretched little children, who crouched and nestled against each other for shelter as well as they could. Sometimes the snow would fall thickly upon them; and at first as you passed along you might have mistaken them for a heap of something which had accumulated there, and been covered by snow. The two creatures had been placed there by their parents or owners to excite the commiseration of the passers by; and any trifle that might be given to them was instantly seized and confiscated by one or other of these wretches who were lurking close at hand. At last they disappeared: I never knew what became of them.

This was just the hey-day time of plum-puddings and Christmas-trees, and Twelfth Night drawings for king and queen; when the bright rosy-cheeked children in velvet tunics and curious frills were in the full swing of infantine mirth and jollity. I would not deprive them of a single taper, or of a morsel of their cake; still might it not be well if even then some little memento were introduced to remind them of their poor little brothers and sisters without? I don't exactly



want the pastrycook's art to be taxed for the production in sugar of the two forms of the two children in the snow; for I am sure that Johnny with the best intentions would hand one of them to Louisa, and then the two children would look each other gravely in the face, and bite off the heads of the two abandoned ones, without much thought of St. Martin's church. They would look at the incident solely from a gastronomic point of view. Still it might be done. If the Egyptian revellers introduced the figure of a skeleton at their banquets to remind the adult revellers of Death; a hint might well be given to the children at a Christmas feast, that there is such a thing as poverty in the world, and that it presses sharply upon poor little creatures as little fitted to contend with the world as they are themselves.

I have particularly noticed two points at which rich children and poor children are brought into contact in the streets of London. I should not infer, from what I have seen, that the spectacle of the struggles and longings of his little fellow-creatures is very impressive to the mind of young Dives. How often it happens, when a carriage is drawn up in front of a silk-mercera's shop, and mama inside is engaged in the purchase of a silken dress, that you see it filled with bright pleasant children's faces. There is no doubt here that the small people who are out taking carriage exercise were put to bed each in her or his little white nest at about eight P.M. last night; that at seven A.M., or thereabouts, they were roused from their slumbers by a bevy of handmaidens and nurses—the careful housemaids of that small human furniture—who rubbed, and scrubbed, and polished them up to the best point of perfection, and parted their hair with straight “walks;” and they were made to kneel down and lisp their prayers for papa and mama and their daily bread, which latter supplication was habitually answered in a very satisfactory way. Then all but little Emily and the baby went down to breakfast in the dining-room with Mr. and Mrs. Dives, and carried on negotiations with more or less success for the tops and bottoms of eggs, and stray comforts in the shape of an odd spoonful of jam or marmalade. Then the lessons began, under the mild auspices of Miss Pansy; but the rudiments of science and literature had been so marvellously lightened by the labours of ingenious artists, that in truth philosophy in sport was made jest in earnest. Then the little Divites went to play. The contents of a toy-shop were at their disposal. Tommy set up his leaden soldiers—the only restriction upon his military independence being that he was not to suck the Sappers and Miners, nor stick the points of the weapons wielded by the Lancers into Mary Jane's eye. Mary Jane took to her magnetic ducks; and little Horace summoned Shem, Ham, and Japhet, in their brilliant long coats, from the ark, to give an account of their stewardship. Then came one o'clock, and the legs of mutton, and the rice puddings, and dear mama again. Yes; they should be taken out for a drive in the carriage; and it was very true that a considerable period had elapsed since their stock of toys had been renewed; and if they would only make the sacri-

fice of being good and patient whilst their mama selected a dress at Messrs. Tulle and Sarsnet's, their just remonstrances should receive practical attention at the new German toy-shop.

The carriage is drawn up in front of the establishment of those eminent silk-mercera. A fresh, country-looking young woman, tidily dressed, is seated on the front seat holding the fat baby on her lap—the baby in question being got up to a very dangerous point with feathers and laces and a long blue riding-habit sort of thing. Little Emily, also splendidly attired, but in a manner more fitted to her maturer years, is gravely sucking a finger of her glove—whilst Mary Jane, with all the *aplomb* and decision of a small woman, is endeavouring to keep the boys quiet, as these young gentlemen are playing at “castle” on the back seat of the carriage—Horace, the defending party, being at that moment in imminent danger from the vigorous manner in which his brother Thomas is pressing the siege. At this moment the combat is stopped by the appearance on the pavement of two apparitions which you would suppose to be two sets of the emblem of the Isle of Man in motion. Two young gentlemen are, in point of fact, endeavouring to earn an honest livelihood by being “wheels.” Their day has been spent in a very different way from that of the occupants of the carriage.

I fear they took their rest in the Adelphi Arches, as they had, “in a moment of excitement,” played away the amount of the previous day's gains at pitch-and-toss, and consequently were unable to meet the demand for their night's lodging at the “tight rope” which they usually patronised—that establishment being conducted strictly upon the “ready money” system. They had turned out from their airy caravanserai at a very early hour on the chance that something might turn up to their advantage. Nothing had turned up. Consequently they had stood for about half-an-hour in the immediate neighbourhood of a “saloop-stall,” with watering mouths, longing for a steaming cup of that fragrant liquid, and for a thick slice of bread and butter. They could not get it: they were consequently enabled at a subsequent period to enter upon their professional duties in admirable condition. They are, indeed, little else than dirty legs and small black heads. The less said about their clothing the better—for certainly the first act of any one who took them in hand would be to strip them of those filthy rags and chuck them into the fire. Now, do you suppose that Tommy and Horace in the carriage have the smallest idea of the significance of those human wheels in the mud? Not they! I will be bound to say if they have any feeling at all upon the subject, it is one of envy towards the fortunate individuals who are able to accomplish such feats in so masterly a way.

Come again to the window of this fashionable pastry-cook—it is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross. See the little rich patricians inside laying the foundations of Rich Man's Gout, and the little plebeians outside, flattening their noses against the window-panes, and, whether they like it or not, also laying upon their side the foundations of Poor Man's Gout. I confess that the



new theory—at least it was so to me—of gout is indescribably satisfactory. I like to think that rich and poor—the capitalist and the beggar—the bishop and the curate, must meet at last in the same form of suffering; unless, indeed, the rich man, the capitalist, or the bishop, has had bowels of compassion for his struggling, sorrowful fellow-creatures—in which case may his years be long, and painless, and when he has at last accomplished the period of man's pilgrimage, may he gently fall asleep amidst the blessings and tears of all around him! Look at that fat, stupid boy inside—his cheeks all sticky with raspberry jam—he is doomed. I see him at forty-three years of age with bloated cheeks waddling along, and fumbling with a dinner-pill in his waistcoat-pocket. Look at that eager little girl who is slobbering down the custard, but with her eye upon a three-cornered cranberry-tart. The thin long boy has partaken of two sausage rolls, and innumerable tartlets, and he is now washing them down with ginger beer. Ah! young gentleman, there will come a day of reckoning for these things: Far better would it have been to commit half the duty of digestion to one of those small dirty parties outside, to whom a Bath bun would have been a fore-taste of Paradise. Poor little things!—how eager and intent they are!—how their eyes follow the acts of the mid-day revellers as they plunge their fingers into the labyrinth of tarts, and—so help me Jellies and Blancmanges—they feel the first crunch of the happy-one's teeth all up their hungry spines. You see they interchange rapid glances as a fresh tart is chosen, and then their attention becomes keen again, and they watch its gradual demolition with a look of Egyptian fixedness. Now may all bright fortunes follow on that little lady's path in life who has interchanged some few words with her mother, I suppose, and has taken the open raspberry tart to the poor little cripple outside! May all good attend upon her as she passes on her gentle way through life—happy and shedding happiness around her! It is but a child's act if you will; but she does not give herself the airs of a patroness, nor wait to be thanked, but runs back to her mother as half ashamed of what she had done. The little cripple does not seem to know what to make of it, but holds it up in an appealing way to his ragged grimy sister who is looking after him. He would, I think, only that his wits do not work quickly, transfer the responsibilities of the tart, with its delights, to her, only he lets the moment for action fly past. She encourages him to proceed with his labours, and the little Bedouins gather round to see Limping Bob perform the feat of disposing of the tart. They lick the smut on their hands as though it were jam, and encourage him to proceed. I had almost feared that when he had taken the first bite, and animal passion had obtained the mastery over him, he would in the delirium of the moment have forgotten everything in the world save the sensation of raspberry jam. No, he is not quite half way through the tart, and his infantine sense of justice whispers to him that enough is done. As he leans on his crutches he holds the tart up to his sister—there is the mark in the jam of his last bite—and says in a husky, undemonstrative

way, "Now, Jenny, you have a go-in!" There was something in Adam after all!

Dear me—here I am, well-nigh arrived at the end of my allotted tether, and it seems to me that I have only just begun to talk to you about London children. I had wanted to tell you all about the child-crowds which gather round PUNCH, and how they look round to the parlour windows to see if their child-betters are taking their jokes:—and about the processions for beating the bounds, when my little friends are so grand with their banners and flags;—and about the babies in the perambulators, who have determinations of blood to their large heads, whilst the nurse-maids are flirting with the tall Horse Guards who sit by their sides sucking the nobs of their rattans;—and how angry the old gentlemen get when the perambulators are run over their dear old toes;—and about the Fifth of November, when all my sympathies are with the merry crowd who

see no reason

Why gunpowder treason

Should ever be forgot;—

and about the Blue Coat Boys, and the Sons of the Clergy upon their Great Field Day at St. Paul's;—and what the little boys say to the Grenadiers at St. James's Palace, and the tall Life Guards (Blue) at the Horse Guards, and how those men of war lose their warlike tempers, only it isn't any use,—they can't desert their posts, and they can't shoot my young friends down on the spot;—and about the naughty little boys who, when I take my favourite chesnut charger to Rotten Row, are so anxious to know "if I have left the key of the animal at home," and "why I do not get inside him." Well, well, it is no use, my friends, we have talked together awhile about London children,—now each of you add something of his own, and so you will fill up my shortcomings. Only let me say, in conclusion, that I hope we shall all be always very gentle and considerate in our conduct to these little miniature Adams and Eves—for we can do somewhat for Childhood and Youth—it is more difficult to be of service to our fellow-creatures afterwards. They will then take their own way, and sometimes they had better not. But we can keep children out of scrapes, and make the first years of their lives bright and happy. GAMMA.

#### ANA.

It is well known that Lord Kingsale and Lord Forester both enjoy the singular privilege of standing covered in the presence of royalty. Lord Forester obtained this concession from Henry VIII.; but the right belonging to Lord Kingsale dates from the reign of King John. It originated as follows: His ancestor, the Earl of Ulster, had a very strong arm, and one day, at the desire of the king, he chopped a massive helmet in twain in the presence of the French sovereign. King John was so pleased at the feat that he desired him to ask at his hands any favour that he pleased; and the Earl replied that as he had estates and wealth enough, he would only ask for himself and his successors the singular privilege alluded to above.



## SHIPWRECKS.

THERE is a grim map annually published by the Government, called the "Wreck Chart," which pictures the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, peppered all round with small shot, hollow shot, red-hot shot, and crosses. In some spots, such as the whole of the east coast, near projecting headlands, and the sites of lighthouses, the cannonade seems to have been the most furious, just as though they were salient angles of some bastion made special marks of by marine artillery,—and on investigation such turns out to be the fact. But the artillery in this case is the wild force of storms, and the expended shot do but represent noble ships hurled against the solid bastion of our cliffs, or the more treacherous earthworks of sandbanks and quicksands. To survey the map, it would seem as though all the ships of the world had been attracted by our shores as by some magnetic mountain, and then shattered helplessly upon them. When we remember, however, that England is the centre of the commercial world, and that hither are attracted the mercantile navies of all nations, as well as of our own; and when we again remember that our island is surrounded with narrow seas, skirted by dangerous rocks, headlands, and sands, the wonder ceases, and we are no longer surprised, as we were when children, that in great storms sailors should seek the open sea. In scrutinising this map, it does at first sight seem astounding, that wherever we see a lighthouse marked, there we see the fatal marks showing the largest number of wrecks. It would appear as though, like unhappy moths, they are attracted by the light, towards the danger which they see, too late to avoid. It must be remembered, however, that these lighted headlands and sands are the true danger-points of the coast, and if they remained without the far-searching ray of the lighthouse, our wrecks would of a certainty be greatly increased.

Does it not seem strange, however, that we, the greatest maritime power in the world, should be behind our neighbours in our scientific arrangements for lighting our coasts? We have illuminated our smallest country towns with gas, and the electric light is a common thing in our places of amusement to show dissolving views; yet in the sailor's last agony, when his noble ship is amid the breakers, he finds no better light than the oil-lamp and reflector to warn him of his danger! How different they manage matters in France. A ship sailing up Channel sees on the English shore the feeble flicker of the oil-lamp at Dungeness, whilst on the opposite side the dioptric light at Cape Grisnez flashes a piercing ray far over the ocean. Possibly those who visited the Great Exhibition of 1851 remember a great cage of glass, the whole surface of which was cut in steps, as it were; this was the dioptric light, now universally adopted by the French, which, consists, in fact, of a combination of powerful lenses, which concentrate the light in a series of brilliant flashes. It is a singular fact, however, that the very perfection of this light is now and then a cause of disaster. Its aim is to throw all its rays in parallel lines so as to give forth a thin yet concen-

trated disk of light, which penetrates to a great distance. Unhappily, however, it is just possible for a ship in a fog to get underneath this ray, and thus fall upon the danger. This was the case with the unfortunate Dunbar emigrant ship, which went on shore on the Sidney Headland, the dioptric light on whose summit did not suffice to show the danger immediately at its foot; illustrating the old proverb, that "the darkest place is underneath the candlestick."

There can be no doubt that lighthouses, notwithstanding what we have said, are in many cases the direct cause of wrecks, inasmuch as although they indicate points of the coast to be avoided, it is nevertheless necessary first to find them, in order to show the seaman his whereabouts. It is the first aim of a captain to make certain lights; to seek the danger, in order that he may avoid it; hence the disasters that sometimes occur. A knowledge of this fact has led Mr. Herbert, of the Trinity House, to propose a scheme of lighting, what he calls the "Fair way," instead of the danger points on shore. Thus, he would moor a series of light-ships, shaped somewhat like a common kitchen candlestick, so as to oppose the least resistance to wind and waves, up the middle of the English Channel. The powerful lights of these ships would be seen perhaps thirty miles off; by moving them, say at forty miles distance from each other, they would afford a continuous light all up Channel; and the ship making the westernmost, off the Lizard, would be enabled to feel her way up the mid channel, almost with as much safety as a cab would go up Regent Street.

If such a plan could be carried out, and the necessity of sighting land for the sake of the lighthouses could be avoided, an immense saving of life and property would be the result. During the year ending 1859, in which one of the most disastrous storms ever remembered occurred, that of the 25th and 26th of October, no less than 1416 casualties happened upon our coasts, and 1645 persons were lost, and property to the amount of nearly 2,000,000*l.* of money. The different sides of the island have by no means contributed equally to this tremendous loss. The east coast, iron-bound and bestrewn with sandbanks, has long held the fatal pre-eminence in this particular, and the collier brigs and schooners trading between the coal districts and London are the main sufferers, no less than 621 casualties having occurred among them last year; whilst on the south coast there were only 136, and on the west coast 466, an unusual number. But it must be remembered that the most destructive gales have been from the west and south-west, the great cyclone of October 26th moving towards the north-east. The minute manner in which this remarkable storm was watched has resulted in the elucidation of some very remarkable facts, which have been given to the world by Admiral Fitzroy, the chief of the Meteorological Department of the Admiralty. He tells us that this circular storm swept northward within a very limited area, not more than 300 miles in diameter, or about the breadth of our own island; whilst the wind swept round in a circle the contrary way to watch-hands,



having a central lull, at the rate of eighty miles an hour, the whole storm did not progress at a greater speed than twenty miles an hour—an express train, in fact, would have run away from it—and places in the north-east of Scotland did not come within its influence until a day after it had ravaged the south coast. Admiral Fitzroy deduces from this fact, that we shall possibly be enabled in future to *telegraph the approach of storms*. Thus, if the unfortunate Royal Charter had been telegraphed from the southern point of England of the approach of the cyclone in which she was lost, and for which there would have been ample time, she might have steamed out of her perilous position, and received the hurricane in the comparative safety of an open sea.

Are our sailors more reckless than those of other nations, or are our ships worse built, found, and navigated? We ask the question because of the remarkable fact, that very nearly double the number of casualties occur to British ships than to those of other nations employed in precisely the same service—the coasting trade of the United Kingdom; and this remarkable discrepancy seems an increasing one, for while the casualties of British coasters rose from 927 in 1858 to 1187 in 1859, the casualties to foreign ships similarly employed have decreased from 209 to 188! As it is certain that we are not less skilful than other maritime nations, this remarkable discrepancy can only be accounted for by the drunkenness of our captains, and the want of ordinary care on board our ships. Mr. Lindsay boldly asserted before a committee of the House of Commons, that in consequence of these known faults on board British ships, shippers generally gave the preference to foreign vessels, feeling certain that their goods would arrive at their destination in better order and more securely than if sent in native craft. If this be true, it affords a remarkable instance of the material loss entailed upon the country by our national habit of intemperance.

There can be no doubt, however, that one fertile source of disaster among British shipping springs out of the go-a-head character of the times. Collisions have for years been on the increase—the numbers having run up from 57 in 1852 to 349 in 1859. The introduction of steam has been the main cause of this blundering conduct, for the pace has been greatly increased without a corresponding vigilance with respect to the look-out. It would seem almost impossible for two ships to come together in the open channel by daylight, but such wilful mishaps are constantly occurring owing to the disregard of the rule of the road, and the blundering manner in which steamers go a-head without looking before them. The proverbial carelessness of the sailor is fully borne out by the list of causes to which shipwrecks are attributable. The simple duty of casting the lead—a practice which enables the bewildered seaman to ascertain for certainty, and with little trouble, whether he is near land or not—is, in the great majority of cases, neglected altogether. Another most reckless piece of carelessness on the part of seamen is to neglect to shackle spare anchors on to their chains. We can only feebly parallel such

recklessness as this, by supposing coachmen who had long down-hill journeys to perform, to stow away the skid in the front boot.

There are other causes at work in modern ships which lead to shipwrecks, which are little suspected. Among these are the effects of masses of iron upon the compass, especially in iron ships. It seems extraordinary that the precaution of “swinging” the ship, for the purpose of ascertaining if there is any deviation of the compass, should be confined to Queen’s ships. Emigrant vessels go to sea with as many lives, and often of a more valuable character than a second-rate, yet this precaution is utterly neglected. It is believed that an iron tank on board the *Reliance* Indianman, which was lost with all hands near Ambleteuse, on the French coast, within sight of our shores, after a voyage from the East, was the cause of the disaster. When the *Agamemnon* adjusted compasses preparatory to sailing with the Atlantic telegraphic cable, it was found that there was a deviation in her compass of no less than seventeen degrees! Nevertheless, a ship will sail for India with a cargo of railway iron in perfect ignorance that her compass, under such circumstances, is only a delusion and a snare. But it does not require a mass of iron to vitiate the trembling needle, and turn it into an instrument of destruction instead of safety. A very small particle of this metal will suffice, provided it be only placed near the binnacle. A singular instance of this occurred during the Crimean war. A transport sailing with troops and stores was observed to shape her course safely enough by day; but at night her steering was perfectly wild. The whole thing was a complete puzzle, until some one suggested that possibly the binnacle lamps had something to do with it, and, on examining them, it was found that concealed iron hoops had been introduced to strengthen their framework. Underneath brass-work, in the form of hand-rails, stoves, &c., iron is generally found lurking in the immediate vicinity of the compass—thus, unknown to the navigator, a second hand may be said to be at the wheel, counteracting the calculations of the helmsman, and often sending the ship on to the sunken rock. It is the custom now, in some iron-built ships, to have what is termed a standard compass placed at the head of the lower mizen-mast—an elevation sufficient to take it out of the influence of the iron in the hull. The *Great Eastern* is, we believe, fitted with one of these compasses by which to correct the errors of the compass on deck.

Another source of shipwreck is also to be attributed to the want of scientific accuracy—we allude to the defect in the generality of charts used by the merchant marine. It is very often the case that a ship will sail with some antiquated map of an utterless worthless character. The Admiralty are obliged to post up their own charts within twenty-four hours of any intelligence of the change of buoys or the erection of new lighthouses having reached head-quarters. Private chart-sellers should most certainly be compelled to correct their plates at the earliest possible date, otherwise they prove but blind leaders of the blind.



It will scarcely be believed, however, that very many seas and shores in Europe have not been yet surveyed. Our readers who remember that the African and Asiatic shores of the Mediterranean were the earliest seats of civilisation, will be surprised to hear that we know nothing of them with any accuracy. The topography of the eastern seas, according to the dictum of the hydrographer of the Admiralty, is as little known as that of the mountains of the moon; is there any wonder, therefore, that we so often hear of fearful shipwrecks of large vessels in those regions. If, however, our want of scientific knowledge imperils commerce in the east, we fear that in the west, positive fraud is far more destructive.

The Florida Reef is now the head-quarters of wreckers, but it is a notorious fact that in a vast number of cases the captains of the American marine are in collusion with these villains. Thus it is a common thing for a Yankee skipper to put his ship wilfully in such situations of danger in these latitudes as to demand the services of these harpies, who then demand salvage, which they divide with the captain! Sometimes, however, this worthy does this villainous work all himself, that is if he is owner as well as commander, in which case he deliberately sails his ship to destruction for the sake of netting the insurance, but too often effected upon a cargo that has previously been surreptitiously removed. In other cases, when there has been no absolute fraud on the part of the captain, there can be little doubt that the system of marine insurance comes in to complete the destruction accident may have commenced. For instance, if a ship receives any damage, but is rescued from it by the exertions of the captain, he is certain to entail a direct loss upon his employer, inasmuch as the assured in such cases is obliged to bear one-third of the loss; but if the loss is "total" the assurance is paid in full.

The working of this absurd regulation, in the majority of cases, is to cause the captain to leave his ship to her fate whenever she gets damaged, in order not to risk the displeasure of his owner. There can be no doubt that if the insurers were to agree to pay the whole amount of the assurance, whether the ship were saved or lost, that a large number of vessels would be brought into port, that are now abandoned for the sake of saving the full assurance.

In order to counteract the villainies that are perpetrated with respect to assured property at sea, Lloyds and the other marine assurance offices maintain agents in nearly every existing port. Thus the insurers in London and other great ports are Argus-eyed, as it were, and handed like Briareus. For no sooner does a wreck occur, in any European water, at least, than the fact is instantly reported to Lloyds. Here the nature of the calamity is posted into a large volume, termed the Loss Book, which remains open in the long room of this establishment.

To this portentous folio the merchant makes his way in the morning, possibly to find that his argosy was lost during the night on some far-off reef in the Mediterranean; to this book, with still greater

concern, the underwriter, makes his way, perchance to find half the earnings of the year sunk on some hidden rock! But if the telegraph is thus swift to tell of disaster, it is also swift to bring succour. Thus the underwriters no sooner learn that a ship in which they have an interest has just touched the shore, than the steam-tug is sent to her rescue, and what otherwise would have been a "total" is mitigated into a partial loss. Thus interest counteracts interest, and, in a rough way, fair dealing is maintained. The ramification of telegraphic wires over the seas and along the coasts of the habitable globe will, year by year, tend to the preservation of voyaging ships and their hardy crews, for no spot will be hereafter beyond the call of powerful corporations and associations banded together to save life and property.

In the wreck chart which we opened before our readers at the beginning of this article, besides the black dots strewn around the coast, indicative of the sites of marine disasters during the past year, certain red characters, are seen which mark the stations of our life-boats and mortar and rocket apparatus. Where the black dots are thickest, there also the red dots crowd. On the east coast, especially near the fatal Yarmouth sands, these red spots form quite a thick rash upon the seaboard. Where the chief danger is, there these means of rescue jostle each other to rush to it. No less than 153 life-boats watch by night and day around our coasts, and are ready to put off in storms, through which no other light craft could for a moment live, to the assistance of the drowning mariner. Besides these gallant boats, rocket and mortar apparatus are posted in 216 stations along the coasts of the United Kingdom and Ireland, and these instruments of salvation are in the trained hands of the coast-guard service, and, together with the life-boats, were instrumental, during the last year, in saving the lives of 551 fellow-creatures. If we compare the state of our coasts at the present time with their condition a hundred years ago, we shall find two pictures which most forcibly illustrate the humanising tendency of the age. In the former period, the object of the people on the coast was to make wrecks, rather than to prevent them; large numbers of our seafaring folks used to eke out their means of subsistence by plundering vessels that, in many cases, they had lured on shore by hanging out decoy lights. At the present moment there is not a dangerous headland, a treacherous sand-bank, or a sunken rock, but there also is to be found the gallant boat's crew listening for the minute-gun through the storm, or the patient coast-guard with ready match, prepared on the instant to speed the fiery rocket or the round shot laden with the life-line to the stranded ship. Whilst Nature fights against the mariner, and hurls him on the coast with relentless fury, Art, from the land, hurls forth her cunning engines, and wrestles with her for the stake of human life. Who that has seen a life-boat put forth in the very fury of a storm but has watched this fight with the elements with intense excitement! Who that has seen the same boat return, laden with rescued human life, but has felt a sublime emotion such as we experience only by



witnessing the most heroic acts! May this good fight go on year by year, and may the date 1870 so give us the mastery over Nature that we shall

not have to record in that year, as during the last, that 1645 sailors have been drowned upon our coasts.  
A. W.

### SOMETHING NEW ABOUT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



Remains of the Confessor's Buildings at Westminster Abbey.

SOMETHING new about Westminster Abbey! What, after the library of books that have been written, from the account of Keepe to the "Minsters of England," published by Stanford in this year of grace 1860, can there possibly be anything new said? Even so; under the shadow of the old Abbey are "things not generally known," and certainly inaccessible to the general public. Let us try, as well as we are able, with the means of pen and ink, to give a sketch of this *terra incognita* to our readers. We shall simply detail, with one exception hereafter to be noticed, the aspect of places which we have actually seen and traversed—buildings of the time of the Confessor, remnants of a larger pile eight centuries old.

Few persons, as they cross the Broad Sanctuary or Palace Yard, or take their way to St. John's Square—mayhap to trace the house in which D'Israeli's Sybil counted the hours tolled by the clock of that extraordinary piece of barbaric magnificence, the church which fills the centre of the enclosure—can reproduce to their mind's eye the ancient grandeur of that superb abbey, its accessory buildings, and ample precinct. Allow us to recall the scene. To the south of King Street stood the northern gateway of the abbey, a double prison-gate, with doors opening westward and southward—the Bishop of London's prison for

refractory clerks, and subsequently of John Selden, Sir Walter Raleigh, jovial Pepys, and Colonel Richard Lovelace, who sung here that glorious strain within his gloomy cell,—

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.

On the site of the present Sessions House was the detached belfry tower of the abbey, like that now to be seen near Chichester Cathedral, and adjoining it stood the chapel of the Sanctuary, the Alsatia of the west of London, and the birthplace of the unhappy Edward V., from which he was consigned to a more fatal durance in the Tower. Westward, where the new hotel is rapidly approaching completion, was the Almonry, in which Caxton first practised his immortal art—a site deserving a national commemoration. Fronting the gateway was a bridge, first built by "good Queen Maud," across the arm of the Thames that moated Thorney Island, at the head of Tothill-street. Westward and southward the walls bent round along the modern Dean and College streets; to the south of the latter were the bowling-green, with the hooded gamesters busy at their sport; the Abbat's pleasure with its sweet flowers and



babbling runnels, and the Hostry garden of the hospitable Guest-house, well-filled with vines and fruits, adjoining the Paradise and orchard, and beyond which stretched the meadows of Tothill, Eubery, and Neyte, where the snipe and wild duck fed among the marshes, and fish for fasting-days filled the pools; where the golden corn ricks redden in the sun, and the ruddy cattle and snow-white sheep have their folds. At the foot of College Street was another bridge; and to the eastward lay the king's palace.

Entering by the southern gateway, on the left are granaries, with their massive tower and double tier of pointed windows, the bakehouses and brew-houses stretching westwards; on the right are monastic offices, with old walls of grey flint and coigns of stone. Two gateways flank the cellarer's apartments on the east side, and these still remain; the northern tower was, as now, the porter's lodge; the southernmost opened into the quadrangle, and the present Little Dean's-yard, but then surrounded with the lodgings of the subordinate great officers of the abbey—the prior, sacrist, chamberlain, and lesser ecclesiastical magnates.

If we now pass under the porter's lodge, we shall see on the left a small court-yard; on the north is the Jerusalem Chamber, once the abbat's great chamber, and deriving its name from pictures of the Holy City which adorned its walls; on the west is the Abbot's Hall, now the dining-room of the Westminster schoolboys; and on the east and south is the deanery, formerly the abbat's lodge, and the palace of the Bishop of Westminster during the short episcopate of Dr. T. Thurlby. The Jerusalem Chamber, in which King Henry IV. died, and Sir Isaac Newton and Campbell the poet were laid in state, contains some curious glass of the time of Henry III., a quaintly-carved Jacobæan mantlepiece of cedar-wood, and portions of the old tapestry hangings which long formed the ornament of the choir.

We will now enter the South Cloister, in which rests the great canonist Lyndwood, Bishop of St. David's, whose remains were transferred hither not many years since from the undercroft of St. Stephen's Chapel. Beautiful indeed is the solemn grey light—beautiful the misty perspective; yet it is not a hundred years ago since the wife of a reverend canon felt herself oppressed by the spleen, the vapours, or some similar complaint—mysteriously restricted to be the torment of the gentler sex—and prayed and besought her reverend spouse to alter what to her appeared a dim funereal hue. The canon consented: the edict went forth for whitewash: and whitewashed these glorious alleys would have been, but that the dean, one of the first of Oxford scholars as well as a man of taste, suddenly appeared—a *Deus ex machina*—when he was supposed to be snugly rusticating in the country, and stayed the profane hands, we trust for ever and a day. In these days we should have a storm of indignation raised at such an act of barbarity, as efficacious as that unearthly tempest which routed Dr. Dee under these grey roofs when he was plying his magic wand to discover the monks' buried treasures. On the right-hand side of the door, which is marked by a brass plate bearing the name of the sub-dean, is a blank

arcade, which served as the lavatory of the monks. Let us pass through another door on the lower side. We enter a little yard surrounded by sheds, and stumble, if we are not forewarned, over planks and garden tools; one moment—just peep behind that woodstore, and on that bit of rugged wall you will, even in the imperfect light, discern traces of a round-headed arcade: that is a fragment of the south wall of the monks' refectory. Now look up, with your back turned on that relic of one of the oldest parts of the conventual buildings; it is Saxon work, and you will see a range of decorated windows in that South Cloister wall, which lighted once the north side of that same chamber, where, on the annual high day, the salmon was served after having been laid before the high altar of the choir; there the successor of Edric the fisherman sate as the guest of my lord abbat. For the monks could tell a wonderful story of the ferry of Lambeth; how, at stormy midnight, a cry from the reedy shore of the Thames awoke the Saxon fisher to convey across the swollen river a mysterious stranger; how the unconsecrated minster suddenly blazed with tapers, and became vocal with pealing hymns; and when the bishop came at early dawn with holy oil and solemn procession, he found on walls and altar the unction administered by no less holy hands than those of St. Peter himself; and how the saint commended Edric to all good fortune, on condition that he and his sons should offer year by year a salmon in the new church dedicated to his honour.

Once more in the old Cloister. We glance up at the grand pile of the Minster through the bars of the moulding arcade, and down at the rude effigies of abbats laid under the low-arched recesses below the bench table, and tread upon Long Meg, the huge stone that covers the Forty who fell victims in a great year of plague and pestilence, centuries ago; on the right side is the last alley of the Cloister, on the left hand are the Dark Cloisters—alas! they have been whitewashed. Along the walls will be seen a range of doors; the northernmost the superb entrance of the vestibule of the Chapter-house; the next that of the Library, whereby hangs a tale; the third that of the Pyx-chamber, and then others which we shall enter in succession; nearly at the extreme end is the passage into the Little Cloisters.

This line of building, raised by the Confessor, forms the substructure of the Dormitory, now the Westminster boys' schoolroom. It runs in a direct line southward from the south transept, and is divided through the greater part of its length, about 100 feet in extent, by an arcade of massive columns. The range was once continuous and open like the ambulatory of Fountains Abbey, which was in fact a series of store-chambers allotted to the reception of the wheat grown and wool shorn by the homely farmer-like Cistercians, in preparation for their annual fair, and the base of the market-cross still stands among the ruins. The buildings at Westminster are similarly divided. The main pillars, three feet six inches in diameter and three feet five inches high in the shaft, have only a plain abacus and chamfer, like a Doric capital, with bases as simple. They carry a plain



square transverse ribs: and the southern portion has a waggon vault of tufa laid in rubble work still retaining in the plaster the traces of the centering-boards. One rude loop window yet remains. The Norman monks were sorely grieved with the simplicity of the capitals, and pared down the homely axe-hewn block, ornamenting the edges with quaint masks, and the opposite sides, where no partition intervened, with patterns of foliage of graceful design.

The Chapel of the Pyx is entered only by the representatives of the Exchequer, Treasury, and Goldsmiths' Company, who are armed with six mighty keys, when they come to assay new coin with the standards of the realm, which are here preserved. No other "Sesame" can open this mysterious door, or admit to the secrets that lie behind. And a gloomy, murky, low-browed den it is, after all, with presses against the wall, once containing records of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and retaining drawers labelled in the handwriting of "painful Master Agarde," and on the floor empty chests and cases of the XIIIth century, one of leather, powdered with fleur-de-lys, and strapped with iron, another with thick plates of the same material; and a third, of richer work in metal, with the dies of medieval coins. In the eastern bay stands a stone altar, with the round hollow for the "mensa;" and a water-drain of the XIIIth century placed conveniently on one side. A detached column fills the centre of the building. The small windows are doubly grated, to prevent mischance from itching palms; they were probably added, according to the proverb, on the principle of shutting the door after the steed has been stolen, subsequent to the loss of 100,000*l.*, laid up prudently by Edward I. for his Scottish wars: a precedent worthy of imitation by modern Chancellors of Exchequer in these evil days of double and anticipated income-tax. The abbat and forty monks fell under bare suspicion, and were sent without benefit of clergy, or of judge and jury, to taste the cold comfort of the Tower.

On the east side of the chapel is the staircase to the Library; under which is a modern wine-cellar. On the door, once, probably, the entrance of the Pyx-chamber, are some dry, hard strips—fragments of white leather which once covered the entire surface—they are human skin! probably, flayed from some wretched thief caught in the act of peering too curiously into the dim darkness on the other side, and set up here as a warning to all bold robbers. A very narrow strip—a mere passage—lies between the cellar and the chamber beyond; when the present excellent architect of the abbey first entered it, he found the floor heaped up with rubbish, which had a springy motion beneath his feet. He searched this mass, which lay feet deep, and found a number of little poplar-wood boxes, with parchment deeds and seals of the XIIIth century, and a deposit of vellum packets, writs of the courts of justice, from the reign of Edward III. to Henry VII., and encaustic tiles with the glaze as fresh as when they left the kiln.

The undermost part of the heap was in a state of hopeless decay, the salvage lies on the floor of the Library. This room is part of the grand old dormitory, and retains its timber roof. Most of

the old chartularies or MSS. of the abbey are in the keeping of that "helluo librorum," the British Museum. But still there are some curious books: old copies of the English Bible, 1540—1706; a Welsh Bible of 1588; a Suetonius, 1490; Suidas and Avicenna, 1498; Littleburius in Threnos, printed at Oxford, 1482; the Complutensian Polyglott, 1515; the first printed Greek edition of the Holy Scriptures, by Aldi at Venice, 1518; Day's Service Book, with the musical notation; Barnard's Cathedral Music (the only other known copy is at Berlin); Abbat Litlington's Missal, dated 1362, and the first edition of Aristotle, and Lucian, Florence, 1517; and an Editio-princeps of Plato on vellum. There is also a *Méγα ὄργανον*, but not of Aristotle: curious fragments of iron-work spurs, rowels, &c., lie on a table, and in a book-case hard by are copies of Coronation Services; that of James II. is radiant with crimson and gold, a style of binding decreasing in splendour as it grows more modern, till, under the Reformed Parliament it dwindles into a thin ill-printed 4to. "done up" in glazed black covers. We took it at first for a form of Burial, or the Sermon preached before the Lords.

Let us now descend the stairs, and following the line of the Dark Cloisters and the very work of the Confessor, but deformed by modern whitewash, turn sharply to the eastward through the cross passage to the Little Cloisters. On the right is an oak-door and a small tower; the one was the entrance of the gloomy Star-chamber, that English Inquisition through which many a bold heart has passed fluttering and apprehensive of fine and mutilation. The other was the belfry of the Infirmary Chapel of St. Katharine. It is impossible now to decide whether the infirmary-hall lay east or west across the little garth, or may be traced in an apartment now converted into servants' rooms by floors and partitions in a canon's house, which boasts a fine Tudor-roof with carved bosses and beams, carefully whitewashed! In the south-west angle of the Little Cloister a door admits into the hall of the Infirmary's house, built by Abbat Litlington, which has been recently restored; a gallery on the north side, once extended over the south aisle of the chapel beyond; the fire-place is still visible. The early perpendicular door of the Infirmary Chapel occupies the centre of the east alley of the Cloister, and the southern arcade of its nave of late Norman work, which remains, bears a great resemblance to that of a similar building at Ely.

Ruins of infirmary chapels are found about Canterbury and Peterborough. They were so designed that the sick monks could hear the service as they lay on their pallets. This chapel was the scene of the battle ecclesiastical between à Becket and Roger of York, when the northern primate plumped down in the lap of "Canterbury" on failing to dispossess himself of the presidential chair, and monks and retainers fought lustily, northern and southern, only ceasing when with bloody crowns and broken limbs, they at length took breath, and York, with a torn rochet and crimson face, betook himself to Windsor to complain lustily before the king. The College Garden was the Paradise of the infirmary, where Queen Mary kept tryst with Duke Maximilian,—the one



bright spot in a long life of sorrow. Here it was that the royal pursuivant brought the mandate of exile to the aged Feckenham, as he was planting some young trees.

"Sir," said the last of the Abbats, "suffer me to finish my work; but I know of a truth, that this Abbey of Westminster shall ever be preserved."

We must retrace our steps to the Great Cloister. Before us the beautiful double doorway, with faint traces of gold and colour; its exquisite scroll-work and foliage, with a tree of Jesse entwined, admits us to the vestibule of the Chapter-house, which is situated under the old dormitory. Those prints upon the stone-pavement were by the feet of the monks. On the right is the door with its ugly fringe of human skin; on the left the former entrance to the sacristy, commonly but erroneously

known as the Chapel of St. Blaise. Before us is the inner vestibule with a flight of stairs leading up to the great portal of the Chapter-house; the walled-up windows on the side lighted the altar of the sacristy, which is now entered from the south transept. The footpace of the altar at the east end, and a fresco in oil of the Madonna, a crucifix with a Benedictine in prayer, remain, with a monkish distich:

*Me, quem culpa gravis premit erige Virgo suavis,  
Fac mihi placatum Christum, deleasque reatum.*

The western end was the vestry, and years ago the rack for copes and vestments remained on the wall; the aumbries for the sacred vessels and jewels have been preserved; and so valuable was the store that three strong-doors—one lined with



The door of the Star Chamber, Westminster Abbey.

human skins—were considered to be indispensable to its security. A bridge of stone and a winding stair once formed a communication between the dormitory and transept.

The Chapter-house was, soon after its erection in the latter part of the thirteenth century, alienated from use by the Benedictines. In the two last parliaments of King Edward III. we find the Commons desired to remove from the Painted Chamber—"a leur ancienne place en la maison de chapitre de l'abbaye de Westm'." Almost 60 ft. in diameter, and only inferior in point of size to the Chapter-house of Lincoln, but far surpassing it in beauty, it is an octagon, a form substituted for the oblong ground-plan of the former century in imitation, probably, of the circular churches introduced by the Templars. The height of the crown of

the vaulting is fifty-four feet; the groined roof was taken down upwards of a century since, but the ribs have been found carefully packed away in a recess in the walls. The central shafted pillar of Purbeck marble, thirty-five feet high, is still standing; beneath the boarded-floor lies a superb encaustic pavement with tiles of noble design, and stained with the legend of St. John and the Confessor; and the walls are arcaded with stalls, and, in one portion, have oil-paintings of the fourteenth century, representing the Saviour showing His five wounds to the Heavenly host, and angels with wings full of eyes within, and inscribed with the names of virtues, receiving the souls of the ransomed and setting crowns of gold upon their heads, as also some later paintings of subjects from the Apocalypse.



Some fine images and statues have survived the wreck wrought by iconoclasts; lovely little figures still stand among foliage of exquisite daintiness; capitals still retain their refined and delicate work; but the tall windows are blocked up with brick and stone, and the whole building betrays the neglect and ill-usage to which it has been for years subjected since it was converted into a public record office in the reign of Edward VI., and so continued until last year, when the curious collection was removed: Wills and pipe-rolls, rolls of parliament and treaties of state, the Domesday-book of the Norman, the golden bull of Clement VII. conferring the title of Defender of the Faith on Henry VIII., the resignation of the Scottish crown by John Baliol, and the exquisite seal wrought by the hands of Benvenuto Cellini, and attached to the treaty of perpetual amity signed by Bluff Hal and Francis I.

Below the Chapter-house is an undercroft—a crypt with a vault supported on a round pillar. Midway in its height the latter has a deep set aumbry for relics, cut into its very centre. There are also in the walls a water-drain, altar-recess, aumbry, and the sockets of a screen.

Once more in the Cloister; the door in the turret opposite is open, and up the winding stair we rise step by step until we stand alongside of the roof of the dormitory, which still retains two windows of the time of the Confessor. Southward rises the long north wall of the Refectory; were the windows divested of their brickwork, we might fancy the remainder of the building was yet perfect. We stoop our head, and pass under a low door into a small room with timbered partitions and plastered walls; it contains the indentures of the chapel of Henry VII., in a trunk of that period. On the other side of the compartment is the large painting of the White Hart, the badge of Richard II., and we think of his prophecy, that when that supporter was removed from the arms of England, her green fields should be crimsoned with the blood of her sons, warring one with another. We are standing in a tribune, built over the east alley of the cloister, which occupies the place of what would have been otherwise a west aisle of the south transept. Those muniment chests of oak, that quadrant-shaped cope-box, those coffers and trunks, some reaching back to the XIIIth century, contain the archives of the abbey. The *cope-box* is not here, but in the triforium gallery.

There, before us, is that glorious interior, the grandest of all Gothic buildings, majestic, imperturbable, sublime, beautiful as ever. The haze of grey and purple fills distant chantry and aisle, and floats through tall arches and along the gilded roofs: but on the diapered walls fall golden gleams, bars of light cast by the fast-westerling sun; two lines of tapers in the choir grow momentarily brighter as we stand and gaze across the transept: and then from the white-robed choristers—the white robes gradually fading paler and paler with the waning daylight—rises the soft, low anthem in a minor key—in that voice of boys that seems with innocence to lose also its freshness and thrilling power. There is a passive inspiration in all around: the air grows thick with



crowding fancies, enhanced by the indistinctness which falls shadowy and mysterious on the chanting choir, and the building that apparently dilates its vast dimensions ; a sovereign anodyne for every sorrow seems to fill the very atmosphere. And then the glorious organ lifts its grand voice—broad waves of glorious music beat against the windows, shivering in every pane, as though they trembled for pleasure at those triumphant tones. Then all is still again, and—

From yonder tower  
The day is tolled into eternity !  
How hollow, dread, and dismal is the peal,  
Now rolling up its vast account to Heaven !  
Awhile it undulates, then dies away  
In mutter'd echoes, like the ebbing groans  
Of drowning men !

We cannot close this paper without adding a few lines in acknowledgment of the great debt which the abbey owes to Mr. G. G. Scott, who has not only exposed to view the columns of St. Catherine's Chapel, which were formerly concealed in dust-bins and coal-cellars, opened and restored the vestibule to the Chapter-house, and discovered and reopened the staircase to what once was the Dormitory, but has stereotyped a large portion of the internal surface which was fast crumbling to decay, by saturating it with an invisible resinous solution. This process has been recently applied to the Royal tombs and the whole of the wall-arcading of the more ancient parts of the church, the older triforium, and the entrance to the Chapter-house ; and it is intended to extend it to the rest of the building. Though much has been done in the way of preservation, and of restoration too, we fear that the spirit in which the Chapter, as a body, deal with the old monastic buildings is somewhat utilitarian, and that they are collectively too much inclined to view the remains of antiquity as a lot of rubbish which militates against the convenience of their residences and those of their officers and dependants. It is to be feared too that this utilitarian spirit may derive some encouragement from the contemplated removal of Westminster School from the precincts of the abbey to a more rural and retired spot, which would probably be followed at no distant interval by a removal also of some of the most interesting of ancient landmarks.

## WHAT ONE YEAR BROUGHT.

If they had told me a year ago,  
 As I lay, all love, at my darling's feet,  
 That our hearts would become more cold than snow,  
 And our eyes never meet when we meet—

If they had told me the treasured tress [flames;  
 Would be shrivell'd and shrunk in the heedless  
 That love, and devotion, and tenderness  
 Would become but idle names—

If they had told me the ring you wore  
 (Well chosen, the opal's changing hue)  
 Would be lying crush'd at my feet on the floor  
 For its crime that it bound me to you—

If they had told me your love was a lie,  
 That your faith was faithless, and false your heart;  
 That you would change sweetness to scorn, and I  
 Should give scorn for your scorn, and depart—

I should have said, with a laugh, that the sun [sea:  
 Would be dark, the hills tottering, and shallow the  
 One short year through its snows and its roses has run,  
 Yet you are wedded, and I am free. W. W. M.

## FISH OUT OF WATER.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT FOREIGN GENTLEMEN RESIDENT IN LONDON.

I DO not know a much more terrible spectacle than the deck and cabin of a Calais and Dover steamer, when one of those vessels is bound for the shores of England, with a good stirring breeze from the N.W. The foreign gentlemen mostly act upon a system; and the system consists in lying down flat upon their backs, with a *cuvette* in the immediate vicinity for fear of the worst. Suppose the packet to start at night. After you have succeeded in wringing your passport and the *permis d'embarquer* from the stern official with the long shade to his cap, and coursed along the pier with a number of small uneasy packages in your grasp, you arrive at length at the spot where the fussy little steamer is scolding away, and overpowering with its shrill tones the howling of the wind and the roar of the sea. It appeared that you must be too late, but there is always a quarter of an hour to spare, and you descend to the cabin, where the foreign gentlemen are awaiting their doom. Are these the Lucifers of the Boulevards? How are the mighty fallen!

Here indeed may be seen intense misery and intense selfishness. They know what is coming, and have distinctly made up their minds for the worst. There is but one swinging lamp in the cabin—but what a scene it reveals! Fat, pasty, pale men, whose beards seem to have attained a two days' growth in a few hours, already groan with what they would call their emotions. All the vivacious cackle of the great nation—all the self-applaudive politeness of our friends of the Palais Royal—quite, quite gone! The retching and the moaning have not yet commenced; but the curtain is about to draw up on the performances in this kind. Each gentleman as he enters the cave of despair, deposits on the table a little leather bag, something like a lady's reticule, and lets slip the buckle of his trousers in order to give himself greater ease during his forthcoming throes. He then lets himself drop on the first sofa where he can find room to accommodate his miserable limbs

—or it may be on the floor—but always taking care to have a *cuvette* within easy reach. In answer to the eager questions of many anxious inquirers, the phlegmatic steward only remarks, that, "Well, it may be just a little fresh, but we shan't feel it till we gets out to sea." There is a general movement amongst the sufferers, as if the steward's words were very precious. They look up from their uneasy resting-places. "Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" is asked on all sides. The reply is, "Il dit qu'il fait un peu frais, mais qu'il n'y aura rien jusqu'à ce que nous sommes en pleine mer!" Then there is a growl, and a remark that "Ce garçon là se moque de nous, dans quelques instants nous serons en marche, et sortis du port, et alors—Ah! mon Dieu!" There is a movement upon deck. They are drawing up the steps—a cry to cast off—and a general groan below.

In a few moments, just as the gentlemen had anticipated, the little steamer appears to be "taking" a series of turnpike gates. She is what is called by seamen a lively craft, and is giving conclusive evidence of her natural gaiety of character. Speaking from my own experience of such performances, I should say that the most fearful moment is when the steamer is at the top of a wave, and preparing for a fresh plunge, while a sort of thrill seems to run throughout her frame. You know too well what is coming, whilst she is balancing herself and rolling from side to side; then a pause, a fresh plunge, and horrible utterances from the afflicted creatures below. "Ah, mon Dieu! ça me soulève le cœur! Ayiai! Que sommes nous donc venus faire ici? Ayiai! Encore une cuvette!" Someway or another, the British mariner does not seem to feel as much commiseration for these unfortunate persons as the real misery of their situations might inspire, even into the most hardened hearts. "He didn't ought to do it here, sir," said an old sailor to me one night (I admit that on the night in question other feelings than those of scientific curiosity drew me occasionally to the bulwarks of the Eagle). "Why can't you go to the side, you dirty brute?" This soothing question was directed to an unfortunate French gentleman, who was positively livid with misery, and as capable at that moment of reaching the side of the lively craft as he would have been of taking command of the ship. But we will not linger on the miseries of that middle passage. I think, however, I shall not be far wrong when I say, the foreign gentlemen don't like it.

Those blessed, blessed lights of Dover! there they are at last. There is no use in attempting to keep the deception up any longer. I must give up the piratical dreams of my youth. I was not intended to be a Red Rover; indeed I fear, that although my marine miseries are not so complete as those of our foreign friends below, I should in the midst of any considerable hubbub of the elements prove but a Pea Green Rover after all. When my gallant crew were expecting the stern command of "Boarders away!" to fall from my iron lips, I should call out feebly, "Steward, steward!" The fact is, that my soul does sicken o'er the heaving wave; and if Lord Byron puts it as an inevitable inference that I am a "luxurious slave," I cannot help it. I suppose it is so, and I



must make the best of my position. How near those Dover lights seem! but what a way they are still off, if the lapse of time is to be computed by painful sensation! It is bad enough even in my own case; but I imagine that an Englishman's worst miseries at sea are merely as the disagreeables consequent upon under-done muffins or crumpled rose-leaves when compared with the horrible sufferings of our continental friends from the like cause. What test, what gauge have we of the appalling agonies of a sea-sick Frenchman?

Even when we glide into Elysium within the protecting arms of that gentlest masonry and stone work, is there any term to the sufferings of our friends in the cabin? Here we are at Dover, I say, and are they all right? Not a bit of it. Still they are lying prostrate in grim and awful woe—one sufferer with the toe of his boot in his neighbour's mouth; a second desiderating yet another *cuvette*, although the Eagle has folded her strong pinions, and is at rest; a third continues his moaning song of "Ah! mon Dieu! Ayiai!" Every now and then a patient sits up in a feeble way, and does exactly what he would have done had we been in mid-channel. The swinging lamp, which has ceased to swing, still lights up the human misery, while the steward, not without a certain scorn in his accent, which would I doubt not crop out more strongly but for his anxiety upon the subject of fees, endeavours to convince his passengers that they are divided but by a few steps from solid land. A clearance is effected at last, and slowly those forlorn Frenchmen stagger out of the cabin, and are passed up the ladder to the Custom House I know not how. The nearest approach I can imagine to their performances would be that of two or three dozen blue-bottle flies in a state of intoxication endeavouring to make their way up the slippery surface of a window-pane. However, at the Custom House they arrive at last, and when a Frenchman is once within the friendly shelter of the walls of a *douane* he is comparatively comfortable.

It is possible that the greater miseries endured by our French neighbours at sea must be referred to the manner and quality of their diet. The notion that all Englishmen are amphibious animals is quite a delusion. We have no doubt a much larger sea-faring class than the French, but an average Londoner and an average Parisian are pretty much upon an equality as far as matters nautical are concerned. The experience of each is probably confined to a dozen trips in the course of his life across the Straits of Dover. A good deal of stress has been laid upon our yachting propensities, and English yacht clubs. At one time I saw a good deal of yachting men, and my own testimony must decidedly be to the effect that when the sea was rough we were all invariably poorly; when it was very rough we were very poorly. Our authors of marine songs and marine ballads and marine novels are a good deal answerable for blinding our eyes upon this point. My position then is, that as far as nautical habits are concerned, the great bulk of Englishmen are much in the same position as their continental friends, but that their sufferings at sea are less intense. I refer this result to the difference in diet.

I want, to-day, to offer a few remarks upon the varieties of foreign ladies and gentlemen whom one sees about the streets of London, and therefore will not take advantage of the tempting opportunity for describing at length the manner of their landing upon our shores after a tempestuous passage. Enough is said. The humours of the southern ports are well-nigh at an end in consequence of the extension of our railroad system. He must be an unfortunate Frenchman indeed who cannot contrive to get a *bouillon* and a *petit verre* at the railway station, and to complete the clearance of that huge box which contains his "effects," and to be snugly seated in a carriage on the Dover line within two or three hours, at most, of his disembarkation. They are off at last, and how they converse with each other upon the magnanimity with which they endured the trials of the passage, and how courteously they interchange confidences upon the details of their misery! Still they can scarcely have been pleased with the manner in which they were wafted to our shores. It was not a triumph. They cannot think so themselves. Here they are at London Bridge at last, and there is a general call for cabs, and general directions for Lester Squar.

A Frenchman's first impressions of London can scarcely be favourable. He has but small appreciation of the comforts and conveniences which the town really contains; and he has an intense longing for various luxuries which it does not contain. Our foreign visitors would scarcely care a button about the well-paved and well-lighted streets on either side of Regent Street—but in Regent Street itself they would miss the splendour of the cafés, and the glare of lights at night, and the rattle of the dominoes, and the little marble tables under the canopies, and the moving gesticulating crowds. This is the sort of thing they have been accustomed to look for ever since they were little French boys with concave stomachs—they are now middle-aged Frenchmen with convex stomachs—how can you expect them to change their views in an hour, and adopt our habits and methods of thought?

If it were possible to name the time and occasion when you would preferably introduce a French friend to London, you would, I think, choose the latter spring or early summer, when the leaves were yet of tender green, their freshness uncontaminated by the London smoke; you would then lead him judiciously through the squares into Piccadilly—by the Green Park into Hyde Park—and so into Kensington Gardens. He would, no doubt, indulge you with a little rhapsody about the *arbres séculaires* in the locality last named—pining all the while to be back in Rotten Row, to see the young ladies on horseback. That spectacle is what the French gentleman would really enjoy—his vegetable enthusiasm being a pure delusion or fetch. I cannot blame him. A graceful young English girl upon her horse is a much prettier thing to look at than an elm or an oak. Be sure that your French friend, after some few courtesies of speech, will drop a hint to the effect that what he sees before him is very well in its way, but there is Madame de Something-or-other in the



Bois de Boulogne who does these things in a more complete manner. In order not to wound his just susceptibilities, you leave him to infer your assent to that proposition, though perfectly aware that the fair equestrians of the Bois de Boulogne in its palmiest moment are no more to be compared with—may I not say what I think?—the far fairer equestrians of Rotten Row, than Piccadilly can stand comparison with those wonderful Boulevards of the French capital.

That sight is the one in London which would, as I think, most recommend itself to the appreciation of our continental friends. We certainly have nothing to show them which would strike upon the spectator's eye like the old Place de la Concorde (I know not by what name it has been known for the last twelve months,) at Paris—with the Tuileries and the Triumphal Arch, and the Madeleine, and the former Palace of the Deputies. With all our legitimate pride about the value of our institutions, and the solid advantages derived from the labours of our Gas and Water Companies, we must in fairness admit that the position of a Frenchman in London, without friends or acquaintances, is exceedingly forlorn. His one idea is a visit to the Thames Tunnel, and when that entertainment, which at best is not of a very exciting character, is over, whither shall he turn for amusement? We are speaking, of course, of a Frenchman of respectability and character, for I suspect that continental blackguardism is more at its ease—has more elbow-room in London—than in any capital of Europe. It is removed from the daily and hourly surveillance of the police, and festers, and ferments, and conspires, and invents new forms of rascality in its own way. In the main, however, continental blackguardism in London lives upon itself. Continental blackguardism cannot master the difficulties of the English language. Those evil-eyed, sinister-looking men whom you see hanging about the streets in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and behind Regent Street, prey upon each other. They have secrets about each other. They farm each other, as it were, and each one contrives to get a shilling or two out of his neighbour in some marvellous manner which has always been a mystery to me. One would rather not inquire what is the ultimate source of their gains.

The police will tell you that there is almost always to be found in London a considerable number of foreigners who are engaged in various schemes for forging the notes of Foreign Banks, and of the Continental Trading Companies and Associations. The conductor of an enterprise of this kind, however, would not be much seen in the classical regions of Leicester Square. He would live quietly up at Pentonville or Islington, and not impossibly hold himself out as a Master of Languages. He would come down-stairs to take in his own pennyworth of milk, and occasionally offer a bunch of flowers to his landlady—such a nice man! He would have his agents at Birmingham, or Sheffield, and would display the most remarkable ingenuity in carrying on his negotiations with our English mechanics, so as to baffle the investigations of the police. At last the plot is discovered. It may be from the first that Joseph

Mogg and Sons, of Sheffield, had informed the police that they were in trade relations with a queer customer, and had been instructed to go on as though nothing were the matter. One fine morning a business-like looking visitor, in plain clothes, calls up at 23, Elysium Crescent, and informs M. Anatole Charpentier that the sitting magistrate at Bow Street, or the Lord Mayor, would like to have the opportunity of making his acquaintance. The authorities are somewhat importunate in their courteous anxiety for an interview. M. A. Charpentier, in point of fact, is “wanted,” and the next day the town is made aware that for six months past there has been subtle machinery at work in London for largely defrauding the Bank of St. Petersburg.

It must always be remembered that there are large colonies of foreigners—merchants and others—settled in London, and indeed, in other chief towns of England, whose lives escape scrutiny altogether, because they follow up their objects of pursuit in a very legitimate way, and consequently are never submitted to the microscopic investigations of the police. The circles in which they move are, to use a cant word, “exclusive,” and few English people are ever admitted to their friendship, or even acquaintance. There is in London, and again in Liverpool, a Greek set; in London, and again in Manchester, a German set. I know of a set of Spanish merchants resident in London and the suburbs, and amongst them the presence of an English face is quite an exception to the rule. You find, of course, at the embassies and at “The Travellers,” little knots of the *corps diplomatique*, who necessarily, and as part of their professional duties, mix, to a very considerable extent, in English society; but in order to arrive at the arcana of their existence, you should meet these gentlemen at the lodgings of some of their own countrymen. These are generally in streets dependent upon Portman or Cavendish Squares. You would then awake to the painful consciousness, that the praise which you had heard lavished in public by these courteous diplomatists upon the three kingdoms, and our institutions, was not quite as sincere as might have been imagined. They get rid of their John-Bullisms with painful facility—and, hey presto! a little Paris or Vienna with all the prejudices, and all the cockneyisms of those great capitals, is reproduced in a moment before your astonished eyes. The Russian Embassy, before the Crimean War, used to be nearer to the mark of one of the great London houses than any other; but, since that event, both English and Russians regard each other with considerable suspicion. The English shut up their mouths,—and the Russians are too polite by half. These gentlemen, however, to do them but justice, never lose an opportunity of impressing upon your mind the good old St. Petersburg dogma, about the manifest destiny of the great Russian nation. The staple of their talk is a kind of nanby-pamby mixture of sentimental philanthropy and man-of-the-worldism,—such as I suppose was talked at the Court of Catherine II. when the Polish question occupied her Majesty's attention. If Marshal Suwarrow could have gone to a fancy ball in the character of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, that would,



to a certain extent, have hit off the Russian idea. Another point that always struck me about the very highly polished representatives of the nation whom you meet in the capitals of Western Europe is their apparent omniscience, and their real ignorance when you come to converse with them half-a-dozen times. They have a kind of talk which answers somewhat to the Chinese *taoli*, of which Mr. Wingrove Cooke tells us in his admirable letters about China. It is all about *la haute politique*, and of permutations and combinations of the liminary boundaries of European states, and of Russia extending her hand to France, and of various wonderful but improbable alliances. But, at the bottom of all this you will find the most painful ignorance of the realities of political life—certainly of English political life.

The Prussian Embassy, under the learned and courteous auspices of the Chevalier Bunsen, could only be challenged in one particular—for assuredly not a word, save it were of respect and admiration, could be expressed with regard to the accomplished host. The only drawback there was, that the society was too learned for unlearned people. A gentleman would murmur something to you over a cup of tea, about a Sanscrit Root, and if you could not by a system of astute diplomacy, conceal from your interlocutor the fact that you were wholly unable to call for your boots in Sanscrit, you ran the risk of being considered an illiterate person. Another gentleman would tell you the last good thing in Runic. And what a fuss there used to be if Sir Henry Rawlinson had succeeded in digging up an inscription somewhere in Central Asia! You would commonly find that when submitted to the learned investigations of the company, its meaning was taken to be somewhat as follows: "*I Collihops—son of Lollipop—the Great King—took towns—butchered the inhabitants, to my great glory, and the nations tremble which are the underneath named.*" Then followed lists of the poor fellows whose throats this truculent sovereign had slit open during his glorious career, as well as of those who still trembled before him. The bearing of this inscription upon disputed points in the history of Rameses the CXLVIII. was so obvious that it luckily did not require much discussion. And how a learned professor—by whose side you had taken refuge, because he looked mild, and a safe, perennially-talking sort of man—would, in an intellectual sense, come down sixteen pairs of stairs, in order to meet you upon your own level, and instruct you as to the true point of view from which pretty Miss Oliver's performances in the "Bonny Fish-Wife" ought to be regarded. There was always, however, something about "objective" and "subjective" which I could not make out; and then the last joke of our friend "Punch" was to be looked at "æsthetically;" and what was a man to do who had simply thought it funny, and so, not impossibly, had indulged in coarse laughter upon wrong grounds?

Before arriving at my true "Fish-out-of-Water," who are rather the foreign wanderers in the streets, and the occasional visitors to our capital, I would add a few words about the Greek set in London, for I imagine it is not much known. The

London Greeks, then, cannot be said to be fish out of water in one sense, for the maxim of the nation would seem to be *ubi pecunia, ibi patria*. They are almost as complete cosmopolitans as the Jews. The great Greek families who have established themselves well in commerce (their chief dealings are in corn and the money transactions of the Levant) are not only closely connected in business, but they daily strengthen their connection by intermarriages. The chief,—sometimes it is the chiefs,—of a firm, exercises an almost patriarchal authority over his tribe. It is somewhat of the old feudal kind, somewhat of the sort exercised by the General and Leaders of the Jesuits over the brothers of the order. No matter what Pericles or Epaminondas may be doing in London at the time he receives the order from above to proceed to New Orleans, or Shanghai, or Thibet, he must gird up his loins and be off. Nay, were Lysander upon that very day about to pass under the soft yoke of the Marriage Deity, hand in hand with his cousin Aspasia, Aspasia must be left in her bridal veil, and the concerns of the establishment receive his first attention. Five years hence, when he returns, he will find Aspasia, who in the meanwhile has inclined somewhat more to *embonpoint*, waiting for him. I think this is the most characteristic feature of this Greek set—in addition to their great aptitude for money-making. As a general rule, they strongly dislike the English; and in their less reasonable moments—that is, when they are not doing sums in their heads—they are apt to talk considerable nonsense about a great and powerful Greek kingdom which is looming in the future, and of the hideous atrocities exercised by the English authorities in the Seven Islands. It sounds, too, very strange to an educated Englishman who has been duly whipped and driven through his course of Greek literature at a public school, and at one or other of the Universities, to hear classical names pronounced in the usual intercourse of domestic life in a trivial way. "Themistocles, if you can't behave yourself you shall be sent up-stairs to bed without your tea." "Oh, mama! dear Alcibiades has fallen down and broken his nose over the fender." "It is high time that Pericles was put into trousers; they should be of the same material as Conon's, but with a stripe down the sides like those of his cousin Agasippus." "Please, mum, Master Eteocles is punching Master Polynices' head in the back garden, and they are making each other such figures!" The Greek merchants in England are a very wealthy body.

It does not fall within the scope of these remarks to enter further into the subject than to say, that down by the Thames—Wapping and Rotherhithe way—there is a colony of Lascaris and Chinese, who live in lodging-houses exclusively devoted to the reception of Eastern seamen, and wanderers. Their story may for to-day be dismissed with the repetition of Sir John Malcolm's short chapter on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of Muscat: "As for manners, they have none; and their customs are very nasty." The existence of this Eastern colony is a feature in London life well worthy of study;



occasionally you hear of them in the Police Reports in connection with a murder or robbery.

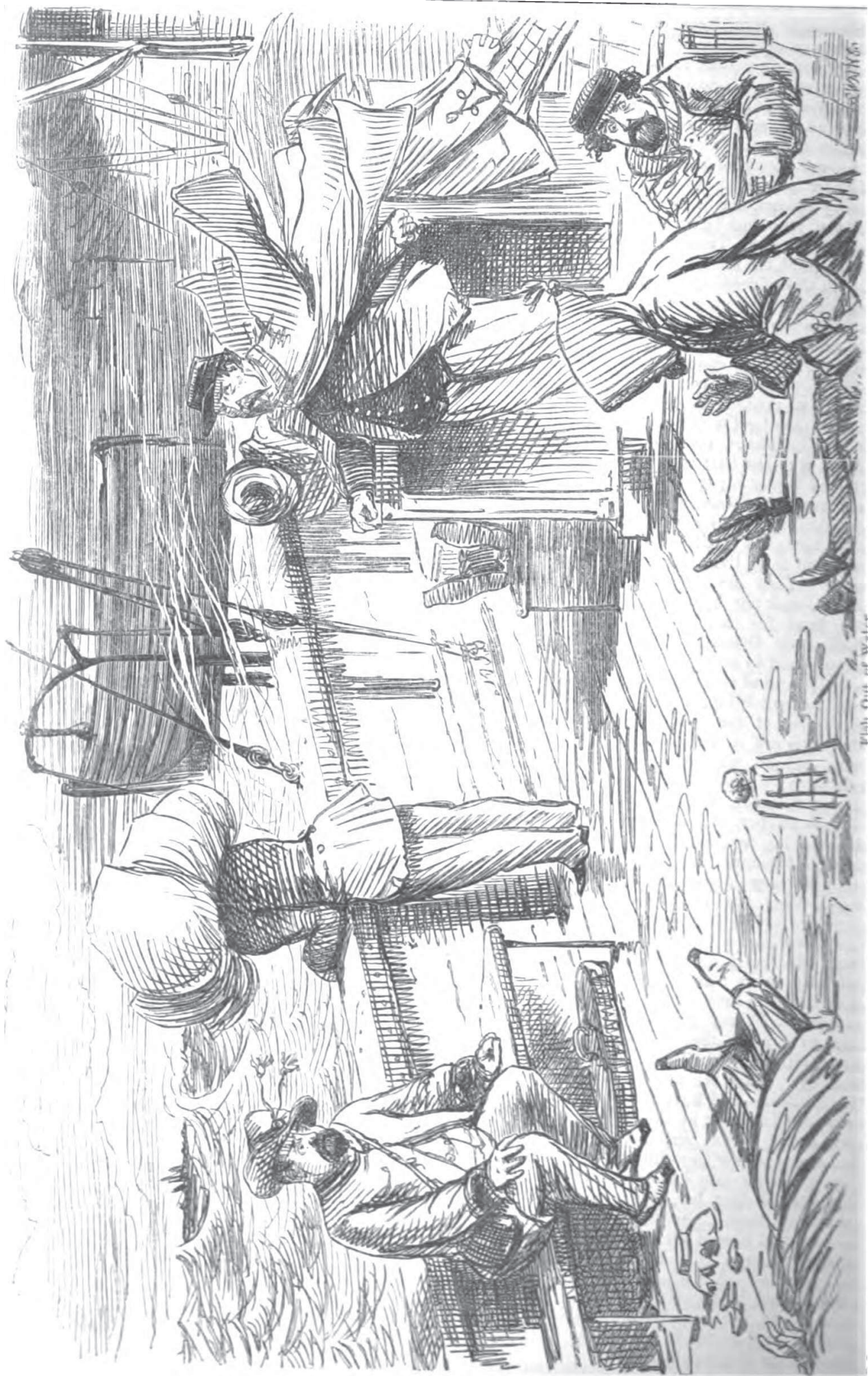
The foreign *artistes* in London again compose a society which, in one sense and more especially at one period of the year, lives apart. In the season, however, of course you will meet with the chief singers from the two operatic establishments at the great houses of London. It is as much a part of their profession to sing at such places for a money reward as it is to make their appearance in front of the foot-lights at the Haymarket or in Covent Garden. Those persons again whose names throughout the season you see duly recorded every day in the advertisement columns of the "Times" are, by the very exigency of their position, driven out into the world to seek for a connection. For the most part they give lessons on the piano, or in singing, and a concert once or oftener in the season. The less considerable professors—ladies as well as gentlemen—generally succeed in obtaining the use for the day of the rooms of Mrs. —, in Harley Street, or some locality of that kind. Those who feel that they are treading upon safer ground boldly engage the Hanover Square Rooms, and support themselves by their own strength. Amongst this class you will commonly meet with most agreeable additions to any social circle. You will find them living for the most part Brompton way. They are generally economical in their habits, and put by money, which is intended as the fund for their future support at Paris, or Berlin, or Dresden. English people who are accustomed to consider large establishments with a multitude of servants, &c., as the test of comfort and respectability, would be astonished at the smallness of the income with which persons of this class are in the main content. When they have earned what they deem enough for their purposes they quietly retire from the exercise of their profession, and decline further labour merely for the purpose of accumulating money. Some of the leading teachers have indeed realised considerable fortunes; but in the main their earnings are not very large. During their stay amongst us, if they are not precisely fish out of water, they are at least longing for a change of stream.

I have never had any personal acquaintance with the great operatic singers, but I have been told by those who have cultivated their society that they are most agreeable companions. Surely it cannot be any great strain upon human credulity to suppose that Madame Grisi, and Alboni, and Titiens, and Csillag must be charming in society. Were we not all ready to put on crape for Malibran, and Sontag, and poor Madame Bosio, who but last year at this very time was warbling her sweet strains amongst us, and by the mere influence of her graceful presence converting Mr. Gye's theatre into her own drawing-room? The curtain fell upon her, to the apprehension of the writer of these remarks, as Zerlina in the "Don John," and now of all that music, and grace, and genius there is an end! I should almost grudge to hear any other singer take the part. Surely Mario must be a genial companion; and if Ronconi could not keep a dinner-table in a roar, the science of Lavater is a mere imposition upon the good sense of the public.

The ladies and gentlemen and wealthy merchants of whom I have hitherto been speaking are all too respectable, and too well hedged in by all the appliances and fences which money can purchase, to afford material for touching upon the ridiculous side of a foreigner's visit to London. Many of those poor people at whose disembarkation at Dover we recently assisted, will have their trials before they become free of the town. Their first difficulty is with the class of cabmen. Even we Londoners who know something about London, and the situations of the various streets and squares, and have a general idea of the laws and regulations affecting public carriages, know to our cost that the London cabby is not always an individual of a placable and disinterested character. I remember meeting one evening at about 10.30 p.m. with an unfortunate French gentleman, who had thrust his head out of a cab, and was calling out "Rue du Duc" at the top of his voice. This was in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square. It appeared upon inquiry that he had been driven away at about 2 p.m. by the cabman under whose guardianship I found him, from the Custom House, and had spent all the afternoon and evening driving about the town in search of Duke Street. Cabby had taken him to every Duke Street in London except the right one, which was Duke Street, Portman Square, and had now a small bill against him of 1*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, or some sum of that kind. This was a good many years ago, and I hope that things have got better since. But let us suppose our French friend safely deposited at the Sablonnière in Leicester Square, or some humbler hostelry in that classical locality—what shall he do with himself?

His first idea—a very proper one—is to go and have a bath in order to wash off the impurities of the journey: that is not a very difficult matter under the auspices of the *garçon* at the inn where he may have taken up his abode. Breakfast of some kind is to be procured either in the house or in some of the dreary little cafés which have recently been established in and about Leicester Square. But how different is all this from the Boulevards and the Palais Royal! When this is done we will suppose M. Alexis de Corbillard and his friend M. Aristide Canard to sally forth in search of amusement, with the Guide Book to London in their hands. There are no doubt in this great capital many objects well worthy of the attention of our foreign visitors. Westminster Abbey is worth a dozen of Notre Dames. The shipping in the docks and river is what a Frenchman could scarcely conceive as existing even in his dreams. St. Paul's not only extinguishes all Parisian rivalry, but may challenge comparison even with the great Roman cathedral. The town itself, from Putney to Blackwall, and from Hampstead to Dulwich, is, as far as we know, the largest human hive which has ever existed since we have had any record of man's presence on the surface of this planet; but I am afraid my two French friends do not care much for these weightier matters. They want to see something corresponding to their own Boulevards; they miss the tap of the drum and the march of a regiment through the public streets.





First of the Week.



They want glasses of *eau sucrée*, and to sit before a café staring at a passing crowd of idlers. They want to see many things which they do not see—and they care very little about seeing what they do see. Above all things, they want to be seen themselves, and nobody seems to notice the fact of their existence.

Is not this the true secret of a Frenchman's discomfort in London? His own utter insignificance in the midst of this busy, jostling, hurried multitude. I should say that the best chance for our friends MM. Corbillard et Canard would be a lounge in Regent Street, if the afternoon be reasonably fine. They have a correct appreciation of the beauty of the *charmantes Miss* whom they meet in the course of their walk; but they make a slight mistake as to their own irresistible qualities *vis-à-vis du beau sexe*. Mrs. John Smith and her swan-like progeny, last from Montague Place, who are sailing down Regent Street in so stately a manner, their minds intent upon the newest patterns in the silk-merciers' windows, care very little for the murderous glances of our two friends. Mrs. Thomas Mitten and daughters, who are on their way to Exeter Hall, rather regard them as specimens of the wholly reprobate, and entirely lost; and if they give them a thought at all, it is just such a one as a sentimental connoisseur bestows upon those unfortunate persons in Rubens' famous picture, who are well-committed to that portion of the performance upon which the great artist has lavished such an abundance of yellows and reds. But, soft, whom have we here? The two brothers Thompson—one a stout and most respectable solicitor, resident in St. John's Wood; the other a tall thin West Indian merchant, living at Highgate. MM. Corbillard et Canard had a slight acquaintance with these gentlemen in Paris; they are to them here as manna in the wilderness. I protest the two brothers do not appear as gratified as they ought to be when they see their French friends bearing down upon them, and seem disposed to pass them with a frigid British nod. Such a conclusion, however, does not enter into the views of the MM. CC. They stop the way, and, to the astonishment and disgust of the Thompson brothers, Corbillard embraces John Thompson, and Canard embraces Thomas Thompson, in the manner of the French nation on the occasion of arrivals and departures at the railway stations. John Thompson's hat falls off in the process, and the little boys gather round to see the fun. Well, it is tiresome for a respectable middle-aged Englishman to be kissed in the public streets by a foreign gentleman with an exuberance of beard and moustaches, just as if he was a sweet girl in the embraces of her long-lost, long-loved Roderick just returned from the Punjaub—but in the young lady's case, without any damage to the proprieties, as the transaction occurs in the back drawing-room of 510, Welbeck Street. Whatever his feelings might have been, Roderick would never have ventured upon such a thing in Regent Street at 4 P.M., as the French gentlemen have done with regard to the Messrs. Thompson, who somehow or another do not seem to enjoy the process. "Et comment se porte Madame Tonson, votre aimable

épouse, et Miss Elise, ce charmant petit bouton de rose, qui vous ressemble comme deux gouttes d'eau?" These and other such inquiries are entirely thrown away upon the two brothers, whose one idea is to escape as speedily as possible from the grasp of their two Parisian acquaintances, and from the somewhat too lively demonstrations of their affection.

Really, after this meeting, the afternoon and evening do hang somewhat heavily on hand. If they had any friends or acquaintances in London who would receive them at their houses, or invite them to their clubs, and, above all, be competent to converse with them in their own language, the whole aspect of affairs would be entirely changed. London, as far as a foreign visitor is concerned, is a picture with a curtain before it—and no other than an English hand can draw the curtain. To the bulk of foreigners who visit London this curtain is the picture.

I am not the least surprised if, being left to their own devices, and driven to seek for their dinner in some of those dreadful dens near Leicester Square, they leave our shores under the impression that the human race cannot dine in London. It may be that, as the dens in question seem to them but spurious imitations of their own establishments in this kind, they boldly make their way into some third-class London eating-house, and appease their hunger with under-done boiled beef and greens, and when they return to their own country, and record their "*Impressions de Voyage*," they set it forth in a very solemn way that "*la cuisine anglaise est infâme*." They do not pause to consider how many English people—save driven to it by hard necessity—ever do take their meals in these *Restaurants*, as they would call them. I am not sure that Parisian dinners, served at the rate of 2 francs, or 1 f. 25 c., would receive the entire approval of gastronomic connoisseurs.

But what are our two "Fish out of Water" to do with their evening? I could not suggest anything better for them than the *Café Chantant*, in Leicester Square. They would there at any rate find cups of coffee, and great facilities in the way of *eau sucrée*, and meet with many of their countrymen. English Theatres are out of the question. Perhaps in the hey-day of summer, Cremorne, if they could find their way there, might prove a resource, and be to them a substitute for the Jardin des Fleurs, and other establishments such as those which are found in the Champs Elysées at Paris. If MM. Corbillard et Canard are compelled to spend a Sunday in London, I am truly sorry for them.

I do not know how many foreigners are to be found in England at any given time. We know from official sources—but then the French keep such registers in a more accurate way than we do—that at the present time there are 66,000 English residents in France; and assuming the average expenditure of each to be five francs a day, the sum total would amount to about 4,820,000*l.* a year. The number of the French in London alone must be very considerable; and it would be well in the present period of the world's history if we were always to do our best



to meet them with courtesy and kindness, remembering that they have not been brought up with ideas like our own. They may have much to learn from us—we, much to learn from them. The French immigration into England, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was one of the most important events in our history.

I have purposely avoided in these remarks all reference to Foreign Political Refugees—the real ones, and the impostors. Amongst the first are to be found some of the noblest men; amongst the second, perhaps the greatest scoundrels in Europe. They deserve a notice apart.

GAMMA.